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December 25, 1968

Women's Weekly

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OUR COVER

● The strikingly simple Christmas arrangement is the work of Mrs. P. Perkins, of Mosman, and Mrs. S. R. Harris, of Balmoral Beach, Sydney. A large spray of holly is wedged into a tall, silver goblet (use chicken wire) and hung with bright colored baubles. Picture by staff photographer Ron Berg.

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Surprise gift for Diane Cilento: trip to Australia

● Her forthcoming holiday in Australia is one of the biggest thrills of Diane Cilento's married life, because it came as a surprise Christmas present from her husband, Sean Connery, who, for most of their life together, has been tied up in the demanding machinery of being James Bond.

By BETTY BEST, in London

"THE other night Sean walked into the house and said, 'Di, I've got a surprise for you. I think we'll all go to Australia for Christmas!'"

When Mrs. Connery told me this, her face glowed with pleasure and she looked happier than she had since they were first married.

The Connerys, with their four-year-old son, Jason, are due to arrive in Sydney by plane on December 18. Diane's ten-year-old daughter, Gigi, by her first marriage to Italian writer Andre Volpe, is already in Australia, holidaying with Diane's sister, Dr. Ruth Smout.

They will all spend Christmas with Diane's parents, Sir Raphael and Lady Cilento, at their beachhouse at Mooloolaba, Queensland. It is no secret that both Sean and Diane had tired of the Bond image and its encroachment upon their private life.

They had tried to break out of it by planning to make a film together in Australia for years, but the plan was foiled time after time and finally shelved.

"Now we are really free to plan our work and lives the way we want them — and it's done wonders for both of us," said Diane.

"Sean has made two films since the Bond thing, and I think they're both great.

"We bought a place in Spain, which we both love, and where the climate is absolutely wonderful.

"I have written more this year than ever before, and I'm loving it. Oh! the whole scene is quite, quite different, and we feel like new people."

The first of Sean's films is the magnificent period Western "Shalako," and he and Diane will attend the Sydney

premiere on December 19 before they head for Queensland and the Cilento family reunion.

In "Shalako" Sean plays an ex-Confederate Army colonel who becomes a scout after the Civil War and saves a safari of aristocratic Europeans from an Apache rising.

It is a demanding role from the famous Louis L'Amour story, and gives Connery an opportunity to show how much more he is capable of in both characterisation and humor than the James Bond films gave him.

Under Edward Dmytryk's direction he drops suave sophistication for some full-blooded action, magnificent riding, and a romantic love affair with Brigitte Bardot, which, for subtlety, knocks all his previous film love scenes into a 'cocked hat.

"He also had a lot to do with the way the script finally came out," said his wife proudly.

"He had always put his own ideas into the Bond films, but in 'Shalako' the story gave more opportunity to contribute something of imagination.

"Sean has never been entirely satisfied with being an actor. It has never been enough for him.

"Now he has involved himself in production, and this year, for the first time, he has directed a film of his own.

"It really shows how good he is. I think he will, more and more, turn to directing — and I think that will make him really happy."

Sean's first directing job was "The Bowler and the Bonnet," a 48-minute documentary which he created right from the beginning.

Listening to an after-dinner speech in his native Scotland, Sean, who has always taken an interest in industrial problems, heard the story of a new diversification scheme being tried out at a Clyde shipyard.

Intrigued by its possibilities, he approached the speaker, Sir Iain Stuart, introduced himself, and invited him to dinner the next night.

Sir Iain, now a friend of the Connerys, came dashing into the Putney house with Sean while Diane and I were talking and took up the story: "Over dinner Sean

simply said, 'I like this idea, I want to make a film about it.'

"Just like that, without any fuss. I could hardly believe my ears. Sean put up the entire money, brought his cameras into the shipyard and into the men's homes, and turned out one of the most professional jobs you can imagine."

The most fascinating part of this story is that there was never any publicity about the project, either while it was shooting or afterward.

The film was shown on Scottish television and in other parts of the British Isles, but not in London.

The story of the original James Bond making his first film slipped by unnoticed — the final proof that Connery himself has always avoided publicity whenever possible.

There is so much happening in the Connery family that catching up on their news is rather like zig-zagging across a wet road in a fast skid.

In the guests' cloakroom in the hall, for instance, I saw two playbills with "Sean Connery Presents" printed in small type at the top.





SCENE from "Shalako," with Sean Connery, Brigitte Bardot. The aristocrats on safari set up a magnificent feast in the desert, but Shalako tells them a band of Apaches are in the area. "Shalako," released by BEF Distributors, will have its Australian premiere in Sydney on December 19.

These were plays which he and Diane had seen in Oxford during the year and felt should be brought to London — so Sean went into the theatre production-management business.

In Diane's "den" there is another very important facet of her life—her writing. After her first novel, "The Manipulators," Diane knew that writing was going to be important to her.

"I don't know how it really started. I just woke up one morning and knew that I had to write more than just a translation or adaptation of a play, which I'd done before.

New novel

"I enjoyed doing 'The Manipulators,' and, of course, it was very pleasing when it was a success, but this new book of mine is a much bigger and deeper novel altogether.

"It's about a boy of mixed blood, West Indian and European, who comes from an island atoll off Jamaica. The island has no topsoil, so the boy grows up with a great yearning to learn gardening and import topsoil to his island."

Diane went on outlining the plot of "Hybrid," as she is calling her novel, and as she spoke I realised her extraordinarily methodical and ordered approach to writing.

For those who meet her casually at a party it might

be the biggest surprise of all. Socially she is gay and stimulatingly scatty.

But for anyone who has watched her manage the complicated life of being actress, mother, housewife, and travelling companion to a famous film star, it makes sense.

Like a juggler, she seems to be able to keep several balls in the air at the same time — and does it with enormous panache.

When I asked how she managed to fit in the giant task of writing a novel with all the rest of it, she said:

"Well, I'm rather good at not seeming to be writing a book at all, if you know what I mean. I don't go around the house in a daze or talk of nothing else.

"When Sean was in America this year making 'The Milly Maguires,' I was living on a little isolated, windswept island in Pennsylvania and I had plenty of time to write.

"Then after that I headed for Spain, which is ideal for me to concentrate."

Running a house, handling

SEAN CONNERY as Shalako, the ex-Army officer with an unrivalled knowledge of the Indians and the frontier. After five Bond films he chose the role as a new phase of his career.

many of Sean's overseas business calls, and finalising the interior decorating and furnishing of both the Spanish and Putney Heath homes—none of these commitments are regarded as full-time enough to stop Diane writing.

Her novel is by no means her sole project in that field.

She has just finished the first draft of a screenplay she has written around one of

the Kafka short stories — it's about a man who turns into a gorilla (in the original story he was an insect).

"I'm rather excited by this one, because Richard Burton has read it and says he wants to do it next year.

"Hungarian Peter Madok, the young director who did my last film, 'Negatives,' will direct it, I hope. With him and Burton, it would be terrific."

Last year Diane, with screenwriter Derek Prowse, wrote a screenplay on the Jamaican historic figure "The White Witch of Rose Hall."

"When we showed it to the American companies, they said it was too inflammatory, so now Evan Jones, the Jamaican writer who did 'King and Country,' is redoing it for us. I hope to be making it by next summer."

The role of Annie Palmer, the "White Witch," will be one of the most taxing and fascinating of all Diane's screen parts. It was research on that which gave her the idea for her novel.

Sugarcane

"I've always been mad about growing things and when I got to Rose Hall and saw the spindly sugarcane growing there, I told the owner—an American millionaire—it was no good.

"I'd lived in Queensland long enough to know the difference between good and bad sugarcane. He's chopped all the old stuff out now and replanted and it's going much better."

Diane has applied her horticultural abilities to their new home in Estregona, near San Pedro, on the Costa Del Sol.

"We've got ten acres there, and I've planted it with grapefruit, oranges, aubergines, tomatoes, peanuts, mandarins, avocados, beans, and we even had strawberries this year."

As soon as Diane comes back from Australia after Christmas she goes into a new television series written for her by Peter Wildeblood called "Rogues Gallery."

"It's going to be great fun, I think. I play a marvellous character who is in Newgate Prison for body-snatching.

Meanwhile, Diane was

Continued overleaf

Page 3



NEXT WEEK

Sixteen-page lift-out



... with advice to help the star-conscious through 1969: you'll find forecasts on your romances, health, money, your job, home, and friends.

and...

FROM OUR
COOKERY
EXPERTS:
COOL
DRINK
RECIPES



● "Men are different and need managing," says sage Frenchwoman Genevieve Dariaux—and explains how to take good care of them in "The Men in Your Life."



GARDENING:
THE BEAUTY
THAT COMES
WITH
FLOWERING
TREES

● Our House of the Week is a superb penthouse in Melbourne (below)—and its owner designed it herself.



PREVIEW
OF
COURREGES'
LATEST
FASHIONS
FROM PARIS



NEW YORK LETTER

STAR MODEL ON THE SIDELINES

By Kay Melaun

IT takes inborn elegance to look chic pushing a basket at a supermarket. I looked again at the woman, very tall, very straight, very slender in pants and sweater, with hair tossed back simply, wearing little make-up, no jazz, no go-on. It was Dovima.

Dovima, top model of the 'fifties, who was always photographed—usually by Richard Avedon—swinging on cranes or perched on picturesque ruins in some exotic part of the world, is "Dove" to her friends. She regularly patronises my Saturday supermarket.

Dove works now in the Wilhelmina Model Agency. She told me she'd loved every minute of modelling days. It had all been such fun, so absurd, so out-of-this-world that it was nothing to forget to pick up fees of hundreds of dollars. She's not a bit sorry she's behind the scenes now.

A master strikes a jarring note

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ was in masterly form at Carnegie Hall. He got halfway through the Rachmaninov B flat Sonata when an A string in the bass of the Steinway grand went boinggg! He halted, then played on. There was a horrible jangle. Horowitz stopped and looked helpless.

A man with a black case came onstage from the wings and removed the broken string.

Horowitz resumed from approximately where he'd left off—the middle section of the second movement—and played on to the end of the concert. If he was inhibited by fears for the other A string, he didn't show it.

All the critics saluted his playing.

Lush living for the Edward Kennedys

THE Ted Kennedys have finished decorating the two-level Washington house they moved into last March. Furniture is a blend of early American and European antiques.

Colors: High-ceilinged drawing-room (one wall of glass overlooks the Potomac River) in salmon, gold, white, with chintz-covered sofas and love-seats. Library: Deep purple curtains, three sofas upholstered in blue and purple round the immense stone fireplace.

Every chair, every sofa is smothered in fox and raccoon cushions.

An Australian shines at the Met

SOPRANO Glenys Fowles, of Perth, did very well at the Metropolitan Opera auditions. She was up against some stiff competition, and while she didn't win the main



GLENYS FOWLES: freshness.

\$2000 award and Met contract, she won a \$500 scholarship.

I was sending waves of sympathy across the red plush of the big opera house. She looked very alone up there facing an audience of 1000. Only wished she could have heard what my unknown neighbor said.

"Very good, very good indeed," he hissed after Glenys finished her Donizetti aria. "Such a lovely fresh young quality in the voice. Very rare."

Before the auditions, Howard Hook, who has broadened the scope of the auditions during his 15 years at the

Met, announced he was resigning next January. He was in Australia on Met auditions early this year.

A Christmas wonderland

THE town got organised early for Christmas. Before November was out, shop facades sprouted giant green wreaths and "trees" of colored lights.

Bonwit Teller, one of the prettiest stores, looked heavenly with the entire ceiling of the ground floor covered in "clouds" of deep white chiffon sprinkled with small stars.

Just round the corner from Bonwit's, Paley Park achieved its Christmas miracle.

The park is a masterpiece of simple design. What was once a house is now, by courtesy of the Paley fortune, a breathing space in Manhattan.

The entrance is open—you walk off the street into a space enclosed by three walls. Two of the walls are plain brick with espaliered creeper about 5ft. high. The end wall is a great high curtain of cascading water.

Rising from the bricked floor are many young trees. There are chairs and small tables and a discreet service place where you can buy coffee.

When I passed the other day I found that magicians had called during the night. Each tree had been wired and the branches sprouted a myriad electric light bulbs, each no bigger than a matchhead.

Clint Eastwood's proudest role

CLINT EASTWOOD has made it very big on the film scene. From TV's "Rawhide," he graduated via Italian westerns to U.S. stardom. He's just finishing "Paint Your Wagon," in which he also sings.

Bettye McCart, a Los Angeles friend, was a neighbor and friend of the Eastwoods when they all lived at Carmel, California. She tells me the biggest thing in their lives now is not Clint's hot-property stardom but their whopping big baby son, born this year after some 18 years of marriage.

DIANE CILENTO'S SURPRISE GIFT (from previous page)

letting no grass grow under her feet.

Sean had been busy with a ten-day television stint with Sir Laurence Olivier, Michael Caine, and Paul Scofield for a charity they all wanted to support.

This kept him working at the studio for ten days, so Diane shot off on her new career—journalism.

She had two assignments: The first from the American magazine "On View," in which famous people write about other famous people.

The magazine flew Diane from London to Paris for the day to write about the American Negro tennis player Arthur Ashe.

"Had I not known Lew Hoad and his wife, Jennie, so well, I'd never have had the

background," she said. "But I'd never do it again."

"It was fascinating, of course. I followed Arthur Ashe around all day, and we went up the Eiffel Tower and talked in the restaurant over lunch, and half the things he told me were not for print."

I pointed out that that was the way she and I had always worked together.

Diane had the grace to laugh.

Her second assignment was writing a feature for the new English magazine "Fashion." She had been asked to write about "Love."

Her description of the way she tackled the subject was professional to a degree.

"But," says Miss Cilento, "that will be the end of journalism for me. I never realised the agony you go

through. I never knew how hard it would be to take things in and observe and try to write notes all at the same time."

"For me, it is too difficult and too confining."

"And it uses up too much nervous energy?" I asked.

"Yes."

Has grown up

In that single syllable was the sign of a completely rounded, grown-up human being.

I told her so, and said I thought that she had grown up and developed a great deal since we had last talked some two or three years ago.

She agreed. Then with great enjoyment and excitement went to get one of her father's books—"Triumph in

the Tropics," by Lack and Cilento—to read to me.

It was a fascinating account of the area where she and Sean will spend their Christmas—Mooloolaba.

Soon she will be there, on that very soil, with Sir Raphael and Lady Cilento, with sisters Ruth and Margaret, brothers David and Carl, and all their children.

She and Sean from London, and Spain, and Hollywood, and New York, and Europe in general... there they go, like any daughter who hasn't seen her family for six years, and any son-in-law who has never met his parents-in-law.

If ever I heard of a triumph in the tropics, this is it.

FROM A CIVIL WAR to a TROPICAL HAVEN



ROCKY, harsh, forbidding . . . this is the view Major Craik had from the cave he lived in when he was with the Royal Yemeni Army.

● A world traveller, writer, soldier, and retired British Army major, the Baron Jamie Craik, would like to settle in Australia, "one of the few free places left, and where there is opportunity for the individual."



By GRACE BARTRAM

THE view I was looking at as I talked with Major Craik was vastly different from the one he was describing to me.

Late last year in Yemen he had lived in a cave for periods of three months at a time while acting as military adviser to the Royal Yemeni Army, and his view had been of a rocky, mountainous, forbidding land.

Here at Sinclair Bay, in North Queensland, he saw the riotous scarlet of an enormous poinciana tree in full bloom, bold against golden sand and blue water.

The 44-year-old quietly spoken Major has had an unusually adventurous life since he left his Scottish school at the outbreak of World War II and went into the Army.

This is his second visit to Australia. His first was in 1944 as a young Captain serving for a time on General Blamey's staff. He liked what he saw of Australia so much that he wanted to see more of it.

Now he is in Sinclair Bay writing an autobiographical book — perhaps two books, depending how the material works out.

Jamie Craik bears the ancient title of Lord of the Honour, or Barony, of Assington, and of the Manors of Assington, Simplingford, Levenya Stattons, and Searles, in Little Cornard, County of Suffolk.

"But you must call me

Jamie," he said, after I'd asked for the full title, so that I could write it down.

He is directly descended from William the Conqueror, through John of Gaunt.

Had it not been for the war, Jamie would have made a career in music or art, both of which he studied at Scottish academies.

He is also a journalist, writing on military matters for two English journals — the "Intelligence Digest" and the "Weekly Review" — and a poet of sensitivity and considerable talent.

When World War II ended, Jamie transferred to the Canadian Army and was ADC to the Chief of General Staff. He served in Malaya, and later in Korea.

He was in England in 1960, out of the Army at last, and trying to settle down to such things as company directorships, when both his parents died within a short time of each other.

Middle East

Restlessness overcame him and he set off with car and caravan.

"I was going to write and paint. I started out from London, reached the Middle East, and became entranced by the Lebanon. The Lebanese mountains with their self-contained villages of non-

Westernised, essentially tribal people fascinate me."

Leaving car and caravan in Beirut, Jamie flew to Yemen and there renewed a friendship with Prince Mohammed Bin Hussein, C. in C. of the Royal Yemeni Army, and Deputy Imam of Yemen. (The Imam is a descendant of Mohammed and is king and secular religious head of the country.)

"The Prince, about 31 now, is well educated, and a most able and intelligent man," said Jamie.

"The Yemeni Royalists were fighting a war against the Yemeni Republicans.

"The troops were quite disorganised; the only warfare they understood was guerrilla. My task was to try to produce some kind of order out of utter chaos.

"Yemeni women," Jamie told me, "are completely un-Westernised and by our standards they lead no kind of life at all. They are still veiled and appear to accept an inferior position quite calmly.

"Yemenis keep camels, sheep, and goats and there is a little cultivation of land in the valleys. The level of living is not high.

"In the west they grow very fine coffee—I think it's the best coffee in the world, but it never reaches world markets, as it is all used by the Arabs."



JAMIE CRAIK, at left, these days looks out on the view, above, from his quarters at Sinclair Bay, North Queensland. A magnificent scarlet poinciana tree has a foreground of golden sand and blue water.

For food Jamie had mainly unleavened bread like large, usually burnt, pancakes, and a basic stew of mutton with a few vegetables and a little rice when available.

Living in the Royal Army headquarters cave was really very comfortable, he said.

"There was a magnificent Persian rug on the floor—these people regard floor coverings as the main item of furniture—with bolsters to lean against, and we cooked on open charcoal or wood fires."

Loyal monarchists

The Yemeni monarchy is 3000 years old, and the Yemeni Royalists, said Jamie, show a tenacity surpassing even that of the Japanese in their devotion to the traditional values of monarchy.

For his military and compassionate services to the Royalist Yemenis, Jamie Craik is now an honorary Brigadier-General of the Royalist Army.

Late in 1967 he left Yemen and flew to the Persian Gulf, and for two months was the guest of an old friend, the Sheik of Kuwait, in a luxury hotel-suite—a contrast indeed to his cave with the Yemenis.

After the Persian Gulf there was India, Ceylon, Malaya, renewing old friendships all the way, and finally Australia.

"I had loved it during my wartime visit and it drew me to Perth and on to Sydney and then to North Queensland.

"Australia is one of the few free places left in the world. I think it's very likely I shall stay here permanently.

Here there is still opportunity for the individual."

When he said "stay here," did he mean North Queensland?

"To me," replied Jamie, "North Queensland IS Australia."

There was yet another facet of Jamie Craik which my family and I discovered when he served lunch to us. I knew this blue-eyed black-haired bachelor was fond of children for he'd told us of the 25 much-loved and missed nieces and nephews in England.

A whole gallon of ice-cold orange squash had been waiting for us when we arrived after the long hot drive from Bowen.

Now for lunch he had prepared curry and side-dishes as well as jellies and home-made fruit salad.

He has very definite ideas on curry.

"Most people don't use enough curry," he said, adding kindly as he noticed my open mouth and tear-filled eyes after my first swallow, "take a mouthful of banana—it takes away the burning sensation.

"Of course, the best curry powder is the one you prepare yourself. In India, I used to grind it freshly each day, using spices such as chilli, coriander, cummin, peppers, ground ginger, bay-leaves, cinnamon, cloves, turmeric, as well as garlic and salt."

He disapproves of the idea of using curry to disguise left-over cold meat.

"You must cook meat long and slowly in the curry to allow it to thoroughly absorb the curry flavor," he said. "You can add vegetables,

hard-root ones fairly early, quick-cooking ones only in the last 20 minutes.

"To start the curry off, fry finely chopped onions gently in oil or clarified butter until they are just cooked, then add the curry powder mixed to a paste with vinegar."

Jamie gave me recipes for two of his side-dishes.

One was Tabouli, a Lebanese salad made by taking equal quantities of finely chopped mint, tomato, and onion, seasoned with salt, pepper, vinegar, and lemon juice. The Lebanese add cracked wheat to this.

The second was for fresh chutney, made by finely chopping a cooking apple, a ripe tomato, a small onion, and mixing together with a teaspoon of sugar, juice of half a lemon, tablespoon of vinegar, and salt and pepper.

Memorable meal

This is left to marinate overnight in the refrigerator, and finely chopped capicum is added just before serving.

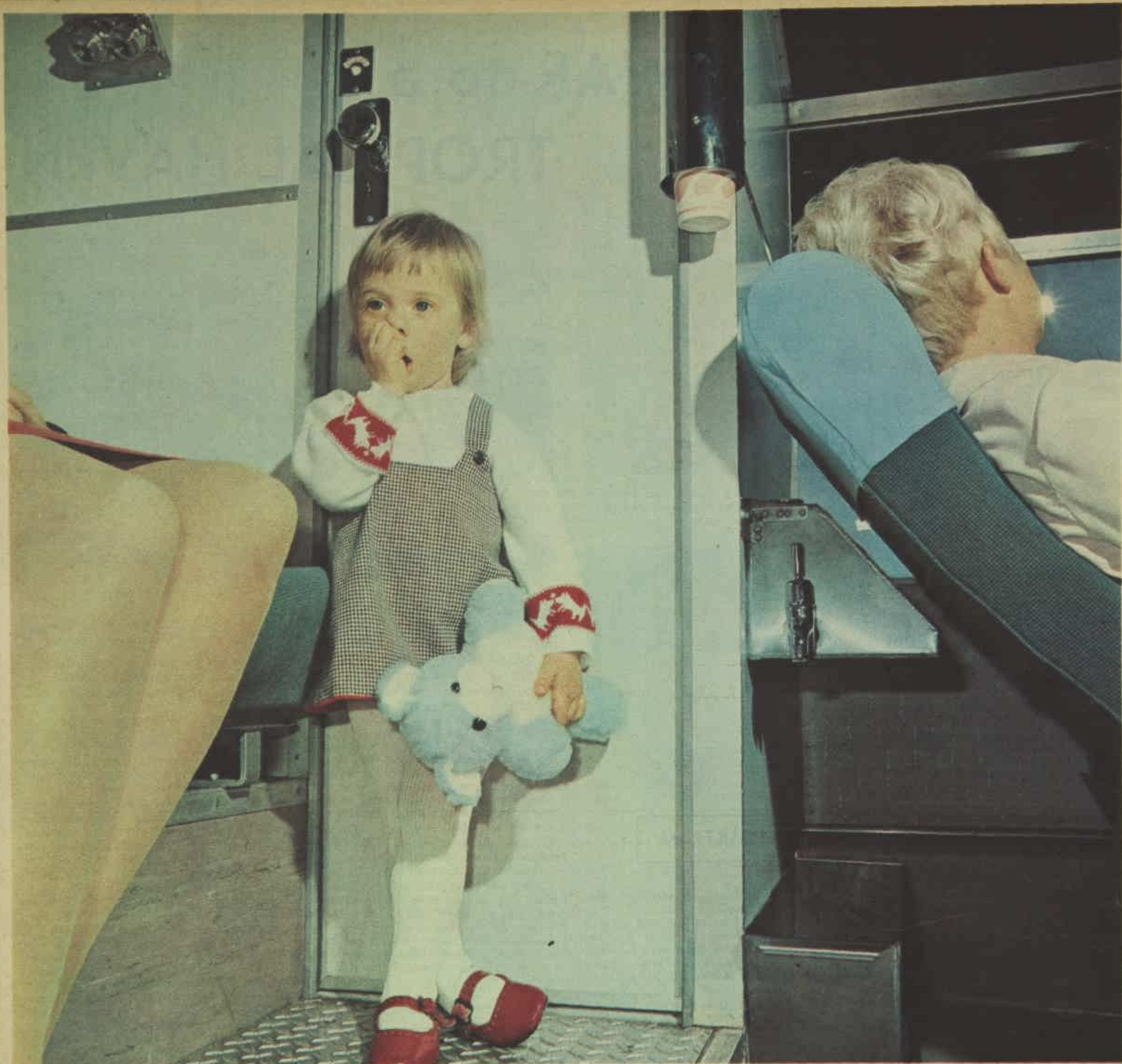
Together with dishes of grated fresh coconut, sliced bananas, and onions chopped fine and fried until crisp and brown, Jamie's curry was a memorable meal.

It all seemed a long way from Yemen. Would he ever go back?

Jamie answered with a far-away look in his eyes:

"The Republicans have been entrenched for a long time now at Sa'ana, and one of these days the Royalists will probably succeed in taking it.

"I'd rather like to be there when they do, so perhaps one day I'll go back—but it will be only for a brief visit."



the little things that count

Of course, if you happen to be very little . . . and more than a mite sophisticated . . . little things are so very important. How marvellously civilized of the Greyhound people to install toilet-restrooms in their express coaches, for instance. And a drinking water dispenser. And the most superbly comfortable, fully adjustable seats. And individual reading lamps. And 'scenery level' tinted panoramic windows. And how thoughtful of Greyhound to climate-control their coaches to a constantly comfortable 72°. And provide rested coach captains who change en route. And such courteous personalised service. And maybe the littlest of the little things that count . . . the fare. Don't know how Greyhound do it all for the price. Almost unbelievable. Even if you're a little thing just learning to count.

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WINNERS OF OUR SHORT STORY CONTEST

● These are the winners of The Australian Women's Weekly Short Story Contest—

FIRST PRIZE (\$500): Mrs. G. M. Hinchey,
28 Fitzroy Street, Marrickville, N.S.W.

SECOND PRIZE (\$250): Mrs. B. Ory, 27
Turnbull Street, Bairnsdale, Victoria.

THIRD PRIZE (\$150): Miss M. Longmuir,
11 Alma Street, Chadstone, Victoria.

Entries were received from as far as India, Canada, Italy, Sweden, and Denmark, as well as from Malaysia, Singapore, Fiji, New Guinea, and New Zealand. Many of these arrived early in the contest, and the judges learned from covering letters that families had sent the authors cables telling them of the contest immediately it was announced.

The winning stories will be published in The Australian Women's Weekly. Many stories, like that of the winner of the first prize, were concerned with outback characters and had bush settings.

The majority were set in the present day, though quite a few entrants had done considerable historical research and written of Colonial times.

There were entrants as young as six and promising stories from several teenagers, and a number of women in their seventies wrote in a semi-autobiographical vein. Rather less than half the contestants were men.

As well as the best three stories (which will be published in the one issue—January 29) there were many which reached the stage of final selection. Of these nearly 100 have been accepted for publication at some future date, and letters are being sent notifying the authors.



MRS. G. M. HINCHEY

Mother-of-four

MRS. Hinchey is a 29-year-old housewife and mother of four children. She has never had a short story published.

A "Reader's Story" about taking her children out, accepted by us three years ago, gave her the encouragement to try short-story writing.

"I had always been interested in writing," said Mrs. Hinchey, a trained nurse before her marriage, "but I didn't have the confidence to write stories till then."

When the family moved from Forbes to Sydney, Mrs. Hinchey decided to attend an adult education course in short-story writing—"more to get to know people here

than to learn about writing," she said. "But I found the course very good in showing me what not to do, for you could take a long time learning by trial and error."

With her husband and the four children, from four to seven years old, to look after, Mrs. Hinchey finds the only way to write is to drop everything—housework, cooking—for a short while and really concentrate.

"I can't write if I am continually interrupted, but my husband is very understanding about it. Of course, short-story writing is best for me under these circumstances—I couldn't tackle a novel."

The winning story is drawn from the time when her husband was stationed at Cohar, in the hot, dry west of New South Wales.



MRS. B. ORY

Writes and gardens

MRS. ORY won her first literary prize when she was five. It was a letter to Santa Claus.

In it she stated what she wanted for Christmas. It was judged the best-worded letter in a contest organised by a store in Manchester, England, where she was born.

Her prize was what she had wished for, a fairy doll.

Now mother of a nine-year-old girl, Mrs. Ory has been writing seriously for the past couple of years after completing a correspondence course in writing.

She has had short stories published in The Australian Women's Weekly and poems read over ABC radio.

If it were possible, she would like to be able to write all day. "I rush through the housework so I can sit at my desk and write by 9.30. What I haven't done, I close my eyes to. (I've often let the potatoes burn.)"

Her desk is in the lounge-room at a window overlooking the garden, another of her hobbies. "Only gardening keeps me away from writing."

She also likes cooking, trying out new recipes. And at the moment she is thrilled at having lost 3lb. in weight from a milk diet we published recently.

Mrs. Ory has been living in Australia for eight years. She met her husband, Raymond, who is French, on the island of Jersey, where her parents retired after the war.

The couple settled in Bairnsdale, and had been there only seven weeks when they were burned-out in a bushfire.

"Although it was terrible losing everything, particularly photographs (they're the first things people should try to save), it made us more keen to live there," Mrs. Ory said.

"We found out just how marvellous people were. They flooded us with help."



MISS MARILYN LONGMUIR

City bank clerk

MARILYN LONGMUIR attributes her start in successful short-story writing to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Years ago she entered a teenager short-story contest, mainly because criticism was to be given.

A self-taught writer, she wanted to know what she was doing wrong.

But there was little need for criticism. Her story, the third she had written, was published. Since then she has had a round dozen published, 11 in The Australian Women's Weekly.

Marilyn is a security clerk in a Melbourne bank, the third generation in the family to work in the bank. "But I always

wanted to be a writer," she said. And her main ambition is to be a good one.

She likes writing "romantic stories with a little humor." She writes the first draft in longhand, leaves it for a week or so, then rewrites it perhaps three or four times.

She is her own critic. Often she finishes a story and then does not think it good enough to submit for publication. "I'm not a prolific writer and often don't write for many weeks," she said.

Born in Sydney and educated in Queensland, she has lived most of her life in country areas. But she likes to give her stories urban locations.

Marilyn has been to New Zealand and plans to go on a cruise next year to Japan and Hong Kong.

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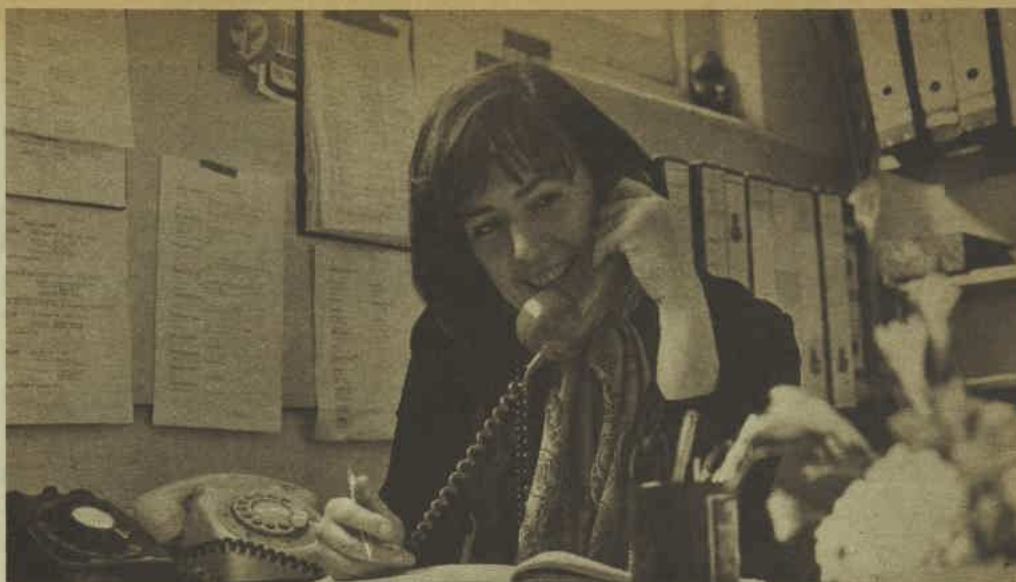
and commencing February, 1969 at

RAPALLO—SYDNEY



A battler in the theatre

● The diary of Helen Willett, the Australian general manager of London's avant garde Royal Court Theatre, holds an important engagement for Christmas — her first visit home to Sydney for 12 years.



HELEN MONTAGUE (Mrs. Russell Willett) is totally absorbed with theatre and manipulates the strings of her interest from a small, neat office above the Royal Court Theatre.

WHEN Helen Willett went overseas in 1956, she had just graduated from the University of Sydney, had married psychologist Russell Willett, of Bondi, two days previously, and was heading for the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London.

She returns, with her three children, as one of the leading lights of the London theatre—for a private visit to her parents in Neutral Bay. And she hopes to make a fast tour of all the Sydney theatres during her one-month stay.

"Very little was happening in the theatre when I left Sydney," said Mrs. Willett, better known in London theatrical circles by her professional name, Helen Montague.

"But I've heard the acting is very good there now, and

the most way-out of London's plays, among them works by John Osborne, John Hopkin, David Mercer, and Edward Bond.

Censorship was an unfortunate word in Miss Montague's vocabulary until last September, when the Lord Chamberlain's power ceased and British theatres had only to answer to the Director of Public Prosecutions.

It was a move loudly applauded by theatre people throughout Britain, especially Miss Montague, who joined the Royal Court as their casting director in 1964 and worked at that job for 18 months.

"Precensorship was ridiculous," she said. "We had no objection to censorship. Only precensorship."

The red pencil

"But now the theatre is on a par with other arts. For instance, books were never precensored—you didn't have to submit manuscripts to the Lord Chamberlain."

Miss Montague never came face-to-face with the Lord Chamberlain himself, but she frequently discussed the hotly debated question of censorship with his aides.

"If he cut out a scene that completely disrupted the play, I would go to his office at St. James' Palace."

"But we didn't mind too much if he cut out certain words. However, these same words were frequently used on television."

"With plays, the Lord Chamberlain could be very inconsistent. We simply could not judge what he would object to."

"He would not allow us to put on John Osborne's 'A Patriot for Me,' yet it had hardly anything objectionable in it."

"It's a true story about the Austrian Chief of Police just before World War I. He was blackmailed into becoming a Russian spy because he was homosexual."

"The Lord Chamberlain banned that play—and yet he allowed, at the same time, 'The Killing of Sister George,' which is about a lesbian relationship."

Another play that received the Lord Chamberlain's red-pencil treatment was Edward

Bond's controversial "Saved," in which a baby is stoned to death.

"That was one of the best plays I've ever read or seen," said Miss Montague. "It's a real cry against lethargy and boredom of people who out of nothing produce violence just to get kicks."

"People are always saying this could never happen."

"But one night I was being driven home through Battersea and South London, which is the setting for the play."

"And as we drove through, my driver said, 'I used to live 'ere. It was a good flat, but we had to move. Some yobboes set fire to the baby.'"

"My wife left the pram outside, and when she went out to get the washing she saw the whole pram was on fire."

"She grabbed the baby, who was all right. But the pram was totally destroyed."

"And that was what 'Saved' was all about."

The Royal Court was taken to court over the production of this play. Not because it ignored the Lord Chamberlain's censorship (by this time the theatre was a club) but because it was not a bona fide club.

A lost battle

A policeman had gained entrance to a performance without being a member.

Sir Laurence Olivier gave a very moving speech from the witness stand on the Royal Court's behalf.

The Queen's cousin, the Earl of Harewood, also spoke in the theatre club's defence.

But the Royal Court lost the battle, for the judge ruled that under the Censorship Act even theatre clubs must answer to the Lord Chamberlain's censorship.

"Early Morning" was yet

another play which the Lord Chamberlain disallowed, because it suggested a relationship between Queen Victoria and Florence Nightingale.

The Censorship Act of 1814 was brought in on political, rather than moral, grounds. And in the 19th century there was little reserve to the cartoons and lampooning of Queen Victoria on the stage.

"I think it has happened only recently, the royal family becoming 'holy'," said Miss Montague.

"Certainly Queen Victoria was never 'holy' in her time. Neither was Edward VII. I think it came in with George V and VI."

"My feeling is that this censorship was necessary only because the monarchy is rather outdated. Personally, I have nothing against the monarchy, but as it goes further and further away from people's lives it has to be protected more and more."

"If you are sure of something, you don't protect it very well, do you? I, myself, think it would be a very good thing for the monarchy to be ridiculed."

Broadminded

However, the end of the Lord Chamberlain's powers over the theatre now puts it on the same footing as television (which frequently satirises the royal family).

Miss Montague, who consistently wants her children to be broadminded, said she would certainly allow her eldest daughter, ten-year-old Amanda, to see plays at the Royal Court, provided she had the patience to sit through them.

Amanda and her younger sister and brother, eight-year-old Sara and six-year-old Jonathan, have travelled throughout Europe with their parents, as well as in the United States and Canada.

And they will go with their mother to Australia for their first visit.

"I think the children will get a tremendous surprise when they reach Australia," she said. "In schools here they teach children about the animals, the Aborigines, and

the desert there. And they have learnt a lot about snakes and spiders, so I think they expect to be met by Aborigines doing little dances with snakes and spiders."

Mr. Willett cannot accompany his wife and children on their Australian holiday because of the pressure of his work.

He is a lecturer in Psychology at the University of London, and also works on human conditioning at the Maudsley Hospital in North London.

"They put people into laboratories and dark rooms," Miss Montague explained, "and test their reactions to modern phenomena, like blinking lights."

"Russell has also done a lot of work on drugs. And at the moment I think he is working on the process of learning, which is part of conditioning."

Mr. Willett is himself familiar with being the subject of a conditioning experiment.

Several years ago a television company asked some of his friends to take part in a psychological experiment.

"They wanted to have a man in a box, who would be totally weightless for 24 hours," said Miss Montague. "They wanted him to be suspended with gadgets on him so that he couldn't feel, see, or hear anything."

"He would have no senses whatsoever for 24 hours."

"But at the last minute the TV company got terribly nervous that the man might go mad, and they decided they must have someone absolutely reliable."

"So they got my husband, who's pretty non-mad, to do the experiment, and he came out pretty unruffled from the ordeal."

"And they gave him tests before and tests afterward—trying to see how you can break down a man."

If Mr. Willett has tried out any experimental conditioning on his wife and family, they are unaware of it.

"Certainly if he has tried, he's done it very subtly," said his wife.



AMANDA, ten (left), Jonathan, six, and Sara, eight, who will come with their mother, Mrs. Russell Willett, to Australia, photographed in the garden of their London home.

By
CAMILLA BEACH

that some productions are very exciting.

"From time to time I get plays to read from Australian playwrights. Some seem very good—others are more in the context of Australia."

"Also, I will certainly look into the possibilities of taking a tour of the Royal Court to Australia."

Miss Montague, an attractive, dark-haired woman in her thirties, is totally absorbed with the theatre, and manipulates the strings of her interest from a small, neat office, dominated by a large photograph of Paul Newman, atop the Royal Court.

From here she concerns herself with the daily running of the theatre, contracting playwrights, directors, and actors, and seeing that the theatre's complement of around 70 people (including cast) runs smoothly.

The Royal Court, which from time to time became a private club to by-pass the stringent censorship of the Lord Chamberlain, produces

STORY OF THREE HANDSOME, STRONG, BLACK-EYED BABIES

THEY ARE THE SURVIVORS OF THE JIMARIN QUADS

and their future is
a big question-mark

By KAY KEAVNEY



MABEL, above, is pictured holding the surviving quads, all girls. BELOW: The christening in the church of St. Francis Xavier. Seen are Father O'Carrigan and Sister Patricia Ryan (the godmother); Jessie is holding Joan; Mabel, with Regina; Peggy holds Ludi. Partly seen is Maria.



IT was November 20 and the Jimarin quads were going home. Everyone at Darwin Hospital flocked to say goodbye and pay court to the beautiful children. And beautiful they were, with velvet-brown skin and soft, rounded limbs, and black eyes big enough to drown in.

Now they were only three, Ludi and Regina and Joan of Arc. Months before, their small, fragile sister Philippa had slipped quietly out of life.

But everyone still talked of them as the Jimarin quads.

Seven and half months before, their birth had made history. They were the first known Aboriginal quads, born of a race that viewed multiple birth with a deep, religion-based suspicion.

Traditionally, only the first-born of such births was permitted to survive.

It had not been easy for Mabel Mein-Bel, the quads' mother, and Dandy Gambang Urta, the father, to adjust to their birth.

On veranda

Mabel had long since gone back to the Daly River, to Dandy and their seven other children.

But the quads had stayed on at Darwin Hospital. For a long time now, they had lived on the veranda, in their big cots or kicking on rugs, taking in the world with their big black eyes.

The sisters and nurses dearly loved them, and tried to make everything as homely as possible.

For three months now, the babies had been big enough and well enough to go on home. But they had no home

to go to. At least, no adequate home.

Down the Daly, at the St. Francis Xavier Mission, where the family lived, a house was being built for them by the mission. But it wasn't finished.

And Mabel, the mother, was six months pregnant.

So, for as long as need be, the quads were to live in the bush hospital at the mission (extended by the Welfare Department) and be cared for by two nursing sisters (supplied by the Health Department) who would live in two modern caravans (provided by the Welfare Department).

There were great problems, of course. Mother and children had been separated for these vital months. The babies were used to the white nurses.

How would they adjust when they eventually joined their family? How would their family adjust to them?

And how would the Aboriginal community accept the children?

Father O'Carrigan, the mission superintendent, felt pretty hopeful when the quads flew in by Health Department plane.

So far so good.

Camp people from down-river and Aboriginal hands from the neighboring stations had come over to join in the welcome.

And all the mission people were out in force. The mission children were wild with excitement, especially the other Jimarins. And Mabel's sombre face was radiant.

The quads had come home.

Every morning Mabel came up to the little hospital, bathed her babies, nursed them, washed their nappies, helped by one of her numerous tribal "sisters."

But then she would leave them in the little bush hospital. Back she would go to her present dwelling, where the next youngest child is still only three.

The quads had come home, but not really to Mabel.

Yet what else could be done? Pregnant as she was, how could she cope with them?

In only a few months, there will be another tiny baby in the Jimarin household. How will she cope then?

"I think," said Margaret Cook, one of the two sisters caring for the quads, "that Mercia and I will be here for a long time."

At the Daly

Mercia, Margaret's colleague, is a remarkable person, sister to the well-known Aboriginal leader Philip Roberts. Her nursing qualifications are very high.

She was born on the Roper River. For nine years, she was a nun in New Guinea. Then the call came to work among her own people, and here she is now at the Daly, caring for the Aboriginal quads.

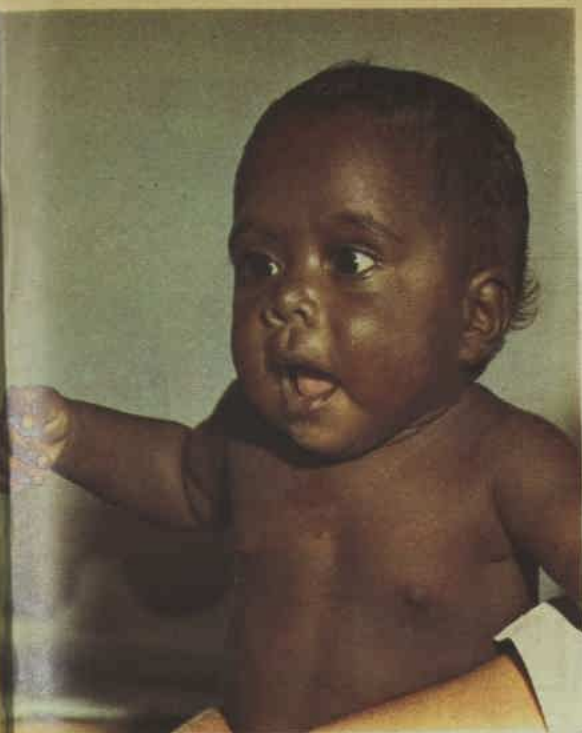
Margaret Cook, a tall, young blonde, was born in Woy Woy, N.S.W., and trained at the Children's Hospital, Sydney.

She had been working at Darwin Hospital for a year when the offer came to go down to the remote Daly with Mercia. She seized on the chance as a magnificent experience.

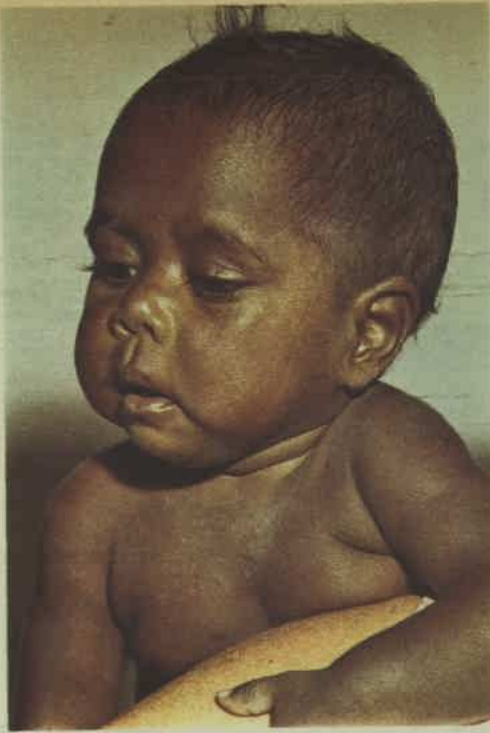
It was a Sunday when I met them both in the little bush hospital. The quads had been home four days.

"They're a little bit restless at the moment," said Margaret. "It's the change of environment."

The three babies lay on their stomachs in their cots.



LUDI, full of life



REGINA, in quiet mood



JOAN, gay and carefree

Pictures by Don Cameron

Ludi was wide awake, gazing up out of huge eyes. Joan slept with thumb in mouth. Regina slept, too, black curling lashes lying on her cheeks.

Neither of the sisters would hazard a guess about how long the babies would stay in the hospital.

"It depends on many things, including how the family co-operates," said Margaret. "But I think it will be for quite a long time."

Mabel came in, shyly smiling, for the morning bath ritual. It being Sunday, her other daughters were home from school and came with her.

I tried very hard to talk to her. Did she feel as close to these three little ones, virtual strangers, as she did to her other children? Was she worried about caring for them, with still another child on the way?

But communication was almost impossible. Bushbred, Mabel has very little English. And (at least with a white stranger) she is morbidly shy.

It was easier with the young Jimarin daughters. They loved the babies, loved to help with them. But they board at the school every day except Sunday. Not much help for Mabel there, when the babies truly come home.

Later, Chief Welfare Officer Ted Evans, who is deeply versed in Aboriginal lore, gave me the answer, Aboriginal style.

"The whole family will care for the children," he said, "and that means a much wider group than in our society."

"Mabel has many sisters under the kinship rules, and the quads have many 'aunties.' There are no orphans among the Aborigines."

"The real issue is whether the tribe, the whole tribe, not just those living at the mission, will accept the quads. And that's something we won't know about for quite some time . . ."

The white people have worked hard to teach the Aborigines (those they can reach) that multiple birth is natural and normal. Only time will tell if they have succeeded.

Father McDermott, a missionary who has worked among Aborigines for 40 years, emphasised the complexity of the situation.

"Most Aborigines know that there is a relationship between intercourse and conception," he said, "but deep down they believe that conception is the work of spirits."

"Divided"

If more than one child is born at a time, the spirit is weakened by being divided. Hence, in times past, all but the first-born had to be destroyed.

The belief, of course, is a rationalisation. No bush mother, constantly on the move, could manage to carry or care for more than one child at a time.

"I've heard some Aborigines say," Father McDermott told me, "that four spirits must have been at work, and some others say that there must have been four fathers."

The quads are a mystery to the Aborigines. Whatever the cause, they are different.

Everyone agrees that they should be brought up normally, in their own Aboriginal community. But events have postponed their entry into it.

How will they fare, these three beautiful velvet-brown children?

Only the future will tell.



FAMILY GROUP: In bushland outside the mission hospital on the banks of the Daly River are (back row, from left) Jessie, 11, with Joan, Mabel with Regina, Maria, 9; in centre, Felicity, 7; front row, Perpetua, 5, Ted, 3, Dandy, and Peggy with Ludi. Eldest son, Basil, 16, was absent when the picture was taken.

ENGAGED. Miss Amanda Stewart and Mr. Robert Holt, who have recently announced their engagement. Miss Stewart is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Stewart, of Newport. Her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Colin Holt, of Beecroft. They plan to marry next year.



SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

CHIT-CHAT from the Reynolds-Cheatham wedding at Gulgong. (See picture page opposite.) Unperturbed at the invasion of his household by an army of bridesmaids, caterers, and helpers, this father-of-the-bride went for a quiet swim an hour before the wedding.

FROTHY, organdie-covered beach umbrella, which added a romantic touch to the cake-cutting ceremony under the willow trees, was made by the bride's mother from the dress her elder daughter wore when she made her debut.

CAUSING utter confusion were twin flowergirls Vicki and Jacki Smith, who patiently explained that Jacki was the one with two front teeth missing, but unless they were smiling no one, even their mother, knew which was which twin.

AND the person who won more hearts at the wedding than anyone else—Richard's 82-year-old grandfather, Dr. Granville Waddy, who, camera in hand, was the life and soul of the party. Dr. Waddy is New South Wales' oldest living Rhodes Scholar; he went to Oxford in 1909 and spent four years at Balliol College.



WED IN AMERICA. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Rascoe after their marriage at Elon College Chapel, Burlington, North Carolina. The bride was Miss Margaret Naughton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Naughton, of Turramurra, who went to America for the wedding. The bridegroom, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rascoe, of Burlington, is a senior at Elon College, majoring in Economics and Accountancy.

STILL more and more Christmas parties, and Dr. and Mrs. Malcolm Stening have asked about fifty of their friends in on December 19 for Christmas drinks at the cocktail hour at their home at Darling Point.

THERE'S a second reason for the party the Derek Cassidys are having, also on December 19. As well as a Christmas party, it's to celebrate the ruby wedding anniversary of Derek's parents, Sir Jack and Lady Cassidy. The host and hostess are keeping their fingers crossed for a fine day so guests will be able to mingle in the garden, which is a perfect party setting.

MRS. VINCENT FAIRFAX told me she'll be so pleased to see her three grandchildren, Christopher, Annabel, and Angus, for a return visit when they come down from Canberra with their parents, the Geoffrey Whites, for Christmas and New Year. The children have just spent two weeks with the Fairfaxes while their parents visited the E. R. Joyces on "Eidsvold," Queensland.

HEAR that Sandra Parkes will be the fourth generation of her family to wed at St. Peter's, Watsons Bay, when she marries Reginald Seally on December 21. Sandra, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Parkes, of Rose Bay, will wear a gold acorn and oakleaf brooch first worn by her great-grandmother when she was married at St. Peter's in 1889. Reginald is the son of Mrs. C. M. Seally, of Surrey, England, and of the late Mr. J. W. Seally.

IN my mailbag this week... a Christmas card from England from Weston and Leonora Fox, who left Sydney about two years ago, and after travelling for eight months settled in Spain. They're now living in England.

TWO of my favorite people—artist Cedric Flower and his author wife, Pat—always seem to be doing something interesting. This time it's Cedric, and this week his first book, "Duck and Cabbage Tree," will be launched. "Although the title could fool you, it isn't a recipe book," says Pat, "but a pictorial history of Australian clothing from 1788 to 1914." Apparently, there's no book on this subject available, and Cedric was so fed-up with having to do such extensive library research every time he wanted information for stage and film work he decided to solve the problem with a book.

GREAT excitement in the Ted Slys' household at "Thornhill," Gunnedah, with the news that their elder daughter, Jenny, will arrive home on December 22 after a year abroad. The Slys, with Jenny and their other daughter, Vicki, will spend Christmas at their house at Newport.

By Mollie Lyons

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 25, 1968

'I don't want to go away if I can't take my Heinz'

Simon needn't worry, his mother has already packed his Heinz Pre-Schooler's Food

She knows how important it is for Simon to enjoy a well-balanced diet every day. With Heinz Pre-Schooler's he gets the essential vitamins, minerals and proteins that little people need on holidays.

Lots of chunky meat and vegetables—and, there's Rainbow Fruit Salad for afters.

If Simon should eat her out of house and home, she can buy more Pre-Schooler's just about anywhere.

No wonder Simon's mum calls it a godsend.

Hooray, hooray, I heard Mum say,
We're taking Heinz on holiday.



Vegetables and Steak
Vegetables and Lamb
Vegetables and
Sliced Sausage
Vegetables, Chicken
and Veal
Rainbow Fruit Salad

Heinz Pre-Schooler's Food



LEAVING FOR THE CHURCH. Miss Sandee Reynolds, her father, Mr. Ford Reynolds, and the bride's identical twin nieces, Jackie (at left) and Vicki Smith, leaving their home, "Guntawang," Gulgong, for St. Luke's Church, Gulgong, for her marriage with Mr. Richard Cheatham.



BRIDESMAIDS arriving at the church, Miss Libi Dowd, of "Alta Vista," Gulgong, Miss Caroline Clayton, of "Woodside," Illabo, Miss Wendy Paul, of "Pleasant Valley," Gosford, Miss Jo de Seriere, of Rose Bay, and Miss Vicki Kater, of "Millmilland," Scone (left to right).



CUTTING THE CAKE. Newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cheatham with some of their attendants, Mr. Randall Thompson, of "Ballantyne," Cassilis (left), Mr. Kim Cheatham, of Bellevue Hill, Miss Caroline Clayton, of "Woodside," Illabo (seated), and one of the flowergirls.

COUNTRY WEDDING



GARDEN RECEPTION. Mrs. Peter Armstrong, of "Pamcan," Birriwa, Mr. Chris Martin, of "Norfolk," Cassilis, and Miss Elizabeth Brennan, of "Moonaree," Mullaley (left to right), at the reception held in the garden at "Guntawang."



SYDNEY GUESTS. Dr. and Mrs. John Swain, of St. Ives (at right), and their daughter, Juliet, were among many Sydney people who travelled to Gulgong for the wedding. They were photographed in the grounds of the homestead.



PARENTS of the bridal pair, Mrs. Frank Cheatham, Mr. Ford Reynolds, Mr. Frank Cheatham, and Mrs. Ford Reynolds (left to right), outside St. Luke's Church, Gulgong, after the ceremony before they drove the ten miles to "Guntawang" to receive the guests.

**FASHIONS
IN THE
SHOPS**

FESTIVE GIFT COATS and



ABOVE: Fuzzy fun coat in glamorous white trimmed with bitter-brown and important leather toggles is a wonderful way to spend Christmas - present money or lay-by for winter. XXSSW-SW. About \$39. (Wilson's Fashions, 180 Pitt St.)

AT RIGHT: Double-breasted-style fuzzy fun coat is precision cut for an unusual striped and shaded effect and available in soft-grey or brown. XXSSW-SW. About \$54. (Wilson's Fashions, 180 Pitt St.)

FAR RIGHT: There's lots of new fashion interest in this fun coat with huge roll collar to wear high or turned down, including three big feature buckles and a strong zip fastening. In black, beige. XXXSSW-SW. \$40. (Wilson's Fashions, 180 Pitt St.)



... LAST-MINUTE PARTY BUYS



COOL, cotton-print bra-dress with flattering neckline and softly gathered bodice is available in a range of prints in brown, navy, and orange tonings. XXSSW-W. About \$13.99. (Available all Waltons Departmental Stores.)



COCKTAIL-CUM-DINNER PARTY design in Daydream fabric by Marchioness falls in a series of shaped tiers; self rose trim. In size range. About \$35. (Greigs, 152 Pitt Street; John's of Newcastle.)



ABOVE: For girlish partygoers, a dress that's elegant yet swinging. The fabric is nylon, in pink, hot-pink, blue, apricot, lemon, with matching ribbon trim. XXSSW-SW. \$19.99. (All Katies Fashion Stores, Pitt Street, Roselands, Parramatta, Bankstown, Wollongong, Warrawong.)



AT LEFT: Two glamorous chiffon party dresses. High-neckline style, at left, with pretty, flowing skirt of unpressed pleats, has its own petticoat. In emerald-green, black. \$28.50. Sashed design, at right. In dramatic-black, brown. \$29. Both XSSW-SW. (Grace Bros., Showcase Depts., Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Roselands.)



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All day.

From shower to shower
hour after action-packed hour
Odorono guards you
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Make Odorono
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IN THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY... 25 YEARS AGO

● **DECEMBER 25, 1943:** This was a special issue — called "Tribute to America" — . . . The cover was a painting of General Douglas MacArthur, who, in an interview inside, had nice things to say about Australians. . . . Advertisers were limited to "eight leading firms of world-wide reputation, who have all devoted their pages to patriotic and goodwill messages" . . . U.S. authors Clare Boothe Luce and Pearl Buck wrote about women's roles during and after the war . . . Colleague Faith Baldwin sent a Christmas message to Australians . . . Humorist James Thurber gave permission for one of his cartoons to be used . . . Even Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse met a slouch-hatted kangaroo in a specially drawn Walt Disney comic strip . . . "Important" films listed for 1944 were "Madame Curie" (Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon), a remake of "Phantom of the Opera" (Nelson Eddy, Susanna Foster, Claude Rains), "Jane Eyre" (Joan Fontaine, Orson Welles), "Sahara" (Humphrey Bogart), and "For Whom the Bell Tolls" (Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman) . . . And, to give transistor-carrying kids another laugh about "ancient" times, a battery company pointed out in an ad that "one of the conveniences awaiting the victory" was a low-price portable radio that weighed about 5lb.!

1

* The tiny pub, wedged between two shops, looks like most other Sydney pubs.

The noise bursting from its saloon and public bars certainly sounds the same — with one exception.

Clashing with the raucous jukebox music are the silvery strains of a harp.

The publican's daughter is practising . . .

To Kate McKittrick, an actress with the Killara Community Theatre, on Sydney's North Shore, the harp is more than just a musical instrument. It's a "tranquilliser."

Twenty-year-old Kate, who has been playing the harp for almost two years, went on: "It's part of me. I always practise for two hours before evening performances at the Community Theatre. It calms me."

Kate's long, fair hair and angelic face once prompted singer June Bronhill, a family friend, to remark: "You look as though you should be playing a harp."

This was before Kate began having lessons with Sydney harpist June Loney.

Yet so far, the parts which have brought her the greatest success, since graduating

from the National Institute of Dramatic Art at the University of Sydney two years ago, have been far from angelic.

She has played a girl who could shoot to kill ("That was in TCN9's 'Hunter' series. You possibly saw a flash of me screaming at the beginning of each episode!"); a slatternly Irish convict who was "rather strange"; and — the most dramatic, and un-angelic of all — an LSD addict.

"I had never been on a 'trip,'" said Kate. "So I spoke to a few people who had. You see, I wanted to find out what happened to them."

2

■ Fair-haired Suzy King, nine, is far too young to need tranquillisers. But she shares Kate McKittrick's love for the harp.

That was why her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Alexander King, of San Francisco, contacted the McKittricks during their visit to Sydney recently.

Mrs. King explained: "We learnt through the American Harp Society that the McKittricks had a Troubadour harp — the model Suzy plays. And, as she was itching to practise, we contacted them."

OF PLUCK...

She told us a little about the harp, which is made in Chicago.

"It's been on the market in the States for about eight years. It's smaller than a concert harp, and more suitable for a child to play.

"But, of course, not only children play it. Many American adults learn in their spare time. And Lew Harrison, a new, young composer, has written music specially for this harp."

More important, the harp costs several thousands of dollars less than a concert harp.

"When Suzy became interested in playing, we started doing some research," Mrs. King said. "We discovered the concert size costs anything from \$2000 to \$5000. Even a second-hand harp costs about \$1400."

It took the Kings a couple of years to locate the special harp. The price? About \$550.

Suzy was only five when she first plucked the strings of a harp. It was at a plush Los Angeles restaurant.

"I wanted to see how it sounded and how it felt," said the little girl.

COMPACT

TWO GIRLS WITH LOTS



Kate McKittrick



Suzy King, playing Kate's harp.

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Birthday for Vietnam war bride's baby

* The first baby born of an Australian soldier and a Vietnamese wife, who was the first war bride of her country to arrive in Australia, celebrated her first birthday in Adelaide recently.

The baby is the daughter of Corporal Kevin Schmerl and his wife, Khue (pronounced Kwai), who were married in Saigon in January, 1967. They came to Australia in April that year and lived quietly until reporters discovered their romantic story in September, 1967.

It was then revealed that the pair had met in a restaurant owned by Khue's aunt in Saigon. Khue, anxious to learn English, befriended the young soldier, who was equally anxious to tutor her while he sampled the tasty Vietnamese food served in the restaurant.

This led to a formal courtship and culminated with permission to marry from Khue's father, a retired merchant.

When Khue arrived in Adelaide she spoke little English, but can now con-

verse fairly easily and, when stuck, can write down what she wants to say in neat block-lettering.

She, her husband, and their baby, whom they have named Sonya, live in a home unit at Mitchell Park, an Adelaide suburb. Khue says she would like to take her baby home some time to "show her off" to relatives in South Vietnam.

For the time being, however, her husband is based in Adelaide by the Army.

● Corporal Schmerl, his wife, Khue, and their baby, Sonya.





"Aren't you wearing Tweed?"



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ROMANCE AT ROOFTOP LEVEL

Television

● TV's sock-it-to-me girl Judy Carne, of Rowan and Martin's "Laugh-In," is the star of "Love on a Rooftop" — a new TCN9 series.

By
NAN MUSGROVE

JUDY CARNE plays the role of Julie, the young bride of "Love on a Rooftop," who marries after a whirlwind courtship and settles with her new husband, David Willis (Peter Deuel), in an apartment that is a storehouse with a flight of stairs on to a roof.

"Love on a Rooftop" (Tuesdays, 8.30 p.m., TCN9) can only be described as a "Domsit" with a capital "D."

"Domsit" is TV talk for a domestic situation comedy, and the "Rooftop" variety — at least the first episode, which I previewed — really is comedy.

There are some good laughs in it, most of them from Judy's outraged screen father, played magnificently by Herbert Voland.

Herbert Voland acts like a real father, or to be honest he doesn't seem to act, he just behaves like a loving father put out by his daughter's marriage to a man he doesn't know.

TV's mini-craze at the moment is young marrieds' domsits, and Judy Carne brings that certain sparkle-arkle to the new show.

Do you remember Judy in "Fair Exchange," the comedy that introduced her to Australian viewers in 1962?

Judy played the English teenager who went to live in America with a family whose daughter, Lynn Loring, went to live with Judy's parents in England.

Judy was the plain teenager. She was a bit of a square, had good bones, straight dark hair, and an honest face. Lynn was much more with-it, very pretty and gay.

It is a different story now. Lynn has faded from the TV scene and, in a notable matrimonial coup, married blond Roy Thinnes, of "Long Hot Summer" and "The Invaders," while Judy



IT'S THE GAS BILL that causes the trouble . . . Judy Carne (Julie) and Peter Deuel (David), at breakfast in the new comedy series "Love on a Rooftop," find marriage is not all smooth sailing.

(still single) has become one of TV's hot properties.

Everyone is after Judy, she's TV's new girl-craze.

"Love on a Rooftop" was obviously made when Judy was halfway between her square "Fair Exchange" image and her switched-on "Laugh-In" personality.

She's gay and feckless, has had the straight dark brown hair cut into a mod curly cut.

There are other people in "Rooftop," too. Judy's screen husband, Peter Deuel, who is a big man with a crew-cut, looks like a front-row forward in a Rugby League team and acts like a man who knows his own mind.

Mock windows

The first episode really did make me laugh. It has a wonderful gimmick. The Willis apartment is cheap, but it has one big drawback — no windows, and a perpendicular staircase up to the air on the roof.

The landlady has provided mock windows. They are blinds affixed to the wall, surrounded by curtains. With the blinds drawn the apartment has windows, when the blinds are up there is unbroken brick wall.

Making the most of the apartment's "possibilities," Julie Willis paints a view on the wall behind the blinds.

It's a brave effort. If any-

one a bit slow-minded glanced at the "view" he could, perhaps, believe he thought he saw a view.

The trouble is that no one in "Love on a Rooftop" is dull, and the windowless apartment isn't approved.

One of the things that made me laugh in the first episode was the young Willis' neighbor who "writes food."

It opens up great new vistas. For instance, how creative can you get about boiled onions?

He waxes on about anything. One anonymous dish for a restaurant menu was "This dark, rich dish, with crescent of cream, hand-whipped."

Herbert Voland, in his first encounter with Judy's new architect husband, had some lovely lines. All he wanted was to cut the social palaver and find out how much his son-in-law made a week and whether he could support his daughter.

He was confused by the whole situation, the windowless apartment, the fact that his daughter had never revealed that he was rich, by an electricity blackout, by dinner on the roof, by the way the young marrieds kept rushing off conferring, but he could still say, "How much a week do you get?"

He was very large, square, and solid, and in answer to his wife, who asked him: "Fred, have you ever thought of giving lessons in graciousness?" he said: "I feel like

I've just stepped through the looking-glass."

The thought of Fred as "Alice in Wonderland" was too much for me.

You'll gather I enjoyed it. You can, too. It's a Christmas Eve premiere, at 8.30 p.m. It would be a wonderful half-hour's viewing after the neighbors have been in for a drink.

★ ★ ★

I WAS intrigued to meet ex-"Homicide" detective Terry McDermott ranging round "Bellbird" as a wealthy city man who has bought a property for horse-breeding.

Terry without his "Homicide" hat looks much more human.

Those small hats they wear are so funny, so unbecoming. I always expect them to be doffed and used as part of a joke, but they aren't.

Ex-Sydney TV man Chuck Faulkner was playing the role of a crim in "Homicide" the night I saw it, and turned in one of the best acting performances in the episode.

His hair has thinned, although his American accent hasn't, and he has stopped being a young man. During the show he was described in a police bulletin as a "fair, middle-aged man" and I was shocked to realise how true was the description.

I always think of Chuck as young, but years pass and Chuck is now a middle-aged man. But he should worry, he's got company. ("Homicide" is on Channel 7, Wednesdays, 8.30 p.m.)

THOSE MINI-SKIRTS

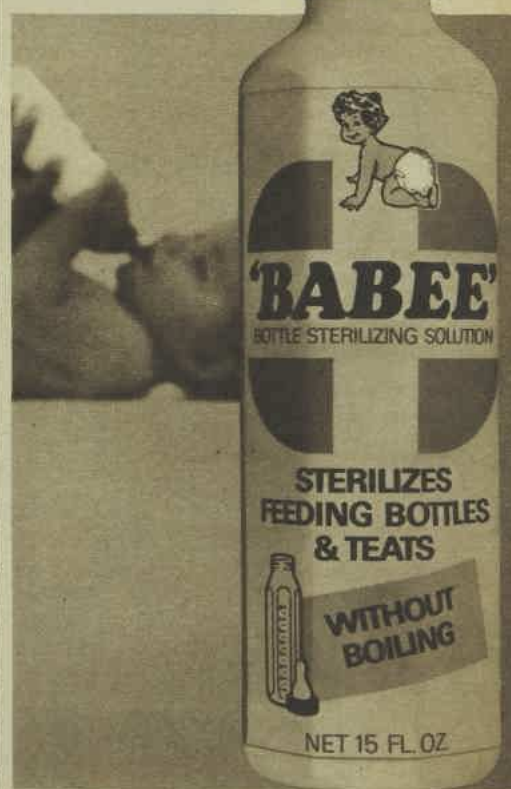
RECENTLY I've taken up revisiting "Bellbird" (ABC-TV, Mondays to Fridays, 6.40 p.m.) to find that it seems to be TV's "Blue Hills," with strong overtones of "Peyton Place."

But "Bellbird's" mini-skirts need an expert couturier—they are just not right. Maybe it's those good, strong country legs, but I don't think so; somehow the minis lack that certain something which allows them to be worn with flair and what the jet set calls "panache."

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READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 25, 1968

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ALL THE COMFORTS and exotic finery of some oriental caliph (right) — but the luckless Christian (David Anthony) is the prisoner of his harem — Melanie (Esther Anderson), Busbee (Marilyn Rickard), Samson (Kathy Simmonds), and Sadie (Judy Huxtable) in their plastic "pleasure dome."

SAMSON, one of The Touchables, below, inside the 60ft.-high pleasure dome, showing the clear plastic fabric. Two Touchables are actresses, two models; it was the first major feature project for most of the actors and technical crew. Twentieth Century-Fox will release the film in Australia next year.



● Their names are Samson, Sadie, Busbee, and Melanie. They are young, beautiful, and very swinging Londoners. They are The Touchables — the stars of a new 20th Century-Fox film. The Touchables kidnap a pop singer and hold him captive in a fantastic plastic "pleasure dome." Also in the film are a wrestler, Ricky Starr, and a criminal, Lillywhite (alias The Black Hood).



REVIVAL for Christian, above, shown with Busbee, Samson, and Melanie, after he has almost drowned in an escape bid across a nearby lake in an inflatable dinghy.

CHRISTIAN in pensive mood, below. "I've had as much love as I can take," he says of his escape. But Sadie deflates the dinghy with a bullet from a Winchester rifle.



COMING FILM: "THE TOUCHABLES"

Beauties kidnap pop star



MELANIE (Esther Anderson), above, in front of an ornate bed in the dome. The Touchables' mod clothes were created by avant-garde young London fashion designer Sandy Moss.



SAMSON (Kathy Simmonds), above, tries goat-milking in the dome's elysian setting, about 40 miles south of London; the dome's mammoth outline can be seen in the background.



BUSBEE (Marilyn Rickard), above, sees The Touchables' domain through a giant key-hole. The dome also has a carousel converted to a bed, flashing lights, piped music.



SADIE (Judy Huxtable), above, has Christian in her sights from her vantage-point on the lavishly decorated bed. The Touchables don nuns' habits for their mad-cap kidnap scheme; the plot thickens when real criminals demand "protection" for the pop singer.



THE TOUCHABLES, left, in a rare immobile moment. They begin the film by stealing a Michael Caine dummy from a waxworks, and then, emboldened by their success, tackle the kidnapping of a real live pop idol. The dome is deflated in a spectacular ending.



ROYALTY IN BELGIUM

● "Princess Paola, in my view, is the most beautiful royal woman in the world," wrote photographer Reginald Davis, who travelled 9000 miles and photographed five royal families in nine days for the book "Royalty of the World." The day he went to Brussels was wet, and these pictures were taken inside Belvedere Palace, though during a break in the weather the royal children donned little blue raincoats and "fishermen's" hats and went outside to ride their bicycles. The pictures, like those of the royal families of Britain, Iran, and Monaco, already published, are exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.



PRINCE ALBERT AND PRINCESS PAOLA OF LIEGE — Prince and Princess of Belgium. Their Brussels home is Belvedere Palace, set in beautiful grounds with long, wide, well-kept carriage drives.

PROFILE camera portrait of Princess Paola, one of the most photogenic of the world's beauties, is at left. She wears evening dress and beautiful jewels.

ROYAL NURSERY at Belvedere Palace in Brussels is "something of a children's paradise," writes photographer Reginald Davis. At right, Princess Paola sits at the nursery's little table with her three children, from left, Princess Astrid, six, Prince Philippe, eight, and Prince Laurent Benoit, five.

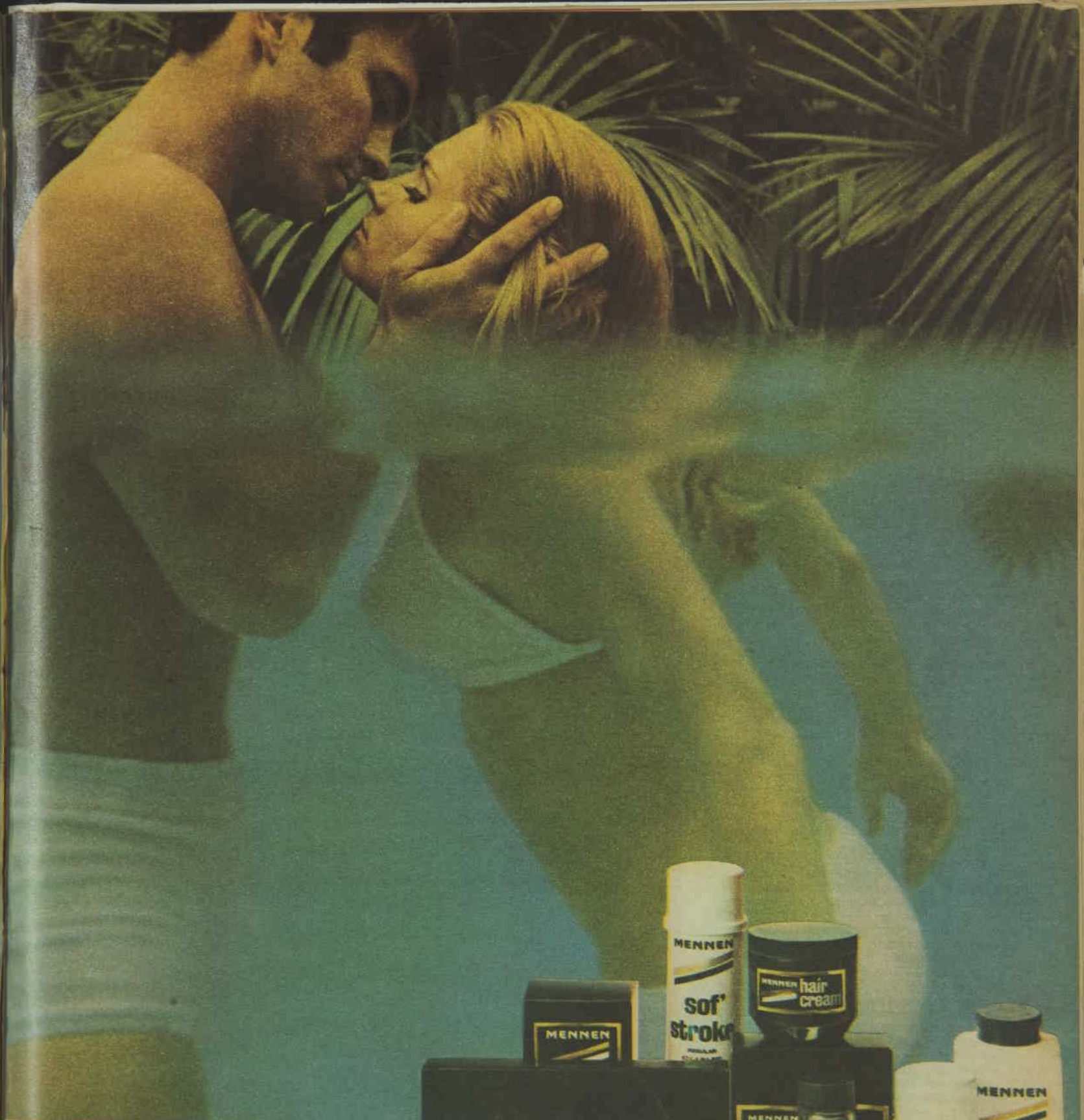


(Pictures by Reginald Davis, from the book "ROYALTY OF THE WORLD," to be published by Bertelsmann Sachbuchverlag, of West Germany.)



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grooming aid and have
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venture further out.



The exciting new
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HOUSE
OF
THE
WEEK

PETER KURING moved into his two-room bachelor apartment in Sydney's Kings Cross about six months ago. Immediately he set to work with plenty of bright color and imagination to transform what was a small drab flat into the colorful place it is today.

A talented young man who runs a florist and garden shop, Peter first of all painted the shabby wallpaper and ceilings of the two rooms bright yellow. "It needed seven coats to cover the paper."

One room is used as a living-room, the other doubles as kitchen and bedroom. The bed is partly screened from the rest of the room by a large chest of drawers. The heavy old piece of furniture was originally a shop counter and was made without nails, all sections being dovetailed together. Stove, refrigerator, and sink are along the wall opposite Peter's bed.

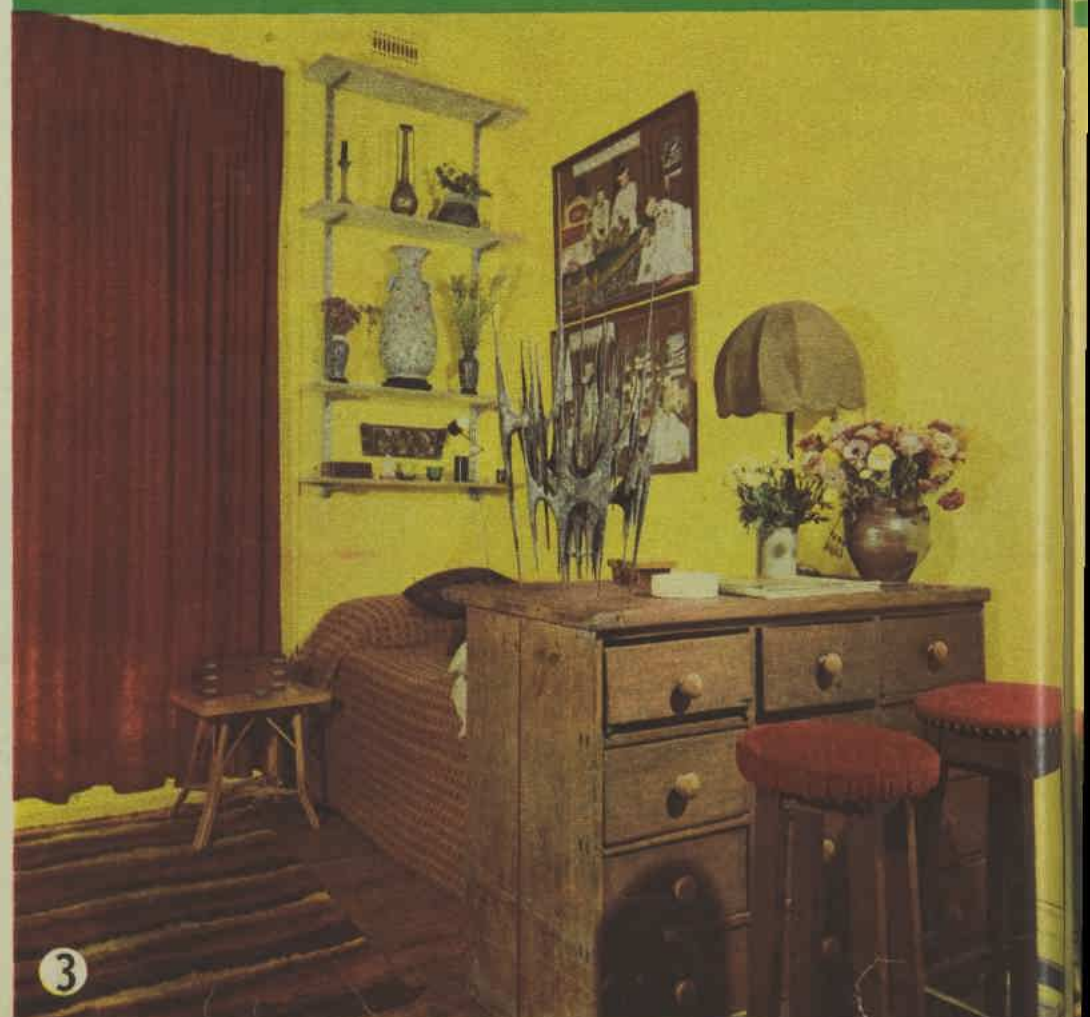
Though Peter brought some of his furniture from Melbourne when he came to Sydney last year, he picked up other pieces as bargains in local auctions and second-hand shops. The two bar stools cost \$1.50. Peter reupholstered them himself, also the pair of chairs either side of a fine collection of shells in the living-room. "I knocked in the nails with the heel of my shoe."

High on the wall above the doorway that divides the two rooms hangs an old rusty bicycle wheel. "I tripped over it in the street one night and thought it would look effective against the yellow wall."

The pale green dresser in the living-room is also Peter's work. It was just a plain sideboard until he added the cornice at the top and painted the entire piece. Now it is a very effective combination display cabinet and bar.

The mixture of modern paintings, sculpture, art nouveau, Chinese ceramics, antique furniture, and tall, frondy pot-plants against a background of bright yellow gives an exotic air to this small apartment in the heart of Sydney.

Photographs: RON BERG
Story: LORRAINE SMITH



BRIGHT PAINT, AND IMAGINATION



1 A haunted-looking piece of sculpture by Greg Irvine stands on the table by the telephone. The two brass candlesticks in the open doorways leading to the balcony are reputed to be altar candlesticks from a mission church in India.

2 A carved mask from the Sepik River area of New Guinea stands out strikingly against the vivid yellow wall of the living-room. Flower painting of an orchid (on wall near lamp) is by Paul Jones. Graceful chair by the fireplace is a treasured Sheraton piece. Sculpture of a woman's head on table is also by Greg Irvine.

3 Peter's bed is cleverly concealed behind a solid wooden chest of drawers, originally a shop counter. The chest acts as a bar top. The two red-topped stools Peter bought for \$1.50 a n d reupholstered, hammering in the nails with the heel of his shoe! Striking metal sculpture is by an Australian artist.

4 View from the living-room into the bedroom - cum - kitchen. Gaily striped rugs are Chinese.



BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA



At Mordialloc, on Port Phillip Bay

MORDIALLOC BEACH, 15 miles south of Melbourne on Port Phillip Bay, offers all sorts of pleasures for families who like to spend a day by the water. Above, colors are sharp and clear under an unclouded sun, and beach umbrellas blossom against the blue sky and calm sea. Below, a useful breeze catches the sails as the last of the boats ride homeward on the now choppy bay and are drawn up on the rippled Mordialloc sands by colorful crews.

Pictures by Mr. J. O. Colahan, Cheltenham, Vic.



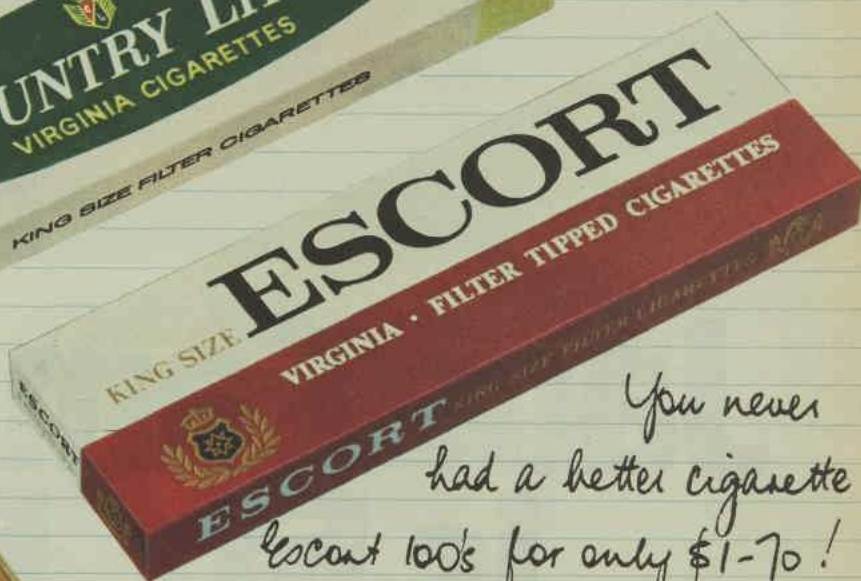
Christmas Shopping List: 1968



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**Jane Cameron...
is 5ft. 5ins.,
a brown eyed
brunette
and just got a
top job at Amoco.**



Amoco? But that's a petrol company!

"What's a woman like me doing in a place like this? You might well ask. After all, cars and petrol have always been man's territory. Yet a third of all motorists on the road are women. And men don't understand women ... do they?"

"Amoco have been trying for years to give their women customers a fair deal. From what I've seen they really haven't done too badly. But, they're trying harder."

"Amoco talked to hundreds of women. They wanted to know exactly what a woman wants. So, over a long period, they went out and asked. Then, I came in."

"I'm at Amoco to help them help us. To tell them how we want to be treated. To tell them what we want."

"Courtesy is one of the most important things isn't it? Amoco is trying to make us feel welcome at all their stations."

"Amoco knows what is important to a woman — things like clean Rest Rooms, spick and span like home".

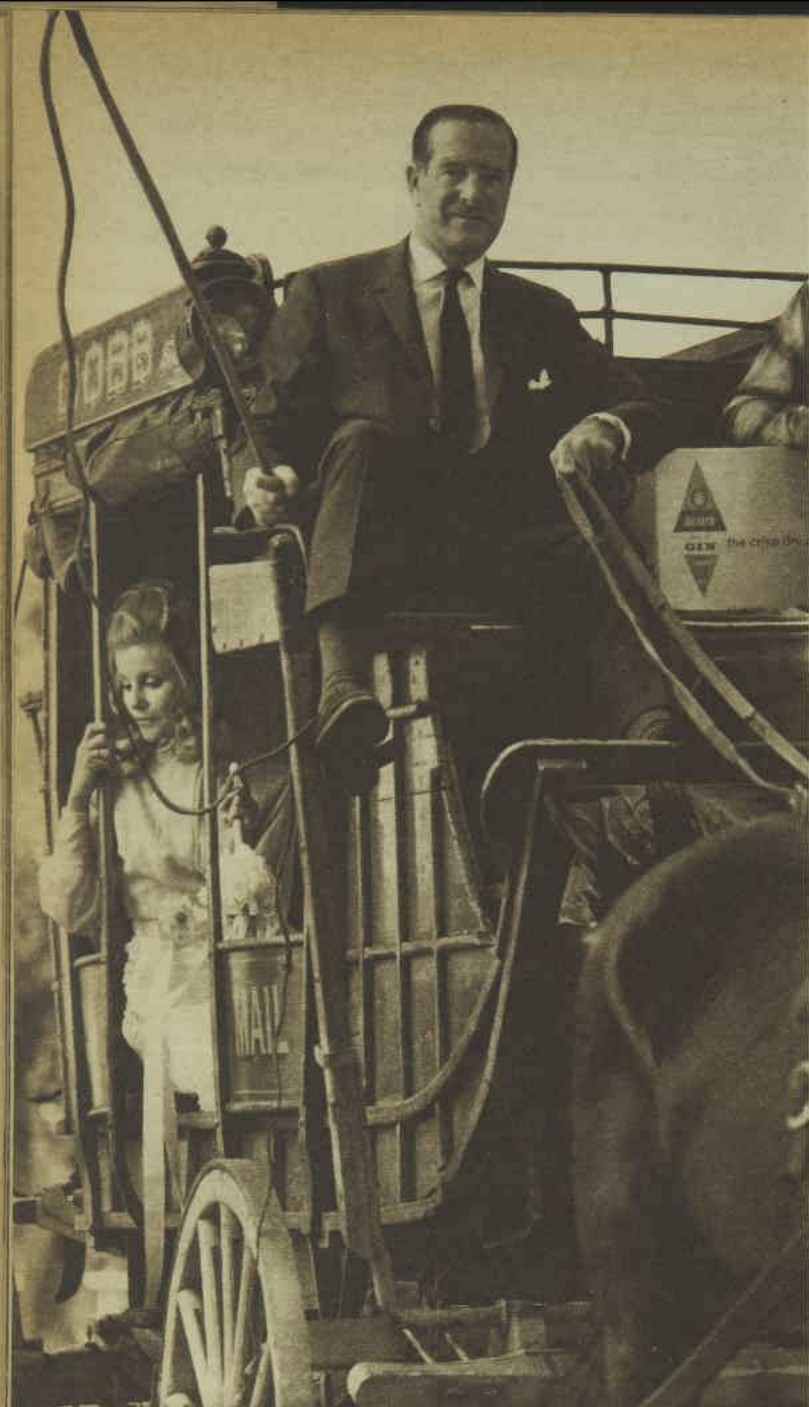
"Amoco wants to win a woman's trust. It's important, when we leave our cars for service, that all the right things are done. A woman wants to be sure that the man who does the job knows what he's doing — and that she only pays for what has to be done."

"You can help me to help Amoco help us. If you have any ideas ... or any queries ... I've got the ear of the right people", write to me at Amoco. P.O. Box 32, Edgecliff, N.S.W., 2027."

**"Madam, you've got
influence at Amoco!"**



ASIA DPS WW
Page 31



The Honourable John Gilbey: His great-great-grandfather drove a crack English mail coach.

'I also ride shotgun on the world's driest Gin'

The Honourable John Gilbey.

When Cobb & Co. was the new way to travel, the Gilbey family's gin had already become noted for a crisp, exhilarating dryness. Today this quality has become the international criterion of excellence — and the Hon. John Gilbey travels his 80,000 miles in a year 'to make sure it remains so'. Wherever it is made or enjoyed, Gilbey's in the frosted bottle subtly combines Juniper, Angelica, and Coriander with other herbs that have been a Gilbey family secret for 112 years.

Result — a unique crisp dryness. Don't say gin — say Gilbey's. There is a great distinction.

Gilbey's Special Dry Gin



A TOTAL GROOMING PLAN FOR

How to be

● The party season is under way, which means that you'll be going to at least one wonderfully gala affair.

YOU'LL want to look your prettiest, of course, and this involves a little advance planning. In fact, *planning* is the real trick to special-party prettiness.

Example: The woman who'll feel completely at ease in her party dress, hairdo, and make-up because she's thought them out (and done all her experimenting with them) well in advance is going to sparkle a lot more than the woman who threw herself together at the last minute and, as a result, has to worry constantly about her bra straps showing, her make-up staying, her new hairdo lasting through the evening.

So, to be as party pretty as you can be, follow this beauty countdown—from a week before to zero hour—for the loveliest special-occasion look you've ever had.

A week before the party

Decide on your dress. Need a new one? Go shopping today.

Or, perhaps there's something appropriate already in your wardrobe. If so, try it on. Check the fit. Hem all right? This is the time to arrange for any alterations.

If you can afford it, have your hair done—a kind of trial run—the way you think you'd like to wear it for the party.

This kind of advance planning saves you a last-minute, nerve-frazzling huddle with your hairdresser that could result in an extravagant hairdo that doesn't please you at all.

New dress or old faithful, what about special underpinnings? Do you own a bra, girdle, and slip that "work" with your dress? (Nothing is so distressing at party time as lingerie that peeps over a low-cut neckline; straps that need constant pulling up; a too-long slip; a girdle with seams that show through the fabric of your dress.)

Hint: It's a good idea to take your dress along with you when shopping for

special lingerie. Before you buy, make your selections, then try on your dress over them. This way you'll know that what you're buying is what you need.

Five days before the party

With your dress in mind, consider your hair. Want to go all out with a special-occasion hairdo? Or will you be more comfortable with a zippier version of your usual style?

If your party hairdo involves a wig or hairpiece, now's the time to make an appointment for cleaning and styling.

If you'll wear your hair au naturel but need a hair-cut or trim, have it done now.

Ditto for a permanent wave. (Permed hair usually looks its best some few days after the perm—besides which newly permed hair is sometimes harder to manage and a few days' leeway will give you a chance to get the hang of coping with it.)

Four days before the party

You've got your dress, you've planned your hairdo. What else is needed to complete the look? Accessories, of course.

If you need new shoes, shop for them now. Shoes don't necessarily have to match your dress, but they should co-ordinate in other ways.

For example, pale shoes look nicest with a pale dress; dark shoes with a dark dress.

Try sandals or "airy" shoes with a bare or floaty dress; "heavier," covered-up shoes (in gold or silver, perhaps, or leather with rhinestone buckles) with a tailored ensemble.

If you'd rather wear a pair of shoes already in your wardrobe, but don't like their color with your dress, consider dyeing them. There are do-it-yourself shoe-dye products in almost unlimited color ranges on the market. But before you dye,

check soles, heels, insoles, etc., to see if any repair work is in order. If there is, see to it now.

Co-ordinate stockings with your shoes rather than with your dress. And go a little crazy when shopping for party stockings. It's amazing how "special" stockings can pull together a gala-occasion look.

Decide on jewellery. Feel your dress needs super-glamorous earrings, brooch, necklace, bracelet? Get them. But remember, it's usually best to underplay the jewellery bit. It's the holiday season, but you don't want to end up looking like a Christmas tree.

Two days before the party

Set aside an hour or so for a make-up practice session to get the knack of eyeshadowing, face shading, applying false lashes. Now is the time to experiment.

The way to go about it? Incorporate some of the special-occasion ploys listed below with your basic make-up plan. Step back and review the results. Reject what's too stagy, theatrical; make note of what does wonders for your looks:

● **Pearlised cosmetics** — foundation, powder, lipstick, blusher, nail polish. Their light-reflecting properties lend a beautifully moon-struck look.

● **Dark blusher**, or darker-than-usual foundation, stroked on and blended under cheekbones, down sides of face, and at the temples to slim and shape a too-full face.

● **A dot of blusher** to emphasise a dimple on chin or cheek.

● **A thin, bright blue pencil line** stippled on along the roots of the lower lashes to make eyes look clearer, brighter.

● **A white line pencilled** in (careful here) above lashes on lower lids to make dark eyes even darker, more mysterious.

● **Eyeshadow** — two, even three colors at once. A brown-eyed blonde, for example, might experiment

HEAD-TURNING PERFECTION AT CHRISTMAS

PARTY PRETTY



SHE'S party pretty in a polka-dotted dress with a whirl of minute pleats.

with glittery gold on the lid, a band of taupe in the crease, iridescent white under the eyebrow. A blue-eyed brunette could try iridescent violet on the lid, smoky grey in the crease, pale whitened lavender under the eyebrow.

- Fake lashes, of course.
- A *mouche*, or beauty spot, made from shiny black or jewel-tone paper, pasted on (use surgical or lash adhesive) below one eye (or near your mouth, or on a bare shoulder, or to emphasise a pretty décolletage).

When you've finished your trial make-up, and are satisfied with the results, slip into your party dress—or hold it near your face—and inspect the total effect under the harshest light of all: fluorescent. If you can pass muster under fluorescent lighting, you'll look great under any lighting conditions.

The day before the party

Work out a schedule for tomorrow, one that leaves you plenty of time to have your hair and nails done (or

to do them yourself), a brief afternoon nap, a bath, leisurely dressing and making up.

If dinner is not on your party agenda, plan a light, easy-to-prepare meal at home for tomorrow.

If your dress and shoes are new, slip into them for just a few minutes to get the "feel" of moving in them (especially important if you'll be dancing at the party).

Get to bed as early as possible.

The evening of the party

Now that you've had your hair done—or washed and set it yourself—and your nails have been attended to, here are a few last-minute tricks.

Try two cups of Epsom salt in your pre-party bath. This is a real tension-reliever.

For a glowing complexion, and to reduce facial puffiness, give yourself an egg-white facial before making up.

Here's how: Beat the white of an egg until it's stiff. Smooth on face, avoiding the eye area and eyebrows. Let dry—you'll feel it "pulling."

Then rinse off with cool water.

More egg-white magic: After cleansing your face, apply the thinnest film of raw, unbeaten egg-white to your face for a temporary smoothing away of small lines and wrinkles.

Leave for five minutes, then rinse off with cool water.

Another pre-make-up wrinkle camouflage: Blend a light coat of moisturiser over brow furrows and other surface lines to soften them. Then apply foundation, etc.

Kooky, but worth a try: a temporary face-lift. Take two tiny sections of hair, one from above each temple, and braid. Pull braids up and back, then fasten tightly and securely to scalp. Now arrange your hair to cover the braids.

Obviously, this works only if your hair is at least medium length and you wear it in a soft, loose style—better still if you're wearing a wig or fall.

Set your make-up to last all evening by gently pressing an icy-cold, damp washcloth to your face.

If, after you've finished making up, you feel the results are chalky or caky or too artificial-looking, soften by spraying your face with a water-filled perfume atomiser.

This will also set your make-up.

Zero hour

Take a last look in the mirror, then forget about your appearance. And have a wonderful time!

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give **me** a Dri-Glo gift set
for Christmas.



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in Persimmon,
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brilliant colours.

BACK TO THE OLD CHRISTMAS

WE are way out in our ideas of celebrating Christmas. Some people have the idea that the only way to celebrate is to have a Christmas they will never forget and a New Year they cannot remember. Let's go back to the old idea of giving happiness in any small way we can.

\$2 to "Way In" (name supplied), Windsor, N.S.W.

AFTER seeing the fun my children derived from small items in sample bags sold at shows, I think a good idea for "stocking fillers" would be to buy mini-sized items of groceries, mini-tins of tomato juice or soup, spaghetti, jam, sultanas, etc. For an older girl, even a cookie mix. You will be surprised how much fun they will get from their own "personal" goods.

\$2 to Mrs. Rae Moore, Oakleigh, Vic.

I MET a small girl wheeling an enormous, obviously expensive doll in an equally expensive doll's pram. But she did not derive much pleasure from either, because she told me that Father Christmas had said the doll must never be lifted out of the pram in case it got broken. The poor little lass would probably have been much happier with a doll half that size and price, one she was allowed to mother to her heart's content.

\$2 to Mrs. B. Thomas, Oatley, N.S.W.

ISN'T it a great shame that the beautiful title of Father Christmas has been replaced by Santa Claus? Children are never too young to thrill to the real meaning of Christmas. Santa Claus lacks the time-honored qualities, the serenity, and happy dignity of Father Christmas.

\$2 to Mrs. Mary Sweeney, Guildford, N.S.W.

ONCE upon a time there was a little old lady who had so many great-grandchildren she didn't know what to do when it came to Christmas. So she bought them all a gay balloon and watched while the little ones left their expensive gifts to dance about with these. So if you are a little old great-grandmother

\$2 to G.G. (name supplied), Warradale, S.A.

WITH Christmas just round the corner, I am reminded of something that happened many years ago. It was November, and my Christmas puddings were all hanging in a row drying off when my sister-in-law called one night. She was a very new bride, and most enthusiastic about trying her hand, too. She left after 11, with instructions and recipe. At eight o'clock the next morning she was on the phone. "Soaked the fruit in brandy overnight, as you said. Have made the puddings, and they are hanging up like yours." The only small thing she had omitted was to boil them!

\$2 to Mrs. R. E. Shone, Sandy Bay, Tas.



LETTER BOX

● We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

The ideal marriage

AFTER our marriages we all found various poems and pieces of advice which our mother had written on slips of paper and placed in books for us to find in the years to come. One of these was: "Money isn't important, so long as you have enough to share, for the ideal marriage is one in which two people love, cherish, and manage to put up with each other through all the crises, annoyances, and complications caused by their marriage, and never worry how much the other people in the world have."

\$2 to Mrs. N. Crook, West Wollongong, N.S.W.

Population problem

ON my little boy's first day at school the teacher took him and showed him around, and next thing he was missing. In a few minutes he was back home, and when I asked, "What happened?" he just said calmly, "There were too many kids there for me, Mum."

\$2 to "Onlooker" (name supplied), Toowoomba, Qld.

New life for bear

CHILDREN become so attached to their favorite soft toys that it can be distressing when age and wear take their toll. So I doctored a legless, loose-armed, one-eyed teddy bear. I knitted yellow trousers, finishing in brown feet, stuffed them with foam rubber, and attached them to Teddy's body. A blue jumper was stitched on to hold his arms in. Black shoe buttons gave him new eyes. He should live for a few more years.

\$2 to Mrs. J. Williams, Macleod, Vic.

Across the counter

AT a school fete Mother was looking at some geraniums on the plant stall. She asked what types they were. After a consultation with his friend, the 13-year-old boy serving answered uncertainly, "E-eraniums." Mother said, "There are some with variegated leaves." At which the boy replied solemnly, "I dunno what's wrong with them."

\$2 to K. Griffiths, Euroa, Vic.

Argument stoppers

BETWEEN us, my husband and I have developed a system of standard answers which somehow seem to cut short most arguments. "Why did you?" is met with "Because it is best." "How could you?" is answered with "No one's perfect." And the response to "Why can't we?" is "Rome wasn't built in a day." These answers help us maintain a wonderful relationship.

\$2 to "Brigitte" (name supplied), Sunnybank, Qld.

Ross Campbell
writes...

CONSULT YOUR FRIENDLY JOURNALIST

"CONSULT your travel agent for details," said the man on the radio.

He was talking about holiday tours to New Zealand.

"Why does he say 'consult your travel agent'? I haven't got a travel agent," my wife said.

She was irritated, and I could not blame her. The man spoke as if we were constant travellers.

He seemed to imagine me making a routine telephone call to my travel agent: "Hello, is that you, Les? Yes, we had a good time in Brazil. Been back a few days now. We'd like to go on a tour of New Zealand next week. Could you give me the details?"

It is flattering in a way to be treated like this. But for stay-at-homes the idea of having a travel agent on standby is unreal.

I had a similar experience once during a dispute with a neighbor about a fence.

The gentleman concerned said to me angrily, "You will hear from my solicitor!"

I didn't hear from his solicitor.



But he had made me feel small by letting me know he had one.

I haven't got a solicitor. I went to one years ago to ask him to draw up my will, but it would be presumptuous to claim that he was mine.

There are certain people with whom I have regular dealings, such as Mr. Whitely, the milkman, and Mr. Benvenuto, the greengrocer. But I have never got into the habit of

referring to them as "my milkman" or "my greengrocer."

I can't think of any circumstances in which I might say to someone, "You will hear from my milkman."

Manufacturers used to say their goods were obtainable from "your friendly neighborhood grocer."

We had a friendly neighborhood grocer once. He would not give me Christmas beer during a shortage and our friendship broke up.

Today we get most of our groceries from self-service stores. They are handy, but lack the personal touch. It seems less natural to speak of your friendly supermarket.

People shop in so many places now that they don't feel very attached to any of them. I have bought socks in four department stores, but I cannot single one of them out as "my department store."

Yet it is a pity to lose altogether that old-fashioned idea of a personal tie with the dealers who supply things.

I shall try to think of the jeweller I bought a watch from last year as "my jeweller."

And, perhaps, the friendly travel agent I might go to if I won the lottery is, after all, my dream-travel agent.



A.D. 2500

● A tourist promotion committee at Wondai, Queensland, suggests that a lighthouse due for replacement at Caloundra should be moved to the side of the inland road that connects Nanango, Kingaroy, Wondai, and Kilkivan. A spokesman said the lighthouse would give future historians much food for thought.

Lighthouses, so the children will be taught, Were used to bring ships safely into port. This was before the sea was covered in With anti-turbulent, clear plastic skin And filled with oilwells and apartment blocks, Some time in nineteen-ninety-nine, approx. The puzzle is that all research before Revealed these buildings sited on the shore Yet here is the exception; newly found. Perhaps the sea receded from this ground? Or was it used, as certain pundits say, To light the ancient motorist on his way? Thus the discussion rages through the land Until one timid child puts up his hand: "Could it have been, sir, that these old-time blokes Were fond of perpetrating little jokes?"

—Dorothy Drain

Indirect response

FEELING very pleased with my new, very short, with-it hairstyle, I hurried home to show my husband. He didn't say he didn't like it, just "Who shaves first in the morning, mate, you or me?"

\$2 to Mrs. Carol Lane, East Hills, N.S.W.

Too peaceful now

WHEN children are growing up they make the house joyful with their noise and untidy with their litter, and you think how tidy it will be when they leave home. And now mine have married, and when I see the beds wrinkle-free, the chairs like soldiers on parade, I just wish the kids were home to give me company.

\$2 to Mrs. Muriel Fairfield, Floreat Park, W.A.

dry hair?

Not since Vitapointe. As your hairdresser will tell you, just brushing daily with Vitapointe will keep your hair healthy, shining-soft and controllable. And one tube of Vitapointe will last up to six months! Only 95c from your chemist or hairdresser.

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It strikes 7 out of every 10 people in all walks of life. Yet many otherwise intelligent people know little of its dangers. Piles (hemorrhoids) are aggravated by many factors — including over-exertion and unsuitable diet.

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Improvement was recorded with patients many of whom had suffered for a number of years. A week's course can convince you. Ask your family chemist for Varemoid.

- ★ Simple and dignified treatment.
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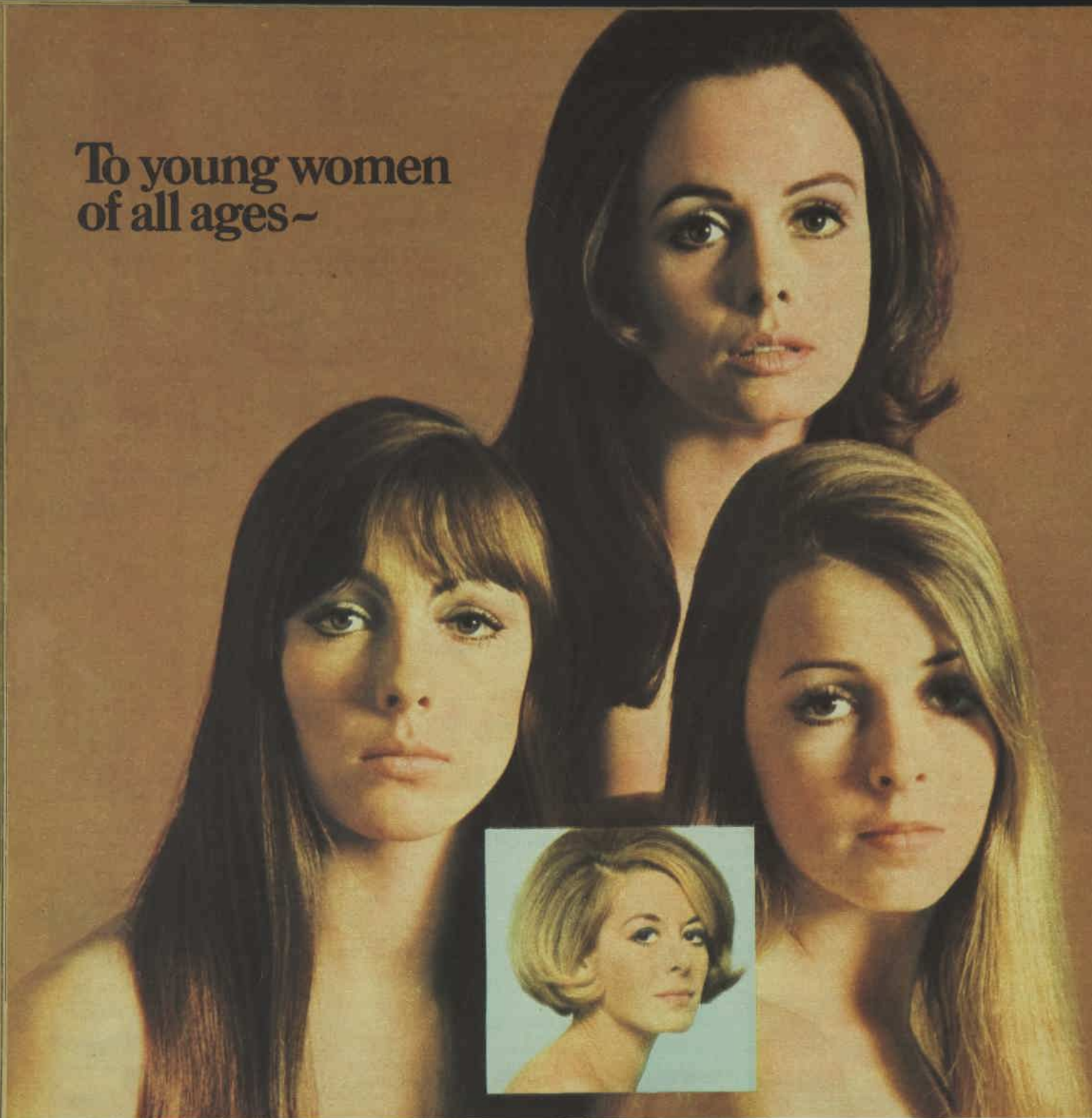
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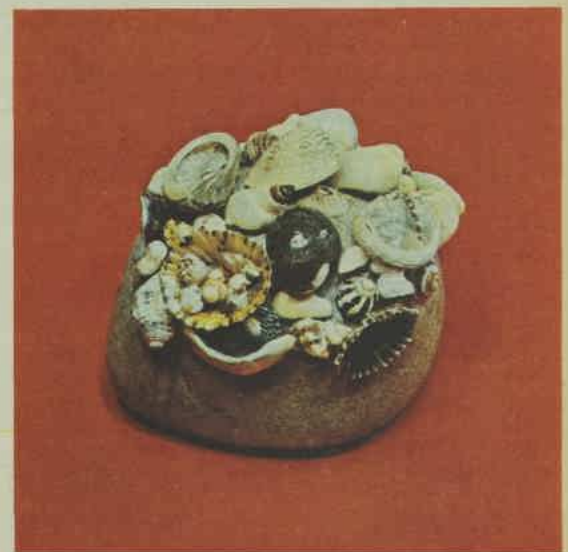


by Richard Hudnut

PRETTY AND PRACTICAL SHELL NOVELTIES



● Seashells and a water-washed stone, gathered from the seashore while on a holiday, started 12-year-old Susie Cottrell-Dormer, of Sydney, on this unusual and inexpensive collection. Directions for making are overleaf.



DOORSTOP (above) is simply a flat-bottomed stone covered with seashells artistically arranged so colors and shapes stand out. Directions are overleaf.



HEADBAND and NECKLACE (above) show how pretty seashells can be put to use. Ribbon band is trimmed with a variety of shells; necklace is made up of tiny kelp shells strung on linen thread.



PAPER WEIGHT (above) is a practical and novel accessory for a desk. Shell cluster is coated with clear lacquer for a glossy finish. Directions are given overleaf.

HATBAND (left), trimmed with a variety of colored seashells, is a pretty decoration for a beach-hat. Shells need only be cleaned before glueing in place.

Maybe you should try just the Driftwood Talc first?

Driftwood is a complete range of toiletries for women. All in the same discreet fragrance.

But, unless you try Driftwood, you may never believe that this subtle fragrance is for you.

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Start out buying our Talc first. Try it on your own skin after your morning shower or bath.

It's a fine silken mist, with a delicate bouquet that will leave you feeling clean and fresh through the day.

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Easy Christmas pudding wins prize

• An easy recipe for Jellied Plum Puddings wins the main prize of \$10 plus a copy of Robert Carrier's book "Great Dishes of the World" in our special Holiday Dish Contest.

CONSOLATION prizes are awarded for a rich-tasting chicken curry, a crab casserole, and a moist Christmas cake. The method of making this cake is so easy that you can whip it up for the family as an extra cake for the holidays.

These are the final prizewinners in our Holiday Recipe Contest. Our usual Prize Recipe Contest will resume next week. Let's have your favorite recipe — it could win a prize.

Address entries to: The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

CHRISTMAS PARTY PLUM PUDDINGS

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1 packet port wine jelly crystals | 1 cup raisins |
| 1 teaspoon gelatine | 1 cup prunes |
| 2 cups boiling water | 1 cup glace cherries |
| 1 cup currants | 1 cup coconut |
| 1 cup sultanas | whipped cream |

Dissolve jelly crystals and gelatine in boiling water. Pour a little of mixture into base of 6 small moulds which have been brushed with a little oil. Refrigerate until set. Chop all fruit finely or put through mincer; mix in coconut and remaining jelly, stir well. Spoon mixture carefully into moulds on top of plain jelly layer. Refrigerate several hours or overnight. Unmould before serving and top with a swirl of whipped cream.

Serves 6.

For extra flavor, you might like to substitute 1 cup port wine or 2 tablespoons brandy for the equivalent amount of water in recipe above.

First prize of \$10 and copy of Robert Carrier's "Great Dishes of the World" to Miss Brenda Liddle, Flat 7, 713 Brunswick St., New Farm, Qld. 4005.

HOLIDAY FRUIT CAKE

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 4 cups plain flour | 1 dessertspoon golden syrup |
| pinch salt | 4 eggs |
| 8oz. butter or substitute | 1 teaspoon bicarb. soda |
| 1 1/2 cups firmly packed brown sugar | 1 tablespoon water |
| 2lb. mixed fruit | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| 1 pint milk | 1 teaspoon lemon juice |

Sift together flour and salt into basin, rub in butter, add sugar. Chop fruit, stir into flour mixture, cover, and stand overnight.

Next day, place milk in saucepan, bring to boil, remove from heat, stir in golden syrup; allow to cool. Beat eggs, stir into milk. Dissolve bicarbonate of soda in water, add to milk with vanilla and lemon juice. Make well in centre of dry ingredients, add liquid gradually, stirring until well mixed. Spoon mixture into greased and lined deep 9in. cake tin. Bake in moderate oven 3 to 3 1/2 hours or until cooked when tested. Leave in tin to cool.

Consolation prize of \$2 and set of Robert Carrier's Cookery Cards to Frances Palmer, P.O. Box 91, Moruya, N.S.W. 2537.

CHICKEN CURRY

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 onion | 2 tablespoons tomato paste |
| 2 tablespoons butter or substitute | 2 tablespoons chicken stock |
| 2 teaspoons curry powder | 1 cup apple pulp |
| pinch ground cloves | 2 tablespoons lemon juice |
| 1 chicken | salt, pepper |
| 1 cup cream | |

Peel and chop onion, saute in melted butter in large frying pan until soft. Stir in curry powder and cloves, continue cooking 1 minute.

Cut chicken into joints, add to pan, brown on all sides. Reduce heat, stir in cream, tomato paste, and chicken stock; mix well. Cover and simmer 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add apple pulp and lemon juice, season to taste, simmer further 10 minutes.

Serve with hot fluffy rice. Serves 4.

Consolation prize of \$2 and a set of Robert Carrier's Cookery Cards to Mrs. J. Chilvers, 10 West St., Launceston, Tas. 7250.

CASSEROLE OF CRAB

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 8oz. can crabmeat | 2 tablespoons plain flour |
| 10 1/2oz. can cream of chicken soup | 2 egg-yolks |
| 1 cup sliced mushrooms | 2 tablespoons sherry |
| 2 tablespoons butter | salt and pepper |

Melt butter in saucepan over low heat, add flour and cook, stirring, 1 minute. Add undiluted chicken soup gradually, stirring continuously until thick and smooth. Beat egg-yolks lightly, gradually add sauce mixture. Fold in drained and flaked crabmeat, mushrooms, sherry, salt and pepper to taste. Pour mixture into a greased casserole dish. Bake, uncovered, in moderate oven 30 minutes. Serves 4.

Consolation prize of \$2 and set of Robert Carrier's Cookery Cards to Mrs. Suzanne Martin, c/o Post Office, Jardee, W.A. 6259.

SHELL NOVELTIES . . . continued from previous page

SCHOOLGIRL Susie Cottrell-Dormer designed and made the shell novelties shown on the previous page. Here are her directions for making them:

HEADBAND and HATBAND

Use a variety of small, colorful shells for the bands.

Clean and polish shells as for necklace. To make the headband, use corded ribbon, approx. 20in. in length; make a small hem at either end and lay ribbon flat on table. Arrange shells in pattern on table, then glue in place on ribbon with strong adhesive, leaving approx. 5in. of ribbon at either end.

Coat each shell with clear lacquer (nail polish is suitable) for a glossy finish; leave ribbon flat for at least 24 hours to ensure lacquer and glue dry completely. When dry, thread small piece of hat elastic through hem at one end, then through other hem, and join elastic with small knot.

To make hatband, use

approx. 1yd. corded ribbon; pull ribbon fairly taut round the crown of your beach-hat and sew two hooks and eyes in place to join ends. Trim ends to hang at the back of the hat.

Lay ribbon flat on table and secure shells in place in same way as for headband. Apply lacquer and leave to dry.

NECKLACE

Most of the tiny kelp shells were collected from Windang Beach, near Lake Illawarra, on New South Wales' South Coast, but they are common to most beaches. Some were collected, too, from Cobbler's Beach, near Balmoral, a Sydney suburb.

Arrange shells in groups of the same size and color so the necklace will be evenly matched.

Clean the shells by rubbing them with a moistened sponge cloth, let them dry, then polish with a soft cloth.

Make the holes in the shells with an ordinary sewing needle, not too large. To do this, scrape round the point on the shell till the shell becomes

thin, then bore the needle through — you'll need quite a number of needles for this job, as they become blunt!

Thread shells on to strong linen thread or nylon fishing line; tie double knot at each end of necklace. Make two strands, one longer than the other, and tie together at ends. For ties, use two pieces narrow velvet ribbon approx. 9in. long. Make a tiny hem at one end, loop necklace thread through and secure.

DOOR-STOP and PAPERWEIGHT

Find a smooth, water-washed stone—the prettier the better. If you can find one with a flat bottom you are lucky. Generally, there are a variety of stones on the rocks at the beach and sometimes near the sandhills.

Scour the beach and the rocks for small, colorful shells — whole shells look nice, but you can make pretty patterns or little things to go on the paperweight with parts of shells, too.

Clean the shells by either soaking them in muriatic acid (spirits of

salts) for five minutes, or by brushing them with the acid, using a small brush (an old toothbrush is good).

The muriatic acid is poisonous, so you must be careful. It is not dangerous to use but is unpleasant if you get the fumes in your throat. To prevent this, clean the shells in the open air.

After treating the shells with muriatic acid, wash them in running water, dry, and polish with a soft cloth.

Cement the shells on to the stone in the pattern you design, using a strong, clear adhesive.

When you have arranged the shells in the cement on the stone, put the stone aside for at least 24 hours to make sure the adhesive is firmly set.

When the shells are set hard in the adhesive, give the whole paperweight a coat of clear lacquer. Clear nail polish or lacquer used on sanded timber floors is suitable.

You will need a larger quantity for the door-stop, so it would be more economical to buy a small tin of clear lacquer from a hardware store.



Your brightest IDEA for Christmas!



You'll find gleaming Comalco Alfoil your brightest idea this Christmas. Only 18-inch Quilted Comalco Alfoil is wide enough, strong enough at Christmas time. To cook the chicken, ham or turkey, to wrap presents luxuriously yet economically, to cover the festive table with a gay centre-piece, or to cap the kids with the gayest party hats . . . you'll find Quilted Comalco Alfoil the brightest idea for any season.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 25, 1968

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Page 39

Why Singapore?

Instant Asia Many Asian worlds blend here.

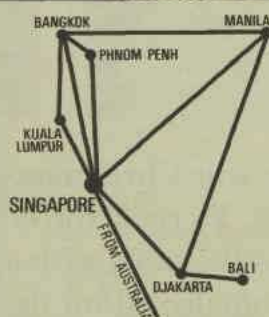
Malay, Chinese, Indian, Ceylonese, and Eurasian live on this miniature, perennially sunny Island, in peaceful co-existence and in dynamic progress.

Shopper's Paradise A wealth of duty-free bargain shopping awaits you — in airconditioned departmental stores, in crowded small shops and noisy night markets. Fabulous textiles, jewellery, watches, cameras, electrical goods, curios and antiques, the choice is bewildering, the prices are right and the bargaining is fun.

Festivals Strange, gay, noisy, colourful—each festival by any one of the many races in Singapore has its own flavour. Ten nationally recognised festivals each year, include Chinese New Year, the Indian Deepavali, and the Malay Hari Raya Puasa, and there are scores of local festivals of Gods and Goddesses, of penance and of thanks-giving.

Food Singapore has been called the world's biggest eating-shop. The Singaporean Cuisine contains many examples of European and Asian dishes — delicate succulent Chinese specialities, fiery Indian curries, rich Indonesian food, delicious Malay braised meats and coconut sweets — to cater for the gourmet.

Hub of South East Asia — Singapore is a hub for travel in South East Asia — the magic of Bali, the temples of Bangkok, the charm of Manila, the beauty of Kuala Lumpur, the fabled ruins of Angkor — are all within easy reach. Over 21 airlines and 150 shipping lines call in at Singapore.



For a colour brochure on Singapore please mail this coupon to:

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READERS'

"Having looked forward to retirement all my working life, I find now that I don't want to retire at all," says FRANCES OAKLEY, of Sydney.

Confessions of a reluctant schoolteacher

THE rest of my life! I have always looked forward to being completely idle. I spent what many people might call a lonely childhood, but it was a happy one, its best hours spent in my dream worlds — on the bedroom floor with suddenly animated toys, or out in the bush or garden, eyes at ground level, watching grass stems become jungles inhabited by "monsters" that had been ants, beetles, or caterpillars.

I read a lot, and dreamed of becoming an author or even a reporter. My mother quashed these hopes gently. My family had no money to back me. My father had retired and was on a pension. I would have responsibilities.

I wanted to go on to university? Well, there was only one door. A teachers' college scholarship. To TEACH! . . . Oh, NO! For the rest of my life!

My first experience of "teaching" had not promised well. At the little primary school run by a magician who managed six different classes at once with effortless ease, I was called on one afternoon to take half a dozen of the "babies" out to the hat-room to practise their writing.

They were amiable and polite, but one by one they came and lisped the urgent formula. I was terrified to refuse: "C'n I go 'Up-th-Back, NOW, please?"

In minutes I was alone, while they shrieked and raced about outside. I felt paralysed. The Wise Man emerged, blew his whistle, and shepherded the runaways back to their places without comment.

"Doesn't look as if we'll ever make a teacher out of YOU," he said later with a friendly grin.

But it had to be, whatever the result. My father died. I was now the breadwinner.

A kindly soul at my first school saw me struggling with a form asking, among other things, my "age of retirement."

"Say 55," she advised. "You may still have a few kicks left in you then and be able to enjoy your superannuation. By 60 you may well be dead on your feet."

No donkey ever pursued the elusive carrot more devotedly than I did. I counted years; their dragging tempo imperceptibly quickened.

WHEN could they become reckonable in months? Suddenly they could, and did . . . and panic took hold!

I still had financial and family commitments, I reminded myself. Could I afford to retire at the first possible moment? I put it off for a year, and another, and another. I began to feel like Melba.

Friends were beginning to raise their eyebrows. Excuses tripped glibly from my tongue. Privately I considered: A rest would be lovely — but give up? What for? . . . To read? For years I'd had time to read scarcely anything except senior high-school curricula, and I made the devastating discovery that I can no longer savor leisurely browsing.

To mess about in the garden? I long looked forward to that, but arthritis is now catching me by wrists and fingers.

Travel has never appealed. Sports and the organised social life of clubs are anathema.

A workhorse

I have, in effect, become a workhorse. The routines of corporate life have become part of me: the "hooter" that divides the days into neat 40-minute sections; the babble of many voices; the cheerful untidiness of staff-rooms; the sense of companionship and common effort; the affection of warmhearted teenagers.

I must leave them, because I know I am slowing up, suffering increasingly from memory lapses, ready to doze off with the coming of evening.

Yet a constricting terror grips me; I shall step off into a void. Is this merely a passing phase or will it persist?

Can I recapture the attitudes of my first childhood, or will I be rushed down the road to a narrowminded senility?

I am reminded of a delight I had forgotten; to run out of the gate of that little bush school as a cart was passing, and to hang on to the back of it, swinging suspended as the horse jogged slowly.

If the grinning driver stirred him to a quicker pace, it was exhilarating to run so unnaturally fast behind the cart.

THE ART WAS IN KNOWING THE PRECISE MOMENT TO DROP OFF.

If you let go too soon you missed some fun and faced jeers from your mates. If you left it too long you might skin your knees badly in an ignominious fall.

That moment of choice is with me again. Am I sad, happy . . . or just scared?

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"Come on, Daddy. Wake up. You promised we could go running—remember!"

● "Curse my big mouth!" says HARRY SOBOTT (trying to keep his weary eyes open), who is having his strong-athletic-father image put relentlessly to the test by a sprightly five-year-old with a liking for dawn sprints.

THERE'S always great talk of health reforms at our place—natural foods, new diets, exercises, morning swims, runs, and so on—beginning next week, or the week after, that is.

For some time now I've sniffed the warmer morning air and tried to interest the older kids into getting up earlier. The girls, 11 and 15, showed interest, but their brother, 18, remained uncommitted.

A few more weeks of talk and of "phantom" runs and five-year-old pipes up: "Can I come, too, Daddy?"

"No. She couldn't keep up," protest her sisters. A vision of leading the family troupe on morning runs, setting the neighbors an example, fires me. I exclaim: "Of course you can come, pet. We'll all go. Dog and all." Five-year-old smiles happily.

DAYBREAK, NEXT DAY. A little hand tugs at my pyjama sleeve. Persistently a small voice drones: "Come on, Daddy. Wake up. You promised. Remember!"

Gradually grim realisation dawns. The moment of truth, indeed. Trapped by a five-year-old snippit.

Reverting to natural cunning, I try to coax her into our bed. Usually she jumps at the privilege, but not now. "I want to go for a run. You said I could. Come on, Daddy. You promised, remember."

By this time my wife is chuckling. As she turns

over to go back to sleep, her last words are: "You promised, Daddy!"

"But I meant when the days are longer," I plead to the now-crying child. "Besides, you didn't go to bed early enough. You'll be too tired for school."

The whimpering continues. A quick decision is needed. After all, I could kill the healthy-athletic-father image I've so carefully fostered over the years.

I tell little daughter to come into Daddy's nice, warm bed while he lights the fire. Even at this stage I hope she may drop off to sleep, forget about the whole thing.

Poking at the cold ashes, I wonder what magical, inbuilt chemistry enables a five-year-old to defy habit and awaken two hours earlier than usual to plague her peacefully slumbering father.

Retribution, I glumly suppose. There comes a nudge. Clad in slacks and pullover (back to front), there she stands.

Off we go, up the road. "One, two, three . . . one, two, three," she calls briskly, raising high her knees. Incredible. Shamed, I fall in behind and wonder where has she acquired the pro air. I quicken my pace to keep up.

Up the road and through 200 yards of bushland . . . I try to swing her back toward home. "The football ground, the football ground!" she cries, refusing to be diverted.

I stop and enthuse over a colored toadstool. She collects them. Not today. A cursory glance and she's away again. Nostrils aquiver, dimpled face tilted toward the rising sun, she chirps: "Lovely smell, Daddy. Just like when we camped by the river."

Halfway round the oval I get a pebble in my shoe. It takes me a long while to find it and re-tie my lace. She waits impatiently, too young to suspect adult wiles.

Now we've been round once, perhaps she'll be happy to walk home while I explain her favorite topic: how the turning earth lets it be daytime here and was nighttime on the other side of the world.

But she's not interested today. "I love running up hills!" she exclaims, and scampers up a mullock heap.

At the top, between puffs, I grapple for her interest again. I tell her how the mullock heaps were formed by miners burrowing deep into the earth for antimony. "Why did they dig for antimony, Daddy. What for, Daddy?"

Not Daddy's day.

"I'll find out, dear. I think it's used in medicine." Satisfied, she charges off again, with me puffing in the rear. Still, I manage a little flourish in the home straight, for dignity's sake, and pull up in the drive with a flurry of gravel.

The little dynamo bursts into her sisters' room and regales them with her adventures. The singing birds . . . lovely fresh air . . . toadstools . . . wildflowers (hadn't noticed any) . . . running up the mullock heaps.

"Can we come tomorrow?" chorus the now wide-awake and interested sisters.

"Of course," I say, exuding good health and spartanism. "That is if you awaken on time."

Uneasily, I glance sideways at the sprite. Legs akimbo, hands behind, reminiscent of a little dictator of old, she grinned broadly.

At that moment, I knew what my big mouth has cost me. The early hours, in which I sleep best.

FOOTNOTE: A fortnight has passed, and she regularly awakens me at dawn. "How do you do it?" I plead.

"Easy, Daddy. The birds whistle outside my window." It used to be 5 a.m. It's 4 a.m. in midsummer! What will I do?

(Would Mr. Sobott please send his address?)

a note to tell my husband we must use sign language for future fights.)

Along with the paintings were craftwork buildings made of toothpaste boxes and dead matches, defying the laws of gravity. Looking at them, the headmistress' eyes took on the same glow as my daughter's had when she came home at night. Here was a born teacher, I could see.

But now it was time for me to return to the class to supervise the "outdoor activities."

I returned home that afternoon with shattered nerves, after watching small bodies precariously balanced on planks, getting in and out of an iron jungle maze, sloshing water in little holes in the sand pit an inch from the feet of a child having a sneezing attack from a bad cold.

Friday night found me with rainbow hair and a tear-stained face, running my "blood-tipped" fingers down the Positions Vacant . . .

— FRANCES O'CONNOR

Dear Polly,

I'm nobody's girl...make me somebody's blonde...

Q. I have very nice light brown hair and I suppose I should be happy with what nature has given me. But somehow my heart says I'm blonde. I know I would gain more attention (particularly from a very special "somebody" who lives next door). Every year about this time, I feel the same way. But when it comes to the point I just can't do it, because I've heard that blonding creams can actually harm your hair. Please, Polly, can you help me?

A. Now you can achieve your heart's desire. With Polyclor Blonde Cream, you can lighten your hair as much as you want, without fear of damage to the hair. You see, Polyclor Blonde Cream is not only extremely effective but also especially mild. The extra developing time allows a gentle blonding action which ensures that the results are always beautiful and natural. In addition, of course, Polyclor Blonde Cream contains special in-built conditioners which protect and nourish the hair shaft. In effect, you are giving your hair a beauty treatment and a health treatment at the very same time. Ask for Polyclor Blonde Cream—the results will delight both you and that special Mr. "Somebody" you want to impress. So have a wonderful summer—on Polyclor.

Q. When I was younger my hair was a lovely natural golden blonde, but over the past four or five years it has become a lot darker. I want something that will lighten my hair a little, just one or two shades to take it back to my natural colouring.

A. Polyclair Hair Lightener is the answer to your problems. Polyclair will lighten your hair up to two shades and is extremely simple to use, just like an ordinary shampoo. Shampoo in Polyclair about once every four to six weeks for the gentle lightening you want. At the same time, of course, you will be adding health and gloss to your hair because of the special conditioning agents in Polyclair.

If you have a hair problem write to Pauline "Polly" Reynolds, Polyclor Hair Beauty Consultant, P.O. Box 18, Villawood 2163, N.S.W., or call her in person at Sydney, 72-0461.



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ORIGINAL
by
Simpson

HOW'S YOUR GENERAL KNOWLEDGE?

QUESTIONS

1. Why is the day after Christmas Day called Boxing Day?
2. Which cities are known as (a) The City of the Three Kings? (b) The City of the Seven Hills? (c) The City of the Sun? (d) The City of David?
3. A lot of well-loved children's books will be reread this Christmas. Which famous charac-

ters (a) Squeezed under the gate into Mr. McGregor's garden? (b) Had an uncle called "Trespassers W."? (c) Tried to start a discussion on cabbages and kings?

4. Drivers in the London-Sydney Marathon sped through some of the most spectacular, history-filled scenery in the world. The legions of the Persians, the Greeks, the Tartars, the Moguls, and the Afghans all travelled the Khyber Pass before them — but some centuries ago, and mostly

on foot. Do you know which countries the Khyber Pass connects?

5. Istanbul, capital of Turkey, has previously had two quite different names. What were they?

6. From what mighty river does India take its name?

7. (a) He flew by pantech-nicon to the island.
- (b) He examined the harbor from a bathysphere.

(c) He contacted the ship in mid-ocean by roto-gravure.

Which of these three achievements are technically possible?

8. Last month there was a political crisis in Italy. Who is the President of Italy?

9. What are (a) A chifffaff? and (b) A capercailzie?

10. If something is cordate is it (a) Sharp-edged? (b) Heart-

shaped? (c) Stringy? (d) Ser-rated?

11. A Japanese textile mission recently visited Australia to inspect our cotton-growing potential for Japan's spinning mills. Which countries are Japan's top three cotton suppliers at present?

12. What prominent Shakespearean characters had castles or palaces at the following places? (a) Dunsinane? (b) Hampton Court? (c) Elsinore?

13. "There live not three good men in England, and one of them is fat and grows old." Who was fat and grew old?

14. Romance language is the name given to (a) The phrase-ology of a German school of poets? (b) A language derived from Latin? (c) Shakespeare's love sonnets?

ANSWERS

1. In medieval days, and later, boxes placed in the churches for casual offerings during the year were always opened on Christmas Day. On the following day, the contents — called "the dole of the Christmas box" or "the box money" — were distributed by priests to the poor. Boxing Day was also the day on which apprentices in the Middle Ages had the right to carry a box round to their masters' customers and ask for small gifts.

2. (a) Cologne, the reputed burial place of the three Magi. (b) Rome (built on seven hills). (c) Baalbec, Rhodes, which had the sun for a deity. (d) Jerusalem.

3. (a) Peter Rabbit (Beatrix Potter). (b) Piglet (A. A. Milne). (c) The Walrus (Lewis Carroll).

4. Afghanistan and West Pakistan.

5. Istanbul (and the variation Stamboul) is the Turkish name for the city. Its ancient Greek name was Byzantium (colonised in 657 B.C. by the Greeks under Megara). This was changed in A.D. 330 to Constantinople, when the Roman Emperor Constantine the Great made it the capital of Rome's Eastern Empire.

6. The Indus.

7. The second. A bathysphere is a spherical vessel for deep-sea investigation. "Pantech-nicon" originally meant a warehouse, and the familiar removal-van should strictly be called a "pantech-nicon van." Rotogravure is the printing process used to produce The Australian Women's Weekly.

8. President Saragat.

9. Both are birds. A chifffaff is a small member of the wren family. A capercailzie is a woodland grouse, among the largest of game birds and larger than the moorland variety.

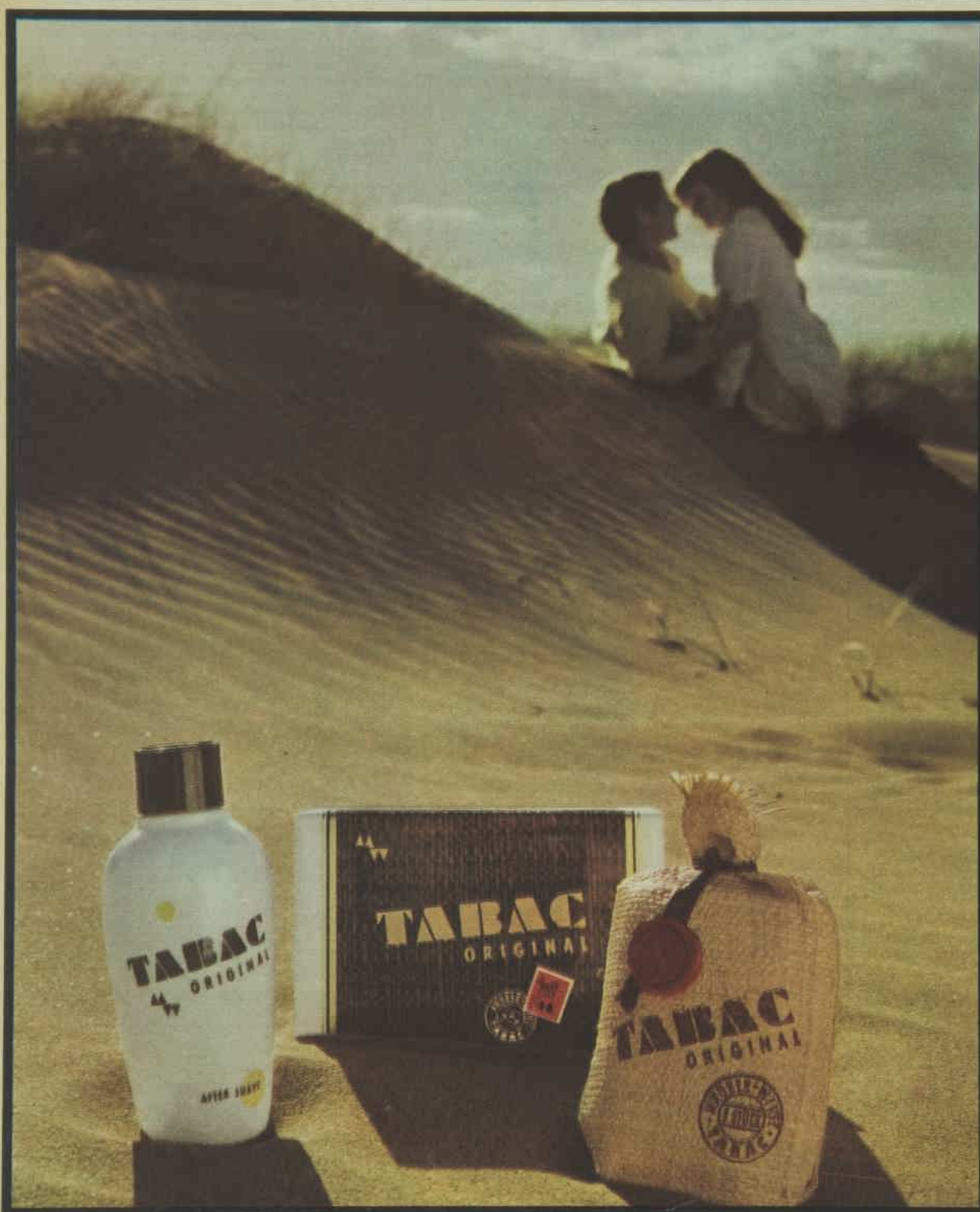
10. Heart-shaped.

11. U.S.A., Mexico, and Russia, in that order.

12. (a) Macbeth. (b) Cardinal Wolsey ("King Henry VIII"). (c) Hamlet's uncle, Claudius, King of Denmark.

13. Falstaff (Shakespeare's "King Henry IV").

14. A language derived from Latin. For example, French and Italian are romance languages.



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AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● Let me cheer you up about the Christmas weather. Having looked into my crystal ball, I can safely predict that Christmas Day will be warm.

OF course, it may in fact be hot. I am not sticking my neck out so far as to make a prediction about that. All I can confidently tell you is that it will be relatively and reasonably warm.

You will not have to shovel snow away from the back door in order to bring in logs for your Christmas fire, and if you decide to visit friends in the afternoon there'll be no danger to motorists from ice on the roads.

If it turns out to be hot, don't come grumbling to me, just make a beeline for the bath, and sit there with a long, cold glass in your hand. You'll have to be quick, of course, unless your house is well supplied with bathrooms, but if you can get there first, just sit in a bathful of cold water and meditate on the Christmas of Parson Kilvert, and you'll feel as cool as a cucumber.

Parson Kilvert was a hardy soul who lived in Clyro, Radnorshire, in the 19th century and left this account of two epoch-making baths he had—or suffered.

"Saturday, Xmas Eve, 1870. Intense frost in the night. Lowest point 14 degrees. When I went into my bath I sat down among a shoal of fragments of broken floating ice as sharp as glass. Everything was frozen stiff and stark, sponge, brushes, and all. After I had used the sponge and put it into the basin it was frozen to the basin again in less than five minutes."

This hardy soul must have had a passion for cleanliness achieved by cold water, for the next day he wrote in his diary:

"Christmas Day. I sat down in my bath upon a sheet of thick ice which broke in the middle into large pieces, whilst sharp points and jagged edges stuck all around the sides of the tub, not particularly comforting to the naked thighs and loins, for the keen ice cut like broken glass.

"The ice-water stung and scorched like fire. I had to collect the floating pieces of ice and pile them under a chair before I could use the sponge in my hands, for it was a mass of ice."

I'll bet somebody was furious about all those shards of ice piled under the chair, but perhaps he was paying them out for not providing him with a can of hot water. Remember Ogden Nash, who had the same trouble, to a lesser degree? He said:

*I test my bath before I sit,
And I'm always moved to wonderment
That what chills the finger not a bit
Is so frigid upon the fundament.*

A game of snapdragon; and a kissing-bough for parties

WHAT do you do on Christmas Eve? I know, I know . . . you ice the cake, shell the peas, wrap up parcels, dash out to the letterbox with that last batch of cards-in-reply-to-people-you-never-even-thought-of, and argue rather tiredly, due to the lateness of the hour, over the decoration of the family Christmas tree.

I am immensely consoled to find that in older times it was considered very unlucky to bring all the Christmas-tree greenery into the house before December 24. So much for all those well-organised people I've always envied in the past, who get all the business of boughs and baubles over days before and can sit quietly down with their hands folded on Christmas Eve and admire their handiwork.

It must be dull for them. Perhaps they could brighten their evening with a game of snapdragon, the traditional 19th-century Christmas Eve game. Here's how you play:

"A quantity of raisins is deposited in a large dish or bowl, and brandy or some other spirit is poured over the fruit and ignited. The bystanders now endeavor, by turns, to grasp a raisin by plunging their hands through the flames, and as this is somewhat of an arduous feat, requiring both courage and rapidity of action, a considerable amount of merriment is evoked at the expense of the unsuccessful competitors.

"While the sport of snapdragon is going on, it is usual to extinguish all the lights in the room so that the lurid glare from the flaming spirits may exercise to the full its weirdlike effect."

They were tougher in those days! Imagine a Christmas Eve that began in a cold bath full of jagged shards of ice and ended with hands plunged into burning brandy. Maybe my usual Christmas Eve panic rush is really rather less exhausting than that.

But if you are one of the well-organised ones, with everything under control well before Christmas Eve, there's still time for you to make one of the traditional kissing-boughs

which still form the centrepiece in many English country homes for Christmas parties.

You make five equal circles of thickish wire that is not too pliable, each of them 1ft. 9in. in diameter. Bind them together (with raffia or something of the sort) so that one circle becomes the horizontal "equator" with the four others crossing at the "poles" to form eight "meridians" equally spaced. (Hope you're good at geography. There doesn't seem to be any other way to explain it verbally.)

When the circles are firmly bound together, wind the wires of the whole frame with insulating tape, which will give you a rougher surface for adding evergreens.

Cover the frame with whatever evergreens you can lay hands on. The English kissing-boughs are usually made with box-tree sprigs, with which it's easy to cover the wires decoratively and thickly.

Next, you hang seven red apples on red ribbons in the exact centre of your frame. You secure the apples by threading the ribbon on a bodkin, pushing it through the apple from top to bottom, and knotting it underneath.

Eight little red candles are then clipped to the spaces round the "equator," and another eight rise from the "meridians" halfway below the "equator" and the bottom. You can shape permanent candleholders for these by twisting the free ends of the wire round the end of a pencil.

Finally, the kissing-bough is hung in the centre of your room (by red cords, if you can lay your hands on any), a little bunch of mistletoe is tied underneath, and the fun begins. Merry Christmas!



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CHRISTMAS BISCUITS

● In the flowers below there's a biscuit to suit every occasion for which you may have to cater during the holiday season — morning and afternoon teas, to serve with coffee after dinner parties. And all 12 biscuit types have the festive taste of almonds.

ALMOND MERINGUES

3oz. blanched almonds 1 cup brown sugar
1 egg-white ½ teaspoon vanilla
pinch salt

Roast almonds in oven a few minutes, then chop coarsely, sprinkle with a little salt. Beat egg-white until stiff but not dry; gradually add sugar. Continue beating until stiff, then add vanilla; fold in chopped almonds. Drop by dessertspoonfuls on to greased and cornfloured tray. Bake in slow oven 1 to 1½ hours, or until firm to touch.

Makes approximately 1 dozen.

ALMOND BUTTER BISCUITS

4oz. butter or substitute 2oz. ground almonds or
½ cup castor sugar marzipan meal
½ teaspoon almond essence 1½ cups plain flour
1 egg-yolk ½ teaspoon baking powder
1 dessertspoon brandy 2 tablespoons melted butter
 cinnamon sugar

Cream butter and sugar; add combined egg-yolk, almond essence, and brandy, cream well. Blend in ground

almonds. Fold in sifted flour and baking powder, form into a ball; chill. Take half mixture from refrigerator, knead on floured board, roll out to ¼in. thickness. Cut with 2in. cutter, place on greased trays. Roll, cut, and place remainder of biscuits on trays. Brush biscuits with melted butter, sprinkle with cinnamon sugar. Bake in moderately slow oven approximately 20 minutes.

Makes approximately 2½ dozen.

Note: To make cinnamon sugar, combine 1 tablespoon sugar with 1 dessertspoon cinnamon.

ALMOND FINGERS

6oz. ground almonds or ½ teaspoon cinnamon
marzipan meal 1 egg-white
1 cup icing sugar, sifted

ICING

1 tablespoon plain flour 1 egg-white
½ cup icing sugar

Combine ground almonds, icing sugar, and cinnamon. Beat egg-white until frothy, add dry ingredients, mixing to a stiff paste. Knead until smooth. Roll out on floured board into rectangular shape ¼in. in thickness. Spread icing over almond mixture, cut into fingers ¼in. x 2in. Place on greased tray, bake in moderately hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Cool on slide.

Icing: Beat egg-white very lightly with fork. Sift icing sugar and flour into basin, add just enough egg-white to form icing consistency.

Makes approximately 2 dozen.

BISCUITS, below, are, from left, Almond Meringues, Almond Butter Biscuits, Almond Fingers, Biscuit Clouds, Sour Cream and Almond Cookies, Almond Rounds.

Color picture by
Bill Payne



gay as a summer garden

BUTTER-OAT BISCUITS

4oz. butter or substitute 2 cups rolled oats
 1 cup castor sugar 3oz. almond flakes
 1 dessertspoon treacle or 1 teaspoon bicarb. soda
 golden syrup 1 cup boiling water
 1 cup self-raising flour

Cream butter and sugar, add treacle, and cream well. Blend in sifted flour, oats, and almonds. Dissolve soda in boiling water and add to mixture while still hot. Mix to a stiff dough. Roll teaspoonfuls of mixture into balls; place on greased slides, allowing room for spreading; press flat. Bake in moderate oven approximately 15 minutes. Cool on slides.

Makes approximately 4 dozen.

CHOCOLATE-MINT SLICES

4oz. butter or substitute 1 cup cornflakes.
 1 cup sugar 1 cup coconut
 1 cup self-raising flour 3oz. chopped almonds

CHOCOLATE ICING

3oz. chocolate 1 teaspoon oil
 4 tablespoons water or melted butter
 1½ cups sifted icing sugar vanilla

PEPPERMINT ICING

1 cup icing sugar few drops peppermint
 warm milk essence

Cream butter and sugar well. Combine sifted flour with remainder of ingredients, work into creamed butter and sugar. Press out very thinly into greased and lined 12in. x

11in. swiss-roll tin. Bake in moderate oven approx. 20 minutes; cool. Top with chocolate icing, allow to set; drizzle peppermint icing over the chocolate in zigzag design. Cut into bars in tin, refrigerate until set.

Chocolate Icing: Chop chocolate, combine with water in saucepan. Dissolve over gentle heat, bring just to boiling point; allow to cool slightly. Beat in sifted icing sugar gradually; add oil and vanilla. Add extra icing sugar if icing is too thin. Warm slightly, spread over biscuit.

Peppermint Icing: Sift icing sugar, add just enough warm milk to make of spreading consistency, blend in peppermint essence.

Makes approximately 3½ dozen 2 x 1½in. bars.

ALMOND MACAROONS

4oz. ground almonds or 1 dessertspoon plain flour
 marzipan meal vanilla
 1 cup castor sugar almond halves
 2 egg-whites

Beat egg-whites until very stiff and dry, gradually beat in castor sugar, continue beating till of meringue consistency. Fold in ground almonds, flour, and vanilla. Pipe mixture with plain tube in 1in. rounds on greased and cornfloured tray. Press almond half in centre of each macaroon. If preferred, pieces of cherry or chocolate bits can be substituted for almond halves. Bake in slow oven 20 minutes on the top shelf (this applies to both gas or electric ranges). Cool thoroughly before storing.

Makes 2½ dozen.

Continued overleaf

IN FLOWERS, below, from left are Butter-Oat Biscuits, Chocolate-Mint Slices, Almond Macaroons, Chocolate Almond Crisps, Almond Shortbread, and Cherry Stars.



● RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

8oz. chocolate
2oz. butter, extra
almond flakes

Cream butter, sugar, and almond essence, add egg-yolk and beat well. Add sifted flour, baking powder, salt, and ground almonds; knead well to form a firm dough. If weather is hot, place into refrigerator up to 1 hour to firm mixture. Roll out on floured surface to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness, cut with 2 in. cutter. Place on greased trays, bake in moderate oven approximately 15 minutes;

cool. Spread with chocolate topping, sprinkle with almond flakes.

Chocolate Topping: Melt chopped chocolate and extra butter over hot water.

Makes approximately 4½ dozen.

CHOCOLATE ALMOND CRISPS

MARZIPAN MIXTURE

4oz. ground almonds or marzipan meal
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup castor sugar

1-3rd cup firmly packed icing sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon almond essence
1 egg

CRUMB MIXTURE

1oz. butter or substitute
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons castor sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup self-raising flour
1oz. melted chocolate
few drops almond essence
3oz. melted chocolate, extra (for topping)

Marzipan Mixture: Sift icing

sugar, add all remaining dry ingredients, and blend together. Add essence and lightly beaten egg, mix with hand until well blended. Work in crumb mixture with hand. Blend in melted chocolate and essence until evenly colored. Roll out to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness on board dusted with icing sugar; cut into rounds with 2 in. cutter. Place on greased and cornfloured trays, bake in moderate oven 15 minutes, cool. Drizzle extra melted chocolate over biscuits in zigzag design.

Crumb Mixture: Cream butter and sugar until light, add sifted flour, mix in well with fingertips.

Makes approximately 2 dozen.

BISCUIT CLOUDS

2oz. butter or substitute
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup castor sugar
1 egg-yolk
1-3rd cup self-raising flour
2oz. ground almonds or marzipan meal
pinch salt

MERINGUE

1 egg-white
2 tablespoons castor sugar

Cream butter and sugar well, beat in egg-yolk. Sift flour, ground almonds, and salt, blend into butter and sugar. Turn on to floured surface, knead lightly; roll out thinly to approximately $\frac{1}{4}$ in., cut with 2½ in. cutter. Place on greased slide. Using small star tube and piping-bag, pipe meringue in circle round edge of each biscuit. Bake in slow oven approximately 20 minutes or until light brown in color. When cool fill centre of each biscuit with lemon cheese or raspberry jam. If desired a rosette of cream can be piped on top of each biscuit.

Meringue: Beat egg-white until stiff and dry. Gradually add sugar, beating well to dissolve it.

Makes approximately 1½ dozen.

SOUR CREAM AND ALMOND COOKIES

2oz. butter or substitute
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup castor sugar
1 egg-yolk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon almond essence
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sour cream
2oz. almond flakes
almond halves

Cream butter, almond essence, and sugar. Add egg-yolk and beat well. Sift flour, add to creamed mixture alternately with sour cream. Fold in almond flakes, chill $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Roll into small balls, place on greased slide; flatten slightly, place almond half on each biscuit. Bake in moderate oven approximately 20 minutes.

Makes approximately 3 dozen.

ALMOND ROUNDS

4oz. butter or substitute
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup castor sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon almond essence
1 egg-yolk
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon baking powder
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon ground almonds or marzipan meal

Please Note: Level spoon measurements and the standard eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in our recipes.



Maybe it looks like mayonnaise, but it's something else again. It's **MIRACLE WHIP®** Salad Dressing with a taste all its own; gentle and smooth and haunted with spices—does sensational things for salads!

ALMOND SHORTBREAD

7oz. butter or substitute
1½ teaspoons almond essence
1-3rd cup castor sugar
2oz. ground almonds or marzipan meal
3 cups plain flour
½ teaspoon baking powder
glace cherries
angelica

LEMON ICING

1 cup sifted icing sugar
1 dessertspoon butter
1 dessertspoon lemon juice
warm milk

Cream together butter, almond essence, and castor sugar until light and fluffy; add ground almonds, cream well. Sift flour and baking powder; work into creamed mixture gradually, kneading lightly with the hand. Roll out on lightly floured surface to ¼in. thickness. Cut into small rounds, approximately 1½in. in diameter. Place on lightly greased trays, bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Cool, ice with lemon icing, and decorate with cherries and angelica.

Lemon Icing: Melt butter in saucepan, add lemon juice, sifted icing sugar, and sufficient warm

milk to make of spreading consistency.

Makes approximately 6 dozen.

CHERRY STARS

4oz. ground almonds or marzipan meal
½ cup castor sugar
½ cup icing sugar, sifted
few drops almond essence
1-2 egg-whites
glace cherries

Note: If eggs are small, you will probably need to use 2 egg-whites to give correct consistency. However, if eggs are large, 1 egg-white should be sufficient.

Mix together ground almonds and sugars, add essence.

Lightly beat egg-white with fork. (Use 1 egg-white only; add second egg-white, if necessary to use it, gradually.) Work in sufficient egg-white to make dough of fairly stiff consistency but pliable enough to be put through forcing-bag.

Pipe out in star shapes on to greased biscuit slide.

Top each biscuit with halved glace cherry. (Green and red cherries can be used to top biscuits, to give Christmas colors.)

Bake in moderate oven approximately 15 minutes.

Makes 2 dozen.



HOME HINTS

● Useful hints for mothers, housewives, and holidaymakers, sent in by readers, win a prize of \$2 each.

BIG plastic detergent bottles, when empty, make a marker buoy for fishing, crab and lobster pots, etc. Just fix cap firmly to the bottle, tie a strong cord to the handle and a weight at the other end. — D. McDonald, Toonpan, Qld. 4810.

A comfortable pair of pantihose can be made by sewing a pair of stretch stockings to a pair of briefs. Use a medium zigzag stitch to machine the top of stockings to top of briefs under the lace edging. I used a cheap pair of stockings, and when one stocking wore out unpicked it and replaced with a new one. — Mrs. D. Stephens, 24 Springs Rd., Clayton, Vic. 3169.

Cold tea or coffee used instead of milk in the mixture improves the flavor of a steamed fruit pudding. — Miss K. Armstrong, 69 Bathurst St., Singleton, N.S.W. 2330.

To remove old hem marks, mix 1 cup hot water, ½ teaspoon vinegar, ½ teaspoon borax. Wring out a cloth in this solution and press garment on wrong side. Brush off residue when dry and the marks will have disappeared. — Mrs. M. Hehir, 7 Elizabeth St., East Doncaster, Vic. 3109.

For home dressmakers doing the now-fashionable beading: I bought some beads, but found their holes were too small for even the finest needle, so I used a fine pearl-threader with good results. — Mrs. M. P. Tardent, "Shady Gums," 51 Broad St., Labrador Heights, Gold Coast, Qld. 4215.

Save old and scratched gramophone records, then when you need a cake plate for a street stall or fete cover the record with aluminium foil. It is much sturdier than cardboard. — Mrs. H. Head, 14 Grosvenor Rd., Terrigal, N.S.W. 2260.

On cream plastic electricity switches, it is often difficult to tell at a glance whether the power is on or off. I put a tiny dab of red enamel on top of each of my switches; when the power is off, no red point shows, but when it is on the little red spot says so. — Mrs. M. Crighton, Southbrook, Qld. 4352.

Before moulding the fabric on to the new non-sewing type of button moulds, wet the fabric and the result will be a button with a much smoother finish. — Mrs. A. S. Ballestrin, P.O. Box 473, Alice Springs, N.T. 5750.

Spoon MIRACLE WHIP over fish fingers and hot vegetables for a delectable flavour.

Serve MIRACLE WHIP Salad Dressing with fruit for an interesting taste variation.

Spread MIRACLE WHIP on sandwiches and fill with Tuna and lettuce for delicious eating.

M

aybe it's mainly a salad dressing, but it's more—much more. It adds flavour and savour to almost any dish. Come on. Be surprised!

The best surprise you ever tasted: MIRACLE WHIP by **KRAFT**

add a little
sunshine...



A sunshine kind of Christmas

PINEAPPLE FRUIT CUP

1 15-oz can
pineapple juice

Juice of 2 oranges and 1 lemon
1 family size lemonade

Pour pineapple, orange, lemon juice into a big jug, and add lemonade and cubes of ice.

GLAZED HAM WITH PINEAPPLE

1 cooked leg ham—about
10-12 lb
1 can 15-oz pineapple
slices

½ cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon dry mustard
whole cloves
½ teaspoon white pepper

Score ham with knife. Combine brown sugar, mustard and pepper and rub into ham. Decorate with cloves. Place in large baking dish; place pineapple slices with liquid around ham.

Glaze in hot oven, basting with liquid for about ½ hour. Serve cold with pineapple slices.

COLD CHRISTMAS PUDDING

2 cups milk
2 heaped tablespoons
cocoa
½ cup sugar
2 level tablespoons gelatine
dissolved in ½ cup water
1 teaspoon vanilla

1 15-oz can crushed
pineapple—drained
½ cup dates, cut small
½ cup chopped raisins
½ cup sultanas
½ cup chopped almonds
½ cup chopped cherries

Place milk, cocoa, sugar and dissolved gelatine into a saucepan. Heat over low fire—do not boil—until sugar and gelatine are well blended in. Mix in rest of ingredients. Place in prepared mould and refrigerate until set. Turn out, decorate with glacé cherries and sprig of holly. Serve with whipped cream. Serves 8.

Other exciting Christmas recipes in the new Golden Circle recipe leaflet...at your store.

Sundrenched Golden Circle... tropical sunshine in a can

and Crushed Pineapple, Pineapple Juice.





A delightful duo—Gemey De Luxe Talcum and refreshing Skin Perfume (small).



Gemey's Luxury Christmas gift set—Gemey De Luxe Talcum and Gemey Hand & Body Lotion.



Gemey Christmas gift trio—Gemey Skin Perfume, Gemey De Luxe Talcum and Gemey Parfum Concentree.



The feminine fragrance of Gemey Skin Perfume (two sizes).



Above Left. A precious gift duo—De Luxe Talcum and Parfum Concentree. Above Right. De Luxe Talcum—luxuriously gift-wrapped.



An elegant Christmas duo—the feminine fragrance of Gemey Skin Perfume and Gemey Parfum Concentree.

Gifts by Gemey are the nicest to give and receive

Keep this advertisement to assist with your selection of Gemey gifts from your chemist or department store—priced from 75c to \$3.50.



Above Right. Fragrant, feminine Gemey Talcum—luxuriously gift-wrapped. Above Left. Parfum Gemey—the exotic fragrance, exquisitely gift-packed—two sizes.



An exciting gift duo—Gemey De Luxe Talcum and refreshing Skin Perfume (large).



Luxury gift set—Gemey Hand & Body Lotion, Gemey Skin Perfume and Gemey De Luxe Talcum—an exciting trio.



A most appealing duo—Gemey Skin Perfume and Gemey Hand & Body Lotion.



DO BUTLERS BURGLE BANKS?

CHARLIE YOST, the Chicago gunman, called on Horace Appleby one morning in June, as he chatted with Basher Evans before going off to the Wellingford races.

Ferdie announced him. "Charlie's here, guv'nor," he said, and Horace frowned. He was displeased with this hand across the sea and wished to have nothing more to do with him.

Horace Appleby was the head of the Appleby gang, well known and respected in criminal circles, and Charlie, who for various reasons had felt it wiser to leave Chicago and transfer his activities to England, had been one of his boys.

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Commencing our new two-part serial — the latest novel by **P. G. WODEHOUSE**

RIVETS



In his long and prosperous career Horace had always had to depend very much on those who worked for him—Basher Evans, for instance, expert at opening safes, and Ferdie the Fly, who, while definitely not of the intelligentsia, had the invaluable gift of being able to climb up the side of any house, using only toes, fingers, and personal magnetism.

Horace and his boys were a happy family. But if occasion arose, he could be a stern parent. Charlie Yost had carried a gun with him when on duty, and Horace did not permit guns. Of this Charlie had been perfectly well aware. But he had flouted his leader's authority and retribution had been swift. With a firm hand

DO BUTLERS BURGLE BANKS?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

Horace had held up his latest cut, refusing to give him even a token wage.

So now Horace frowned. He also felt a little nervous. Charlie, a man of impulsive temperament, taught at his mother's knee to shoot first and argue afterward, might well take it into his head to open the negotiations by saying it with bullets.

"May as well see him, guv'nor," said Basher, reading his thoughts. "He won't start anything, not while I'm here."

Horace saw what he meant.

There was only one adjective to be applied to Llewellyn ("Basher") Evans—the adjective colossal. He was impressively tall.

Wherever a man could bulge with muscle, he bulged. He even bulged in places where one would not have expected him to bulge.

So Horace felt reassured that with this colossus beside him he had nothing to fear from the most disgruntled gunman.

"Very well," he said. "Bring him in, Ferdie," and a moment later Charlie entered.

An impression exists in the

public mind that all American gangsters look like Humphrey Bogart and when speaking snarl like annoyed cougars. Actually, however, a considerable variation occurs.

Charlie Yost, to take a case in point, was a pleasant, soft-spoken little man with an inoffensive face rendered additionally inoffensive by large horn-rimmed spectacles. Meeting him on the street you would have set him down as a minor unit in some commercial firm or possibly a clerk in a lawyer's office, never suspecting him of being a man of violence.

Nor, indeed, was he, except when the necessity arose of liquidating some business competitor, and this he did not look on as violence but simply as routine inseparable from commerce.

Horace, fortified by the presence of Basher, greeted him coldly. "Well, Yost?"

Usually Horace's majesty, so different from anything he had ever encountered in Chicago, overawed Charlie, but such was the magnitude of his grievance that he did not quail before it now.

"I want that money," he said with equal coldness.

"What money?"

"The money you owe me."

Horace drew himself to his full height. It was not a very high height but he managed to make the gesture impressive. Napoleon had the same knack.

"I owe you nothing," he said. "You knew my rules when you entered my organisation. You were told that I do not permit the carrying of guns. You willfully disobeyed me and I imposed a salutary fine upon you. There is nothing more to say. Basher, show Mr. Yost out."

"Come along, Charlie," said Basher, and Charlie gave him a long, thoughtful stare.

ACTUALLY, Llewellyn Evans was a mild man, the sobriquet of Basher having been bestowed on him not because he bashed but because he looked so like one who on the slightest provocation would bash. So Charlie allowed himself to be escorted peacefully to the door.

Basher came back into the room to find Horace's composure quite restored. These little disturbances never ruffled him for long.

"He's gone," he said. "And you'd better be going, too, guv'nor, or you'll be missing your train."

"You're perfectly right, Basher," said Horace. "And that would not do at all. I've a couple of tips on the two-thirty and the three o'clock and am confidently expecting to clean up."

Having dictated in his pleasant voice half a dozen letters, Mike Bond paused, seeming to have fallen into a coma, and Ada Cootes took advantage of the lull to look up from her notebook and inspect her surroundings. This was the first time she had been inside Mallow Hall, her secretarial work up to the present having been confined to office hours at the bank, and its opulence filled her with awe.

She had heard much about its splendors from her friend Jill Willard, the nurse who was there in attendance on Mike's Aunt Isobel, but, like the Queen of Sheba, she felt that the half had not been told her.

Mallow Hall was one of the showplaces of Worcestershire, the home for four centuries of the Armitage family and purchased from the last of the clan by the late Sir Hugo Bond of Bond's Bank. It stood, gracious

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MARTINI & ROSSI

Anytime. Anyplace. Straight, on the rocks. Or chilled, with soda or dry ginger. The same internationally famous vermouth enjoyed throughout the world. You can't resist it. But why should you?

DO BUTLERS BURGLE BANKS?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

and Elizabethan, in the midst of spreading parkland not far from the market town of Wellingford in the Vale of Evesham, and the thought uppermost in Ada's mind was that it must have cost Sir Hugo a fortune.

The room in which they were sitting, Ada presumed, was the old man's study. Everything in it was impressively large—the desk, the chairs, the fireplace, the portrait of a rubicund Sir Hugo in hunting costume above it, the grandfather clock and the cupboard in the corner by the window.

Mike had recently succeeded his Uncle Hugo as owner and manager of Bond's Bank. He had not particularly wanted to become a banker, but Sir Hugo had been a bachelor and he had felt it his duty to carry on the family tradition.

His silence had lasted so long that Ada began to feel concerned. She was devoted to Mike, and she had not failed to notice the change that had come over him since Sir Hugo's death. He had lost all the gaiety which had enlivened their days at the office together. Strange, felt Ada, and disquieting.

The door opened and Coleman, the hall butler, came in.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, with the apologetic air of one bringing bad news, "some ladies have arrived."

Mike stared at him blankly.

"Ladies?"
"Six in number, sir. I gather that they wish to borrow Sir Hugo's portrait."

"For the statue of Sir Hugo that the Wellingford Women's Association is putting up in the market square, Mr. Michael," said Ada helpfully. "The sculptor has to copy it. Lady Pinner wrote about it the other day."

"Oh!" Mike went out, his despondency noticeably increased.

Ada returned to her meditations. But her reverie was interrupted by the entry of someone much more worth looking at than Coleman the butler — Jill Willard, to wit.

Ada was glad to see her. Her friendship with Jill had begun in the mystery-novels section of the library presented to the town by Sir Hugo Bond, where they had discovered a mutual taste for this form of literature.

"Why, hullo, Jill," she said. "Are you off duty?"

"Just having a breather. Coleman told me you were in here."

"How are you getting on with Miss Bond?"

"Fine."

"I'd heard she was rather a tartar."

"Not with me. But what are you doing here?"

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New from *Devondale*

A Christmas pudding made from ice cream. Full of fruit and spice and good old-fashioned flavour

Every couple of hundred years or so, someone discovers something really new. Last time it was Cook and Australia. This time, it's Devondale and the Christmas pudding. An Australian Christmas pudding made especially for an Australian Christmas. It has all the fruit and flavour of an old-fashioned Christmas pudding—only it's made with ice cream. Rich, creamy Devondale ice cream. So instead of steaming and boiling this Christmas, you can cool it.



Available only at leading supermarkets and grocery stores

I HAVE two small scent bottles — one in cutglass with a silver top and the second, which is also of cutglass, is divided into two compartments. I have been told the bottles were used for perfume. — Mrs. D. M. Dodd, Durham Ox, Vic.

Perfume bottles of the type described by you were fashionable during the latter part of the Victorian era. I have also seen examples of fine cutglass with silver gilt mounts bearing Edwardian (1902-1910) hallmarks.

★ ★ ★
IF possible could you identify a musical box which I recently acquired? I enclose a pic-

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

ture (not published). The cardboard music plates bear the following inscription "Ehrlich's Patent, Brevette, S.G.D.G." I would also like to know its approximate age. — Mrs. O. C. Phillips, Glenelg East, S.A.

The musical box with disc record, usually described as a polyphon, made its appearance about 1880. They were still being

manufactured in Germany to 1915. Your box was made about 1885.

★ ★ ★
WOULD you please tell me the origin of a chair (picture enclosed but not published) I recently purchased? Why is its base wrought-iron, and in what year was it made? — Mrs. H. D. Connell, Williamstown, Vic.

Chairs similar to your example, made with cast-iron bases, were used on the old clipper ships and steamers from about 1890 to 1905.

★ ★ ★
I ENCLOSE a picture of a Scotch doll (right) which I believe to be more than 80 years old. There are no markings of any description on the doll. It is one of a pair, the other is dressed as a male. Could you give me any information about it, please? — Miss D. Midgley, Bundaberg, Qld.

The doll is a Staffordshire pottery ornament made about 1850 to 1860.

● Staffordshire ornament.



Should Driftwood Toiletries cost you more?

Driftwood Toiletries don't cost an awful lot for a very good reason.

You see, we believe a woman shouldn't have to pay extra to be extra nicely groomed.

So we've produced a complete range of luxury toiletries to pamper your whole body in one subtle fragrance.

Then we gave them a sensible price that won't set your housekeeping back.

Such as 99c for Driftwood Talcum—a fine silken mist of the world's finest powders to keep you feeling fresh and clean all day.

Such as \$1.25 for matching Driftwood Hand Lotion—a delicate blend of fine oils to protect and beautify your skin, without stickiness.

Such as \$2.45 for matching Driftwood Cologne which you can afford to splash on lavishly after your bath.

Go ahead. Try Driftwood Toiletries on your own skin.

They'll give you a wonderful new feeling of good grooming. Isn't that a lot to gain for so little cost?

Driftwood

"Mr. Michael had some letters he wanted to get off."

"On a Saturday afternoon?"

"I didn't mind. He's so awfully nice."

It was a pronouncement with which at one time Jill would wholeheartedly have agreed. Until recently her relations with Mike had been more than cordial, but of late a coolness had crept into them. There was a chill in her voice as she said: "Oh, is he?"

"Considerate and all that, I mean. He apologised for about ten minutes for wanting me to work on Saturday afternoon."

"The least he could have done."

"Still, you can't say it wasn't nice of him." Ada lowered her voice to a cautious undertone. "You know, Jill, there's something the matter with Mr. Michael."

"Cold coming on?"

"No, really, I mean it. He's been quite different lately. I noticed it soon after Sir Hugo died. Before that he was always so cheerful and jolly. When I brought him his tea in the afternoon he always spoke about the buns."

"Buns?"

"The ones I made for him. Saying how much he liked them. But he never mentions them now. He's worried all the time. Something to do with the bank it must be."

"Why should he worry about the bank? It's like getting all concerned about Standard Oil."

"Well, something's bothering him."

"Guilty conscience, probably."

For the first time it dawned on Ada that her friend did not share the enthusiasm she felt for her employer.

"Don't you like Mr. Michael," she asked, surprised.

"Not much," said Jill, and as she spoke Coleman entered to say that Miss Bond would be glad if Miss Willard would step up and see her.

"Something wrong?"

"Miss Bond desired me to say that she is having difficulties with her crossword puzzle."

"That's bad," said Jill. "All right, I'll go up."

A climb of two flights of stairs took her to the bedroom looking out over the park where Miss Isabel was confined with a broken leg, the result of a recent motor accident.

She was lying in bed with a dachshund and two cats to keep her company. She was an imperious old lady, who looked as if forty years ago she must have been extremely handsome, though even in those days formidable. She intimidated most of those who knew her, but to Jill, she had, fortunately, taken a fancy from the start, and their relations, as Jill had told Ada, had always been of the best.

It was with only the mildest tinge of rebuke in her voice that she said: "So there you are at last."

Jill patted her hand affectionately.

"I came as quick as I could, sergeant-major. I hear you've got stuck in your

DO BUTLERS BURGLE BANKS?

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crossword puzzle. Anything I can do to help?"

"Don't bother. I've given it up. Those clues are too deep for me. I'll have a go at that book you brought me from the library yesterday."

"It should be good. A suspense story."

"I don't want suspense. I want a good, honest love story with trembling lips and shining eyes. But the boys aren't writing that sort any more. By the way, talking of love, how are you and young Mike coming along?"

Just how her private affairs had become revealed to this patient of hers, Jill could never remember, but Miss Bond was one of those penetrating old ladies from whom nothing remains hidden for long.

"We aren't," Jill said briefly.

"Lovers' tiff?"

"We don't see enough of each other these days to have tiffs."

"He seems to be avoiding you?"

"As much as he can."

"And when you meet, is he nervous and embarrassed?"

"I suppose you could call it that."

"He's trying to work up his courage to propose. Men get that way when the balloon's about to go up. What Mike's hoping is that if he goes on dithering long enough you'll get fed up and make the first move."

"Propose to him?"

"Why not?"

"And what do I do when he falters, I'm sorry, but it cannot be. We can only be friends? Redden and go to Africa?"

"You think he'd do that?"

"His manner suggests it."

"The boy's an idiot. What does he want? Looks? He won't find anyone prettier than you. Disposition? He must know that any girl who could stand me as long as you have has all the qualities needed to make a perfect wife."

"Except one."

"What's that?"

"Money," said Jill bitterly. "I think it's suddenly dawned on him that if he's not careful, he'll find himself saddled with a penniless wife, and he feels he can do better."

Miss Bond was shocked.

"Mike's not like that. There's nothing mercenary about him. If he's behaving strangely, it's probably something to do with the bank."

"That's what Ada thinks."

"Who's Ada?"

"Ada Cootes, his secretary."

"Oh, that one. Nice girl. Well, she's right."

"She isn't. You're both wrong. Mine's the correct solution."

"It's not."

"Of all the pigheaded galls I ever met, you're the worst. Go and get me a whisky and soda."

"Will the doctor approve?"

"He won't know," said Miss Bond.

Mike, having got rid of the ladies' committee, came back to the study.

"We won't do any more

today, Ada," he said. "I've kept you too late already. Thanks for being so patient. I'll drive you home."

"Oh, Mr. Michael, please."

"No trouble."

"No, really. It's a lovely evening. I'd really rather walk."

"You're sure? Don't forget the races are on. You might run into some tough customers?"

Ada bridled a little.

"Thank you, Mr. Michael, I can take care of myself," she said with the quiet confidence of a girl who in her time had twice found it necessary to quell intoxicated citizens with her umbrella and had done it with the greatest success, leaving the inebriates wondering dreamily what had hit them.

It was consequently with no trepidation that she set out for the town. It was, as she had said, a lovely evening, and she found the two-mile walk most invigorating. And she had turned into the side street where her home was, a two-roomed flat over a confectioner's shop, when her thoughts were abruptly diverted by a spectacle fortunately rare in Wellington even in race week.

A few yards in front of her a stout man who looked like a Roman emperor had paused and taken his wallet from his pocket, apparently to gloat over its contents, and a lean predatory individual, appearing from nowhere, had snatched it from his grasp and was now approaching her at high speed.

Ada extended the umbrella

which had served her so well on those previous occasions. The predatory one, receiving it between his flying legs, performed several steps of what might have been one of the more uninhibited modern dances, and the wallet flew from his hand. Prudently not pausing, he continued his headlong course, and the Roman emperor, galloping up, swooped on his property and clutched it to his bosom.

In this dramatic fashion did Fate bring together Ada Cootes and Horace Appleby, whose paths would otherwise have been most unlikely to cross.

The wallet was swollen, for Horace had, as he had expected, done well on the two-thirty and the three o'clock, and the thought of how but for Ada he would have lost it rendered him mellow with gratitude. Words poured from him in a steady stream.

Like many rich men, Horace was careful with his money. Nevertheless, he felt that even if her tastes lay in the direction of champagne, he must do the square thing.

"And now," he ended, "if you have no urgent engagements, I think we would both like a little something after this excitement. Might I persuade you to join me?"

Ada, quite overcome, managed, nevertheless, to gasp out, "Oo, thanks. I should love it."

"Capital," said Horace.

"Capital. There's a bar round the corner," he added, and Ada shivered at the licentious suggestion. Alternatively she proposed a tea shoppe, and Horace accepted the amendment with relief. Champagne is not served in tea shoppes.

Seated later at a yellow table, in a corner of the

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In the festive season, join the CALYPSO TREASURE HUNT

JOIN the spirit of the festive season with an entry in the White Wings Calypso Treasure Hunt. There are thousands of prizes to be won and your entry could win first prize — a fortnight's holiday for two adults and two children on Castaway Island resort, Fiji, with \$500 spending money.

There is no limit to the number of entries you can make.

ENTRY FORM

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Complete the following Calypso Jingle with your own rhyming reason why you like White Wings products.

I'M ON A TREASURE HUNT ON A CALYPSO ISLE
HAVE A WHITE WINGS TREAT EV'RY ONCE IN A WHILE.

MOUSSE, FREEZE, KOOLPOPS, MAKE-A-SHAKE, TOO

(Example: They're nice to eat and they're good for you.)

Fill in your name and address:

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

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Send to:
CALYPSO TREASURE HUNT,
BOX 63, CHIPPENDALE, N.S.W. 2008

CONTEST CLOSES: FEB. 28, 1969.

Employees of White Wings, their advertising agents and their families are not eligible. In case of identical entries, neatness is a deciding factor. Judges' decision is final. No correspondence will be entered into.

DO BUTLERS BURGLE BANKS?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

Copper Kettle, the teapot and plate of cakes before them, the conversation flowing freely and the cakes not half bad, though well below the standard of Ada's homemades, Horace put the question which had been puzzling him since his arrival on the race train that morning.

"Tell me, Miss Cootes," he said, "why is everything in this town, Bond? The Bond Library, the Bond Hospital, the Bond this, the Bond that. Who is this Bond of whom I hear so much?"

Ada's reply, though prompt, was not too lucid.

"Oh, that's the bank. But he's dead."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Sir Hugo Bond. He passed on a month or so ago."

"But why do you call him the bank?" asked Horace, still puzzled.

"He owned it. While he was alive, of course."

"Of course," said Horace, feeling that this was reasonable.

"His nephew owns it now, Mr. Michael. I'm his secretary. It was Sir Hugo who paid for all those libraries and things. He was

FROM THE BIBLE

● *He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?*

—Romans 8: 32.

always doing good works about the place. Any time they wanted anything in the town they had only to ask Sir Hugo."

"Nice fellow. Must have been rich."

"Oh, he was. Bond's Bank makes mints of money. Why, besides putting up libraries and things, he bought Mallow Hall, about two miles from the town. It used to belong to a judge, a Sir something Armitage. I don't know if you've ever heard of him?"

Horace had, indeed, heard of him. It was only eighteen months ago that Sir Roger Armitage had sentenced a friend of his named Ginger Moffat to five years' penal servitude.

"Yes," he said, "the name seems familiar."

"I was up at the Hall this afternoon doing letters for Mr. Michael. You ought to see it. A regular palace. Acres of gardens and miles of park. Sir Hugo was like that. Didn't care how much he spent."

Horace was listening now without missing a word. He and his boys specialised in forays against the country houses of the rich, and in all such enterprises it is half the battle to have a representative on the premises.

It was Horace's practice to obtain the post of butler at these establishments in order to pave the way for Ferdie and the others, and he seldom found it difficult, for his was an appearance and deportment so butlering that few householders, seeing him, ever hesitated to welcome him in.

His baldness and stoutness were what spoke to the depths of these country houseowners. Butlers, of course, come in all sizes and shapes and many an employer has to put up with a tall thin one or one with a full head of

hair, but all the time he feels that there is something lacking.

Horace Appleby was just right. Lord Wantagh (of the Wantagh diamonds) and Sir Rupert Finch (of the Finch pearls) and others into whose orbit he had flitted had all been convinced that they had got a treasure. Actually, of course, it was the other way round. It was Horace and his associates who got the treasure.

"And inside!" said Ada. "The last word."

"It sound like Norton Court."

"What's Norton Court?"

"Sir Rupert Finch's seat in Shropshire. I was butler there for a time."

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Ada squeaked emotionally. "Are you a butler?" "Well, I don't work at it regularly. I have private means. But I occasionally take a place. I like the work. I hope you have no prejudice against butlers?" "I should say not. My Dad was one. Till he came into some money and retired."

"Well, fancy that. Was this at Mallow Hall?"

"No, not at Mallow Hall."

"Who is the butler there now? He may be a friend of mine."

"I heard Mr. Michael call him Coleman."

"No, I don't know any Coleman. Who else does Mr.

Bond have working for him? Pretty big staff, I should imagine?"

"No, really quite small for a place that size. Just Mr. Coleman and the cook and a housemaid and Ivy."

"Who's Ivy?"

"The parlormaid. And that's all."

"Tell me more about yourself, Miss Cootes. Do you like being a secretary?"

"I love it."

"What sort of fellow is this Mr. Michael of yours?"

"Oh, he's a dear. If you go to the races a lot you may have seen him. He's a well-known amateur rider. He rides in the Grand National."

DO BUTLERS BURGLE BANKS?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

"Does he, indeed? Dangerous race, the National. I wonder his wife doesn't object."

"Oh, he's not married."

This was disappointing. Horace had been hoping that this Mr. Michael would have had a loved wife whom he covered with jewels, these to be kept in an upper room well within the sphere of influence of Ferdie the Fly, for already the idea of obtaining the post of butler at Mallow Hall had begun to germinate in his active

brain. But a house where there were not plenty of pearls and diamonds was of little interest to him.

And then — suddenly — a thought came like a full-blown rose. Mallow Hall had failed to meet his qualifications. But what of the bank that made mints of money? It had never occurred to him before to extend his operations to banks, but everything has to have a beginning, and now that the idea had presented itself he could

see that there were great possibilities in it.

Sunk in a daydream which grew more roseate every moment, he was roused by an exclamation from his guest.

"The time!" she cried. "I must be going. I've got to cook dinner for three."

Horace blinked and became his sociable self again. "Dinner? Don't tell me a secretary has to cook?"

Ada giggled musically. Not for Mr. Michael. I've two girls coming."

"Rather a strain at the end of a hard day."

"Not for me. I love to cook. I suppose it's because I'm so good at it."

This interested Horace greatly. Cooking was one of his favorite subjects. The conversation took on a new animation as the names of exotic dishes flashed to and fro.

A sudden idea struck Ada.

"Why don't you come along and join us? Or have you got to get back to London?"

"No, no hurry about that," said Horace. "A late train will do me all right. Thank you very much, Miss Cootes. I shall be delighted to accept your kind invitation."

Ivy, the parlormaid, answered a ring at the back door and found herself gazing upon a stout gentleman who beamed at her paternally.

"Good evening," he said.

"Is Mr. Coleman at home?"

"He's in his pantry, sir."

"Take me to him, would you be so good."

Coleman was relaxing in an armchair with a novel of suspense.

"My name is Appleby," Horace said. "And you are doubtless asking yourself what is behind this intrusion. Briefly, Mr. Coleman, I am here to put you in the way of making a bit of money."

To Eustace Coleman these opening words sounded suspiciously like life insurance. He said "Ah" in a reserved sort of way, and Horace proceeded.

"But first I have had news for you about your father."

"My father? He died ten years ago."

"You have your facts twisted," said Horace. "He is not dead, but he is dangerously ill, and I have come to offer to take your place here while you hasten to his bedside. I may mention that I have served as butler in the best families."

A tinge of alarm disturbed Coleman. Doubts of his companion's sanity had begun to assail him, and it was fortunate for his peace of mind that Horace lost no time in going on to explain.

"It is imperative that I establish a base at Mallow Hall, Mr. Coleman. I have a suit to press. I love, Mr. Coleman."

"You what?"

"And my only hope of bringing matters to a satisfactory conclusion is to be in residence at the Hall, where my loved one is employed. I need scarcely tell you that the object of my affections is Ivy," said Horace, hoping he had remembered the name correctly.

Mr. Coleman's apprehensions were stilled. He had got the gist now and was able to rule out homicidal lunatics. A widower after some

stormy years of matrimony, he had never had any inclination to woo Ivy himself, for he considered marriage a mug's game, but his eye was not dimmed and he could see that she had much to recommend her to the red-blooded male, notably a trim figure and an attractive face surmounted by a good deal of butter-colored hair.

She was, he knew, walking out with the Wellingford sergeant of police, and he mentioned this to Horace, feeling that it was only civil to warn him of the obstacles in his path, and Horace said Yes, he was aware of that, but did not allow it to discourage him.

"I anticipate little difficulty in cutting him out," he said. "But in order to do so I must be on the spot. Hence the little ruse which I have suggested. If you are called to the sick bed of a father I am sure that Mr. Bond would allow you to leave at once."

Mr. Coleman's eyes had narrowed. "And what," he asked, "is there in it for me?"

Horace had expected the question.

"Ten quid?" he hazarded, and Mr. Coleman smiled tolerantly. "Twenty?" Again that smile. With a pang, Horace said, "Fifty?"

Mr. Coleman greeted this with an unpleasant sneer. "Likely!"

"What's likely?"

"You having fifty quid."

"You think I haven't?"

said Horace, stung. "Well, let me tell you I won a hundred quid at the races this afternoon and I've got it on me now."

"Then that's what we'll make it," said Coleman.

T

OO late, Horace perceived that he had allowed the other's taunt to goad him into injudicious revelations. It was open to him, of course, to cancel his plans, but what Ada had said of the opulence of Bond's Bank was too much for him.

With an inward sigh, he paid the price, and Mr. Coleman tucked the money away in a back pocket.

"You wait here while I go and tell him," he said.

"How do you explain my coming here with the news about your father? Better say I'm your cousin."

"Or brother?"

"Cousin. I don't look enough like you to be your brother," said Horace, who never neglected details.

When Mr. Coleman returned some minutes later, it was to announce that his humane employer had made no objection to the proposed change of major domos, but had been all sympathy and understanding.

"He wants to see you, of course."

"Of course," said Horace. He would not have had it otherwise. The decencies must be preserved.

His opinion of Mike and Mike's opinion of him, when they met in the latter's study, were equally favorable.

"It's very good of you to offer to help us out," Mike said. "I'm sorry about your uncle. He's pretty bad, I gather."

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DANCING in the street under a Christmas tree in Barcelona.

CHRISTMAS IN BARCELONA

—Under 400 million colored lights... Ole!

By PALMER KENT

"I AM sure both of you will like Spain," said our good friend Fernando. "My people are friendly and honest, and there is so much to see. Besides, Spain is the cheapest country in Europe for the tourist. How I wish I was coming with you!"

After a month wandering casually through Spain my wife, Naomi, and I agreed that Fernando was not exaggerating. We loved the country, its plains, mountains, beaches, Gothic cathedrals, palaces built by the Moors; its sunshine, the people; even the complete absence of mini-skirts.

We had lots to learn, but years of travelling helped to smooth many difficulties. Spaniards are a proud race, so we refrained from any adverse criticism and avoided all political discussions.

Instead, we would say "Esta es una ciudad muy linda." (This is a very beautiful city.) After that, in spite of our bad pronunciation, we received smiles and friendly nods of approval.

Spain has a population of 33,000,000, and last year there were over 14,000,000 visitors. These mostly arrived between June and September, which surprised us, because in the south and along the Mediterranean coast the winters are not nearly as cold as those of Sydney, and rain seldom falls.

We arrived in Barcelona a few weeks before Christmas, and there was no difficulty in finding accommodation, for it was the off season.

We chose a hotel in the centre of this magnificent city of two and a half million people, and because of the incredible cheapness we stayed for a week in one of the best suites.

It consisted of an entrance hall, a large modern twin-bed room, private bath and toilet, and our own balcony. Linen and towels were changed daily. The price? Two hundred pesetas a night for both of us; about \$2.50.

Not bad, but we had done better. At Malaga we shared a large twin-bed room, with private balcony and all our meals, for a total of \$3.50 a day.

Packing and unpacking was no problem; for our luggage consisted of two 26in. suitcases. The contents included a supply of tablets to prevent tummy upsets; a clothes-line which did not require pegs, and, of course, my "guru," which was worshipped over a century ago in a temple in the south of that most fascinating of islands, Bali. It is seven inches in height, of exquisitely carved ebony, and the Balinese used to pray to it for good luck; it has been in my possession for 36 years.

In the midst of unpacking, Naomi, who had strolled on to the balcony, suddenly shouted, "Come quickly, darling! I have never seen anything like it."

The streets had become ablaze with colored electric globes commemorating the Christmas season. We left the hotel to walk along the Ramblas, the main street.

At one end is the vast Cataluna Square; at the other, the statue of Columbus and the harbor. In between are four roads for traffic, with tree-lined paths for pedestrians. Here were the sellers of flowers, birds, books, and goodness knows what else.

Hand in hand we walked on and on, for not only the Ramblas but every side street, the squares, even the markets, all had their individual decorations in brilliant illumination.

London's was trifling by comparison.

TRAVELLER'S TALE



CATALUNA SQUARE, in the heart of the city — it has statues and no fewer than four splendid fountains. Below: A traffic cop presides over the growing pile of Christmas presents received from drivers as a thanks offering for his services. The red balloon serves as a marker.



Only Rio de Janeiro during the carnival season could surpass Barcelona. Later we were told that to commemorate Christmas more than 400,000,000 electric globes were used in the beautiful and imaginative designs throughout 23 miles of streets.

For several nights we walked, making new and exciting discoveries.

One was the Christmas stalls, hundreds of them, surrounding the Gothic cathedral; these sold such things as holly, mistletoe, and branches of spruce and pine for Christmas trees.

There were numerous cribs with the Christ child often in quaint attitudes, such as sucking. His big toe or His thumb. Glowing braziers kept the stall-owners warm.

Lottery prayers

There was an evening when we found every church packed to capacity and congregations praying with a fervor quite remarkable even for Spain. The reason? Next day the biggest lottery of the year was to be drawn. Naturally the prayers were for a winning ticket, accompanied by a vow that the church would be given its share.

The best view of Barcelona is from Mt. Tibidabo, close to the western suburbs. We arrived there by three stages; first the Metro (underground railway), on which one can travel up to nine miles for two pesetas (two and a half cents), then by an antiquated tram, finally by funicular railway.

The view from the summit is magnificent. All Barcelona, old and new, lies below.

A church and a fun fair compete for the limited space at the top of this mountain.

December 23 is Traffic Cops' Day, when motorists give gifts to members of the efficient police force. Some receive not dozens but hundreds of presents, ranging from bottles of champagne, cordials, or milk to toys, groceries, barrels of soap powder, boxes of chocolates, and enormous balls of cheese.

One policeman was given a bread roll at least six feet in length, delivered by two grinning Barcelonians. Above these gifts the police flew red balloons to warn motorists of their presents. When they finished their day's work they hired taxis to take their voluntary (I hope) contributions home.

We described this custom to Teresa, the English-speaking clerk in the office of our hotel, but she did not share our enthusiasm.

"This has been a bad day for the police," she explained, "because they have booked many more motorists than usual during the year."

December 23 was also a memorable day for us. In the centre of the Ramblas and almost next to the markets is the Gran Teatro del Liceo, the Opera House.

We wanted to book seats and found that the prices ranged from 70 pesetas (\$1) for standing room on the fifth tier to \$10 for a front-row seat in the dress circle. No one spoke a word of English, so we pointed to a price of approximately \$4 and received two tickets.

When we mentioned to the office staff at our hotel that we were going to see "La

Continued overleaf

CHRISTMAS IN BARCELONA

From page 57

Grande Dame," by Tchaikovsky, we noticed that our stocks rose immediately. We wondered why and were still wondering until the night of the performance.

In Spain, most theatres commence at 10.45 p.m. This is because of the siesta — the people, with few exceptions, sleep between one and four o'clock. Work then recommences and continues for another four hours. Consequently, the time for dinner at hotels, restaurants, and homes is around 10 p.m.

To survive until that late hour, people go to the numerous snack bars, where, usually standing, they eat *hors-d'oeuvre* washed down with excellent Spanish wines or coffee, both of which cost six cents.

At Barcelona the opera starts at 9.30, so we ate at a snack bar and arrived with plenty of time to spare.

We were regally ushered into the stalls by a man clad in a splendid uniform.

However, when we sat down in two of the seats, he made unmistakable signs that our tickets were for standing only, and at the rear. A generous tip worked wonders and we had our seats.

When the lights dimmed we were astonished to observe that not more than five percent of the seats were occupied. We put it down to being Christmas week, but an hour after the start the audience began to arrive in force, with considerable talking and noise. The first interval was at 10.50. Imagine our surprise to find the opera house filled to capacity.

The women wore expensive and elegant gowns, while every man was in evening dress, many also wearing decorations. (There was one exception: myself.) The auditorium soon emptied, and couples, with the ladies' gloved hand resting lightly on the arm of her escort, walked slowly in two circles, clockwise and anti-clockwise, around the vast foyer.

I had previously seen this custom in Italy. It made me wonder if Tchaikovsky was the reason for the ladies' attendance or their wish to be seen as *grandes dames*.

When we walked back to our hotel, long after midnight, the streets were still full of noisy people admiring the illuminations.

This hotel, the Rialto, is in the old part of Barcelona, two doors from Jamie Square. We were resting contentedly in our suite after a Christmas Eve spent in further exciting discoveries when we heard music. We dashed on to our balcony to see people dancing in the square, hundreds of them.

"What's going on?" we asked Teresa a few moments later. "Why are the people dancing?"

"Always on Christmas Eve, and again on Christmas Day, we Spaniards dance the Sardana," explained Teresa. "It is a folk-dance. You must not miss seeing it, *senor* and *senora*."

A few moments later we were mingling with the friendly Spaniards. A large male orchestra was playing with gusto and excel-

lent rhythm. In all directions, young and old, male and female, were forming circles and holding hands.

Their dancing was most graceful. Off came their topcoats, to be placed in the centre of each newly formed circle. A huge Christmas tree in the centre of Jamie Square, the illuminations, the orchestra, the dancing which continued for two hours — truly it was a scene to remember. No wonder we fell in love with Barcelona.

On Christmas morning we went to the only Protestant church in Barcelona. It seats 200, and the music was provided by a gifted harpist, there being no organ. The minister asked the children present to hold up some of their Christmas presents, which he blessed. We were greatly impressed with the sincerity and simplicity of the service.

Then we went to the midday Mass in the vast cathedral and found it packed with thousands of worshippers, most of them holding lighted candles. The smoke gave a fog-like effect which was somewhat painful to eyes and throat.

High above, in the organ loft, a male choir sang as if inspired, while the only occupants of the superbly carved choir stalls were four elderly priests, seated in a corner and surreptitiously sucking peppermints. We edged our way through the standing multitude, eventually to sit in comfort throughout the spectacular service. No one objected.

Dancers outside

At the conclusion the Bishop of Catalonia led an ecclesiastical procession down the aisle dividing the stalls, and suddenly caught sight of us; he blinked in astonishment before proceeding on his dignified way.

We emerged to find the same orchestra we had heard the previous evening, seated now on the steps of the cathedral, playing vigorously while ever-increasing circles of dancers again performed the Sardana.

On Christmas Day the restaurants remained open until 3 p.m. We went to our favorite in the Plaza Real to eat a substantial four-course dinner, and to empty a magnum-sized bottle of Spain's best champagne.

Strangers crossed over to wish us the compliments of the season, and even had their pictures taken with us by a professional photographer. The total cost for our dinner, including 15 percent added for service, was well under \$5.

In the evening we went to a small party given by a lass whom we had met the previous month in Seville. Everyone was happy and friendly, especially after several glasses of wine. Before going to sleep we agreed that this had been indeed a merry Christmas.

Eventually we returned to Sydney, and among the plethora of mail awaiting us was an official letter informing me that I had been left a legacy sufficient to pay for the whole tour. My lucky guru had done it again.

"His condition is not encouraging."

"It's lucky that you happen to be free. Can you come at once?"

"Directly I have collected my effects, sir. They are at my residence in one of the London suburbs. And with regard to references."

"Oh, that's all right."

"I should prefer you to see them, sir." Horace was proud of his references and liked them to have a wide public. "I will bring them on my return. My latest post was with Sir Rupert and Lady Finch in Shropshire. Sir Rupert was kind enough to be extremely eulogistic with regard to my services."

"Splendid. Finch, did you say? In Shropshire? Wasn't that where that big jewel robbery was?"

"It was indeed, sir, and actually during my incumbency. The view of the police was that it was the work of one of these cat burglars."

"They're probably right."

"I feel sure they are, sir. These miscreants think nothing of scaling the outer wall of a house. It is gratifying to reflect that Sir Rupert was fully insured. Then I will collect my impedimenta and return tomorrow."

Horace left the room, well pleased. The thought of that lost hundred pounds was still a dagger in his bosom, but he was a practical man, and knew that you cannot accumulate if you do not speculate.

He was about to turn into the passage leading to the pantry which would now be his GHQ, where he had left his hat, when a voice spoke from behind him with a note of surprise in it.

"Appleby!" said the voice.

It startled him not a little. Nor was his equanimity restored when, spinning on his axis, he recognised the speaker as the Miss Willard who had been on a nursing assignment at the home of Sir Rupert and Lady Finch during his residence there.

However, long years spent in the exercise of a testing profession had taught him to wear the mask. Giving no outward indication of inward turmoil, he said "Good evening, miss."

"Fancy finding you here. You remember me, don't you?"

"Of course, miss. You were at Norton Court, nursing the dowager Lady Finch."

"I'm now nursing Mr. Bond's aunt. What brings you to Mallow Hall?"

"I am taking the place of Mr. Bond's Butler, Mr. Coleman."

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DO BUTLERS BURGLE BANKS?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

"That's odd. I never heard of him being leaving."

"He was called away at a moment's notice."

"And you just happened to be passing and offered your services?"

"Not quite that, miss," said Horace with a deferential smile. "I am Coleman's cousin. I came here to break the news to him that his father is dangerously ill. In order to enable him to hasten to the sick bed, I volunteered to substitute for him."

Could he have done so, he would have recalled those words. Too late it occurred to him that he had entered the employment of Sir Rupert Finch owing to the sudden illness of the father of the Norton Court butler. The coincidence might well start a train of thought in someone of Miss Willard's intelligence.

Nor did he err in supposing this. Jill had often wondered after the episode of the jewels if there might not have been hidden depths in this apparently blameless man. It was strange, she had felt, that the burglar should have known just where to look for the Finch pearls. It seemed to her that he must have been briefed by an accomplice inside the house — by, for instance, the butler.

JILL had not made any mention of this theory, for detective work is not invited from nurses, but it had lingered with her. And now her suspicions had leaped into new life.

"I see," she said nonchalantly.

Scarcely waiting for him to pass on his way, she hurried to the study. After his behaviour of the past week or so, Mike did not deserve to be warned of the peril threatening his home, but she was prepared to overlook this, and she burst into the room all zeal and eagerness.

Mike was at the desk, deep in documents. He looked up in an absent, weary sort of way.

"Yes?" he said.

Ice-water flung in her face could scarcely have acted more adversely on Jill's mood of benevolence. "Yes?" he said, and in a tone that showed clearly that the mere sight of her wearied him. And this was the man who two weeks ago, if they had not been interrupted, would have asked her to marry him.

Every impulse urged her to blaze at him, but better, she felt, to conduct this interview with womanly dignity.

"Can you spare me a moment?" she asked.

"Yes?"

The repetition of the offensive word decided Jill. She felt that if the contents of Mallow Court were to be removed by Horace Appleby and his associates, it would serve this man right. She would even have been perfectly capable of pointing out objects of special value and helping them to pack.

"No, on second thoughts it doesn't matter," she said.

Horace's home in Valley Fields, London S.E. 21 was a nice little house, though he would have preferred and was looking forward to moving one day into a villa on the French Riviera — a thing which, of course, could not be done immediately, for a man in his delicate position invites suspicion if he seems too rich.

As his entire staff, Horace employed Ferdie the Fly to dust, make the beds, and do the cooking. Ferdie was not as expert at cooking as at climbing up the sides of houses, but in one branch of the art he could not be rivalled. He fried a superb egg.

Two of these and the bacon that went with them were on the table before Horace on the morning after his visit to Mallow Hall, but he was not giving them the attention they deserved. He was thinking of Ada Cootes.

Horace was no longer much of a squire of dames. Ada, however, had made a deep impression on him, though physically, it could not be denied, she lay open to criticism. Hers, though pleasant, was definitely not the face that launched a thousand ships, and she was additionally handicapped by a square, sturdy figure.

Nevertheless, it was with a sentimental glow that he was thinking of her. Looks, he was telling himself, are not everything. Far more important are the womanly virtues. These she possessed in abundance, and pre-eminent among them was her superlative cooking.

Last night's dinner had been a revelation to Horace. A simple meal, just steak and kidney pie with two veg, and roly-poly pudding to follow, but every forkful melting in the mouth.

Wandering thus down Memory Lane, he was roused from his reverie by the reappearance of Ferdie the Fly. Ferdie was small and wizened and wore always a rather anxious look, as a man well might who so often found himself forty feet up in the air with only his natural endowments to keep him there.

"Have a good time?" he asked Horace.

"Excellent, thank you, Ferdie. By the way, will you phone Basher and tell him to come here. I want to see him. Say it's urgent."

Ferdie withdrew, to return some minutes later with the information that Basher was on his way over.

"Good," said Horace.

"Well, Ferdie, what's new?"

"You read about Ginger Moffat?"

He was alluding to the safeblower who had had the misfortune to be apprehended with blowtorch in hand and shipped off to Dartmoor.

"No, what about him?"

"He's done a bunk."

"You don't say?"

"It was in yesterday's evening. Got clean away. One in the eye for old Armitage."

Horace agreed that Ginger's departure would

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THE WRITER and his wife, at right, take their ease with a friend.

indeed be a blow to His Honor Sir Roger Armitage, who had sentenced him to five years' penal servitude.

He resumed his meditations, tasting once more that flaky pie crust and those perfectly boiled potatoes steeped in their pre-eminent gravy. And presently Ferdie returned, bringing with him Llewellyn Evans.

He greeted Horace with his usual gentle smile. He was, as his name suggested, Welsh by birth, and his voice had the musical lilt which is such a feature of the voices of his countrymen. His "Good morning, guv'nor" sounded like the opening bars of a song hit.

"Ferdie said you wanted to see me urgent, guv'nor," he said.

"I do, Basher, and this is my last chance, for I'm leaving this morning for the country. You'd better write down the address, Ferdie; I shall want my mail forwarded. Mallow Hall, Mallow. It's a village in Worcestershire."

"Mallow Hall, Mallow. How do you spell Worcestershire?"

"Worc is all you need. W-o-r-c."

"Sort of hotel, is it?" asked Basher.

"Big country house. I'm the new butler there."

The significance of this was not lost on his audience. Both reacted noticeably.

"Coo, guv'nor! A job?"

"And a big one."

"Like at Norton Court?"

"No, not this time. There won't be anything doing as regards the house. It's a bachelor establishment — no women, no jewels. My objective is the local bank."

"We're going to bust a bank?"

"Exactly. The prospect seems to pain you, Ferdie. What's wrong?"

"Guv'nor, if it's a bank, you won't want me."

"Of course I shall want you. You will climb to an upper window and let us in."

"Do banks have upper windows?"

"This one has. It's a very old-established concern. A hundred years ago I should imagine the owner slept over the office. You, too, don't look very elated, Basher. What's your objection?"

"Only thinking it can't be much of a bank, if it's in a village."

"Relax, Basher. I have made ample inquiries, and I can assure you that this bank is well worthy of your steel. They tell me it makes mints of money. A good country bank always does."

Basher was satisfied. He had a childlike faith in his leader. If the guv'nor set the seal of his approval on a job, that was sufficient for him.

"And when'll you be wanting us?"

"I shall have to let you know that later. But hold yourself in readiness to come to Wellingford the moment you hear from me. Meanwhile, have a cigar. And you, Ferdie, had better be getting about your domestic duties."

"OK, guv. Oh, sorry, I forgot to tell you. Charlie was in again yesterday just after you'd left."

Horace started visibly.

"That's right. He said to

tell you he'd be looking in again."

"Looking in again," said Horace thoughtfully.

It was only after some moments that he was able to restore his composure with the reflection that in a short time he would be on his way to Worcestershire and that the chance of the fellow trailing him there was very remote.

He was in the process of urging Basher, if he happened to run into Charlie, to keep all mention of Mallow Hall out of the conversation, when Ferdie entered to say that he was wanted on the telephone.

After listening to a short and most unpleasant speech at the other end of the wire, Horace hung up with a nervous jerk.

Returning to Basher and sinking into a chair, he said, in a voice far different from his usual ringing tones: "That was Charlie! He says if I don't pay him what he claims I owe him, he'll blow my head off."

Here, Basher was able to speak a word of comfort.

"He won't do that, guv'nor. This isn't Chicago. He knows we've got a different angle on that sort of thing in England. He isn't going to risk getting a lifer by bumping you off. He'll just plug you in the leg or the arm or somewhere."

Horace had a strong objection to being plugged in the leg or arm or somewhere. He told Basher this, and Basher agreed that he had a point there. He made another suggestion.

"Why don't you pay him his money?"

Fire flashed from Horace's eyes.

"I won't! It's a matter of principle," he cried, and Basher saw that it would be futile to argue further. When the guv'nor took a stand on a matter of principle, there was nothing more to say.

"Well, you'll be all right once you're at that Hall place. He'll never find you there."

THIS comforting thought was well to the fore in Horace's mind as he arrived at Paddington in good time to catch the 12.20 express to Wellingford. The compartment he had selected had only one occupant, a young man with sleek fair hair and a very small fair moustache. As Horace climbed in, he eyed him superciliously for a fleeting instant, then returned to the paper he had been reading.

But Horace was a friendly traveller and he did not hesitate to embark on conversation.

"Nice day," he said, taking advantage of the fact that the other had laid down his paper and was lighting a cigarette.

The young man turned. His eyes, Horace was surprised to see, were intelligent.

"What?"

"I said it was a nice day."

"Oh?"

It was not a promising start, but Horace persevered.

"Going far?"

The young man unbenet sufficiently to utter the word "Wellingford," and

Horace, charmed by the coincidence, said that that was also his own destination.

"Oh?"

"Picturesque town. I was there at the races yesterday."

"Oh?"

Horace decided that later on might be better for an exchange of ideas.

"I wonder if I might borrow your paper, sir?"

"Certainly."

"Thank you. I forgot to buy one at Paddington."

There was much to interest Horace in the morning paper, and for a considerable time silence reigned again. But it was not in him to remain silent indefinitely.

"I see they haven't caught that fellow," he said.

"Fellow?"

"That man Moffat who escaped from prison. I take a particular interest in his case, for I was actually present at the trial."

"So was I."

"You are a barrister?"

"Scotland Yard."

Horace could not repress a start. He had never before been in such close proximity with a Yard man, and he did not enjoy the experience now. The best he could find to say was "Really!" in a voice so husky that, taken in conjunction with the start, it gave his companion the impression that he was overcome with awe. Gratified by a tribute which seldom came his way, for he was a very minor cog in the Scotland Yard wheel, he became unexpectedly expansive.

"Yes, I joined up when I came down from Oxford. They have begun taking in a few men from the universities with the scientific approach, and about time. The Yard was becoming old-fashioned, fighting the crooks of today with the technique of yesterday. Badly needed new blood."

Horace, more himself now that the first shock had passed, said he supposed so. Modern crooks, he agreed, were very clever.

"It must be an interesting life," he said.

"It is. Though frustrating."

"Why is that?"

"One has to deal so much with these pigheaded country police."

"Pigheaded, are they?"

"Always think they can solve everything by themselves and never call us in till it's too late."

"Is that why you are going to Wellingford? Have you been called in?"

"No, I'm on leave. I was thinking of that business at Norton Court."

Another start shook Horace's plump frame. He had to swallow before speaking.

"Norton Court?"

"In Shropshire. Sir Rupert Finch's place. They had a big jewel robbery there not long ago."

"I believe I read about it in the papers."

"It was nearly a week before they sent for us. Hopeless. After all that time what could we do?"

"You were there yourself?"

"I and a colleague. And

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DRESS SENSE

By BETTY KEEP

● This semi-fitted, low-waisted one-piece is my design choice for a reader. The tailored dress is to be made in lightweight wool.

PART of the reader's letter and my reply are published below.

"I have 2½ yds. of 54in. lightweight wool to make a one-piece dress and would like a size 12 pattern in a tailored style."

Illustrated at right is the design I have chosen in answer to your query. The dress has a dropped waistline and front pleats in the skirt. The bodice top has a standing bias collar and is finished with short sleeves.

"What style of separate top would be smart to team with white jeans?"

A skinny knit, plus gilt chains or a wide interesting belt. Fit is important, for too tight or too baggy jeans look plain sloppy. Jeans should be comfortable when sitting and should end below the ankle-bone.

"Could you please tell me what the word 'ombre' means? It was used in describing a fabric."

"Ombre" is a French word meaning a color graduated in various shades. For instance, orange shaded from deep to a light pastel apricot.

"I am getting married next month and want to look my best. My big problem is color. I would like to be married in white, but because of a sallow complexion it makes me look mousy and uninteresting."

Wear magnolia. This creamy shade is very flattering to all skin tones.

"Could you please advise me about a 'with-it' color for a summer outfit? I have mousy hair, and usually wear tawns and junior-navy."



4577.—One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36 and 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 4577. The price, 80c, includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Discard the colors you mention for a good clear color, such as pink, blue, or apricot. It will surprise you how flattering these clear colors can be.

"Could you advise me on the following fashion problem? I am going on a cruise at Christmas and wondered if it would be necessary to take an evening frock."

If you have one in your wardrobe, yes. Most evenings it is not necessary to wear formal attire — a frilly after-five dress is adequate. However, during the cruise there is sure to be a special gala evening, and for such an occasion it is nice to have something "special."

"Could you oblige me with a style and pattern for a summer coat and matching skirt and an overblouse? My pattern size is 18."

I can let you have a pattern for the coat, skirt, and blouse you inquired about. The skirt has an easy

fit, the coat is slightly A-line and finished with a neat collar. The overblouse is collarless and has short set-in sleeves. If you wish to order, please quote Butterick pattern 4334, the price 75c includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"I want to make myself a party outfit, something romantic and feminine. I do my own sewing, but do not need a pattern. It is a pretty idea I want."

My choice would be a romantic white lace blouse with a self-ruffled crossover front and long sleeves with the ruffle repeated on the cuffs. Wear the blouse with a black taffeta skirt. The skirt could be short or ankle-length and slightly A-line. Be sure the skirt is lined.

"Could you suggest a smart accessory color to complement a red linen dress?"

My choice would be all white accessories or all black — including stockings.

LULUBELLE



"Isn't it BEAUTIFUL! All genuine artificial hair!"

DO BUTLERS BURGLE BANKS?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

I came to the conclusion that the butler — I've forgotten his name — was the man behind it. The thing stuck out a mile."

Horace was suitably impressed. "Did you arrest him?"

"He wasn't there. He had given his notice and disappeared."

"Very disappointing. You really think he did the robbery?"

"I don't say he did it, I said he was behind it."

"I am afraid I do not quite understand."

The young man smiled a patronising smile.

"It was obvious to me, though not to these yokels who call themselves police in the country, that there must have been somebody in the house working what we call the inside stand. It was his job to tell the crooks where to look. Everything pointed to the butler. I could have told in a second if I'd met the fellow. If the man I'm talking to is a crook, it's a sort of sixth sense."

"How very interesting," said Horace.

He fell into a silence, and conversation ceased for the re-

mainder of the journey. He was turning the situation over in his active mind, estimating to what extent the presence in Wellingford of a representative of Scotland Yard would affect his plans. At length he came to the conclusion that there was nothing in this new development to cause him anxiety. He gave himself up instead to thoughts of Ada and her steak-and-kidney pie.

With a firm shake of the head, Miss Bond said it was out of the question and she had never heard anything so silly in her life. Just gadding about.

"I can't do without you," she said.

"Of course you can," said Jill. "It's only for one night, and Ivy will look after you. You'll love having her around. Nice soft voice and a fund of good stories about the sticky ends so many of her family have come to."

SHE had been asking Miss Bond, who was lying in bed with the dachshund and the two cats, for leave to go home to attend the funeral of her Uncle Willie.

"And why a nice gairl like you wants to get mixed up in that sort of thing I can't imagine," said Miss Bond. "Were you very fond of this uncle of yours?"

"As a child I thought him wonderful. Whenever he came to our house and touched Father for a fiver he always gave me sixpence."

"I know the type. Forty years ago I nearly married a man like that. Well, all right."

"Thank you, dear Miss B. I knew I could rely on your kind heart. Shall I smooth your pillow?"

"No."

"Mix you a cooling drink?"

"No."

"Or take the dog for a run?"

"He can't run, he's much too fat. He's just had half my breakfast. When are you off?"

"Not till this afternoon, and I'll take the morning train back."

"Well, mind you don't miss it. And talking of nearly marrying people has given me an idea about you and young Mike. You say his manner has changed. I believe you've been criticising him."

"I haven't."

"Sure? Nothing slipped out?"

"Not a word."

"Then that Cootes gairl and I were right. He's worried about something to do with the bank."

"Have it your own way," said Jill. "And thanks again for letting me go."

On this, the fifth day of his sojourn at Mallow Hall, Horace was feeling happy and contented. There was nothing, he was telling himself, like a bachelor establishment. Chatelaines, even the best of them, are apt to get in a butler's hair, though in Horace's case one uses the expression only figuratively. Musing thus, he was aware of his employer at his side.

"Oh, Appleby," said Mike.

"Sir?" said Horace.

"I'm giving lunch tomorrow to a Mr. Richards who is motoring through on his way up north. Will you tell Mrs. Davis. Tell her we shall want something special."

Horace looked respectfully surprised.

"Then you have not been informed, sir?"

"What about?"

"Mrs. Davis unfortunately sprained her ankle this morning tripping over Thomas. One of the cats, sir. She will be unable

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The goodness test:



You can't strain Rosella. It's too full of goodness. Won't flow through a strainer like other pickles. Because it's chock-full of tender, garden fresh cauliflower . . . thick gherkin slices . . . crisp onion . . . spices . . . Cooked perfectly to flavour. Heaped into every jar.



Rosella Sweet Mustard Pickles

-full of goodness



DO BUTLERS BURGLE BANKS?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

to function for some days." Mike stared at him dumbly. The conviction, which had been his constant companion for the past few weeks, that Fate was making a special effort to persecute him, grew stronger than ever. Tomorrow's lunch was a vitally important one. He had a favor to ask of J. B. Richards of Richards, Price, and Gregory, and he had been relying on Mrs. Davis to provide a meal which would put him in the mellow mood to grant it.

"Appleby," he said dismally, "what am I going to do?"

Horace weighed the question. "Might I ask if the gentleman you are expecting is accustomed to the best?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Then, if I might make a suggestion, sir, you can find an excellent substitute for Mrs. Davis in Miss Cootes."

"Ada?"

"Precisely, sir. I can vouch for her virtuosity from personal experience. We met on the day you took me into your employment, and she was kind enough to invite me to dine at her residence. I am not exaggerating, sir, when I say that dinner was a revelation. No matter how particular the gentleman you are expecting is, I am convinced that Miss Cootes would not fail to give satisfaction."

Mike, dazed, muttered something about always having liked Ada's bunns.

"A mere side issue, sir. In my opinion she is capable of the highest flights," said Horace, and Mike drew a long, deep breath of relief.

JILL came back next day, as she had promised. She arrived early in the afternoon and had scarcely washed off the stains of travel when she received a telephone call from Ada urging an immediate meeting. At four-thirty, accordingly, they were sitting together at a table in the Copper Kettle.

It was plain to Jill, directly she saw her, that something had occurred to stir and excite her friend. She blushed. She giggled. She ate a cake with pink icing on it in a manner that could only be described as coy. But finally her secret was revealed — in a whisper.

"Horace has asked me to marry him," she said.

Nothing could have delighted Jill more. She had always thought what an ideal wife Ada would make for somebody.

"Why, Ada, that's wonderful! If you're fond of him, of course."

"Oh, I am."

"Is he the one you were telling me about, the one you met the day of the race?"

"Yes. He says it was love at first sight."

"Always the best kind. And you'll be Mrs. what? Or Lady what? You never did mention his full name."

"Horace Appleby," said Ada, and Jill's smile vanished abruptly.

"You don't mean . . . you can't mean . . . not the butler?"

Ada stiffened. "There's nothing wrong with butlers."

"Of course there isn't."

"My Dad was one."

"I know. You told me."

"And if you're going to say that Horace is too old"

"No, it's not that."

"Or too stout."

"No, no."

"Or too bald."

"Of course not."

"Then why are you being so funny?"

"I'm not being funny. At least, if I am, it's because I'm so surprised. I wasn't expecting this."

"I wasn't expecting it myself."

"When did it happen?"

"Yesterday. After lunch."

"Oh, you had lunch with him?"

"Yes, at the Hall after Mr. Michael and his friend had finished theirs."

"What on earth were you doing at the Hall?"

"That was Horace."

"What was Horace?"

"My being at the Hall."

The cook sprained her ankle tripping over the cat, and this very important friend Mr. Michael expected to lunch. Mr. Michael was in despair. And then Horace told him I was a wonderful cook, and he said that was wonderful and he'd ask me to come and do the lunch. So I did, and I did a very good one. And as we were eating what was left of it, Horace suddenly leaned across the table and said, 'Ada, I love you. Will you marry me?' I was swallowing a fried potato at the time, and I nearly choked."

She chuckled heartily at the amusing recollection, but Jill had seldom felt less like laughing.

"Are you going to marry him?" she asked, and Ada's eyes opened in astonishment at the foolish question.

"Of course I am!"

"Did you tell him so?"

"Not exactly."

"What do you mean, not exactly?"

"Well, I thought it would be more kind of ladylike to say I would have to have time to think. But I let him kiss me," said Ada, glowing as she relived the tender scene.

Jill found herself at a loss for what to say. Ada's whole demeanor made it clear that she detected a glamor in Horace Appleby which she herself had missed and, this being so, would it not be brutal to disillusion her? She knew from her own experience what it was like to love a man and be disillusioned.

On the other hand, could she conscientiously allow her to walk unwarned into an alliance which might quite easily be interrupted at an early stage by the arrival of inspectors come to take the bridegroom off to Brixton or Pentonville or some other of England's houses of detention?

She decided that she could not. Better for the poor girl to be disillusioned now. But as words were still hard to find, she edged into the subject with a question: "Did he tell you how he happened

FUNNY LADY

BY PAMELA BROWN

WE first saw her at the church garden fete, in the Kentish village of Wittering. It was a heavy August day, and we walked slowly round the stalls, partly because of the heat, and partly because I was in an advanced stage of pregnancy, awaiting the arrival of my second child.

"Oh, look, John!" I cried, pointing her out to my husband, "Isn't she beautiful?"

"Who? Where? Oh, that—"

He did not seem to share my enthusiasm.

"Oh, can I have her? She's only seven-and-six—"

"But what on earth would you do with it?" he queried, "You're not that shape even normally."

She was standing by the side of the junk stall, an old-fashioned dressmaker's dummy, covered in plum-colored satin, with a full bust, tiny waist, and elegantly curving hips, mounted on a mahogany stand.

"I know just what I'd do with her!" I told him, "I saw it in a magazine. I'd put her in the bedroom to hang my jewellery on."

Anxious to humor me in these last trying days, he bought her for me.

"Only seven-and-six-pence!" beamed the spinsterly lady in pince-nez who was attending the stall.

John carried it to the car, and I chatted happily as we drove back to our cottage, where Mandy, our four-year-old daughter, was waiting for us, with the Spanish *au pair* girl, Carmen.

Mandy was doubtful about my purchase. When the dummy was ensconced in our bedroom, and I had found a length of turquoise silk and draped it round her artistically, Mandy surveyed her suspiciously.

"She's a very funny lady," she observed, "She hasn't got a head."

"She doesn't need one," I said, explaining what she had been used for originally.

"And now she can wear my necklaces like this, and my brooches — like this —"

I pinned them across her silken-covered bosom. "Look how lovely my little Chinese dagger brooch is, here on her shoulder—"

But Mandy said, "I don't like her. She's a very funny lady, and not at all nice," and stalked out of the room.

However, Mandy's remarks stayed in my mind and unsettled me during the ensuing days. I told myself it was my condition making me nervous.

Several times when I entered my room, the presence of Funny Lady took me by surprise, and I jumped as if I had encountered another person unexpectedly. John found the same, and kept saying, "That wretched thing gives me the willies—"

Then all other considerations were forgotten in the need to telephone for the ambulance to take me to the County Hospital. It was a boy, called Jonathan, and in the two weeks spent away from home I was entirely taken up with the needs of my new red-faced bawling son, and arrangements for our return to the cottage. Mandy was still sleeping in a wooden cot, which she had almost out-grown, and was thrilled to hear that soon Jona-

than would inherit it, and she was going to have a new grown-up bed." But for the time being Jonathan would sleep in a carry-cot in our room.

At last the day arrived to bring him home. Carmen and Mandy were standing beaming on the door-step to greet us. Mandy looked critically at her brother and said, "Yes, he looks quite a nice boy."

Carmen could not wait to hold him and rock him and cover him with kisses, calling him "*guapito*." It was all I could do to detach him from her to take him to the carry-cot in our room. As I opened the door I received a shock that nearly made me drop him. I had forgotten Funny Lady.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, then laughed, though rather shaken, "I had forgotten — her —"

"There isn't really room for her with the cot," said John. "Couldn't you put her out while we've got him in here?"

"No, no — Just move her a little further over. Mind — the pedestal is a bit rocky."

"I'm fed up with her!" said John. "She's all I've had for company in the past two weeks. For heaven's sake put that baby down and kiss me."

We sat late over the tea-table and I was so happy to be home that momentarily I forgot about Jonathan. When I heard a thin wail from above, I leaped from the table and up the narrow stairs.

"No, no, senora — I will go —"

But Carmen was too late. I was already at the bedroom door, my heart thumping in my mouth. As I opened the door I saw Funny Lady keeling over, as if in slow motion, on top of the carry-cot on its stand. The little silver dagger on her shoulder was inexplicably unsheathed.

I do not remember moving across the room, nor crying out, but I must have done so, for it brought the rest of the family flying up the stairs to find me clutching Jonathan to me and sobbing, while Funny Lady lay in disarray on the floor.

I tried to describe what had happened, while Jonathan cried loudly in alarm.

Mandy walked away as her mother put the jewellery around the dummy's neck.



"It was the breeze from that open window," said John angrily, as he closed it, "and I told you it was not safe to have her there. I'll put her out in the woodshed."

Mandy watched with interest as her father took off Funny Lady's decorations and carried her unceremoniously down the stairs.

A few days later we took her to the Parish Jumble Sale. Strangely enough the same maiden lady in pince-nez was accepting all the incoming goods that were being donated. She seemed to recognise us.

"Oh, you've brought her back."

"Yes," I said. "We haven't got room, with the new baby, you know."

We chatted about the baby and John and Mandy wandered off to look at the stalls.

"Tell me," I inquired suddenly. "Where did that dressmaker's dummy come from? Do you know?"

"Indeed I do. It's been in and out of our jumble sales for years. Nobody seems to keep it for long. Originally it came from Wittering Hall, the big old house outside the village that's nearly in ruins now. You know the story, of course? About the governess? There was a family there with several young children, and they had a governess who was an absolute treasure. Then one day the poor creature went out of her mind, and stabbed all four of her charges."

"With a Chinese dagger?" I asked.

"Oh, you do know the story, then! After that, the poor parents moved away and the furniture and everything was sold up, and the house has just fallen into rack and ruin. They say hereabouts that it's haunted, of course. But — well, it doesn't do to be superstitious."

She turned to look at Funny Lady.

"She's getting a little the worse for wear, I think."

"Yes," I confessed. "She — had a fall. I think the pedestal is a little rocky."

"Hm! I wonder — there's a lot of very good wood there. I think it's time she was relegated to the firewood stall. What do you think?"

"I think it would be a very good idea," I said, with a sigh of relief.

(Copyright)

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THE PEOPLE who pull the strings are the life behind the puppets. From left are Joy Economos, Peter Oldham, Barry Paget, James Ridewood, and Graeme Mathieson, the senior puppeteer. The puppeteers work from a platform nine feet above the stage.

THEY'VE GOT THE ACTORS ON A STRING

By SALLY WHITE

● These fascinating marionettes are the "actors" in an imaginative story of exploration into the vast, unknown interior of Australia.

WHEN the lights are dimmed, the performance is over and the audience has trailed, chattering, from the theatre, some of the cast go home. But most of them stay—for the theatre is their home, day and night.

They are the 80 puppets which are touring Australia in "The Explorers," the latest production of the Marionette Theatre of Australia. This is the newest adventure of Peter Scriven's "Tintookies."

"The Explorers" is a fantasy about a great Australian exploration race. The competitors are Cap'n Cat Pirate (retired), who claims Australia's centre is an inland sea, and Colonel Pooh-dell, who believes it is an English garden of hollyhocks.

Off stage, the marionettes hang from hooks in long rows like carcasses in a butcher's shop. On stage, they cavort about, brought to life by the skill of seven puppeteers.

The Marionette Theatre of Australia was formed in 1965 by the Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust and the Arts Council of Australia.

It arose from two prior companies—Peter Scriven Productions, which introduced the famous "Tintookies" to Australian audiences in 1956, and the Trust-sponsored Australian Marionette Theatre, which began in 1962 under the direction of Polish-born puppeteer Igor Hychka.

PRINCIPAL cast-members of "The Explorers" pose for a Victorian portrait against a map of the unknown Australian continent. Cap'n Cat, the villain, is seated on the left at the feet of the expedition's leader, Colonel Pooh-dell.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 25, 1968





ARCHIBALD, the compass, points the way as Colonel Pooh-dell's expedition leaves Melbourne, above. The colonel rides Mustafa, the camel, whose hump contains the water supply. His servant, Clancy, leads the baggage carrier Maureen.

"SAVAGES." When the explorers set out on their journey they are warned that the centre of Australia may contain vicious savages. That is the theory of one of the aspiring explorers, Professor Goatezki, an anthropologist. (Picture at right.)

The theatre's puppeteers are Joy Economos, 21, Richard Godden, 25, Penny Hall, 27, Graeme Mathieson, 24, Peter Oldham, 24, Barry Paget, 24, and James Ridewood, 19. Penny and Graeme are the old-timers. Both have been with the company for three years.

In "The Explorers," Penny, a trained actress, also appears on stage as the narrator. It is the first time the puppets have shared the spotlight with a live actor, although the marionette voices are recorded by Australian actor Alastair Duncan.

Overseas tours

"The Explorers" premiered at Mittagong, N.S.W., in June. It recently completed a sell-out season in Melbourne and has appeared in Tasmania, New South Wales, and Victorian country areas, will be in Sydney from January 3 to January 25, at the Theatre Royal, and follow this with a two-week season in Newcastle.

Overseas tours are no novelty for the Marionette Theatre. Last year they toured 14 Asian countries in seven months.

The puppets proved cleverer than their masters — they spoke in 12 languages. (Scripts were sent to Australian Embassies in the various countries, translated, and recorded by local actors.)

The company found Asian audiences very different from those at home. Anthony Everingham, the manager, said two-thirds of the Asian audiences were adults.

"Australians have a general idea that puppets are like Punch and Judy shows, only for children," he said. "Only one-eighth of the audiences here are adult."

But the Marionette Theatre of Australia plans to change Australians' view of puppetry. It hopes to mount a full-scale adult production to go abroad again in 1970. The show will involve 200 puppets and 12 manipulators.

The theatre also has plans for a nativity play, and a revue with a dash of social and political satire.

The members of the Marionette Theatre are enthusiastic about the future. Anthony Everingham spoke for them all when he said the company must grow:

"Ten years ago, puppetry in Australia was technically very immature. Now we are improving all the time and are looking for a permanent home in Sydney.

"The great advantage of puppets is that they can do anything — fly, turn themselves inside out, and fall apart.

"But they still retain the immediacy of live theatre."

But the puppets of the Marionette Theatre of Australia won't fall apart for a long time. Each one is made to last ten years, although they require a lot of maintenance.

"We try to find time to retouch them every fortnight or so," Penny Hall said, "but it's an endless task, like painting the Sydney Harbor Bridge."

NEWS. When Colonel Pooh-dell's expedition gets lost, the Royal Society for Exploration gets worried. Narrator Penny Hall comforts the society's chairman, Mr. Jenkins, and Prof. Goatezki by reading a note sent by pigeon from the Colonel.



Pictures by Michael Coyne



LOVE AFFAIR



In the soft glow of the candlelight Ben and Iris looked at each other critically across the table.

IRIS had wanted everything to be exactly right. To have dinner go perfectly. It was the first time Ben had ever come to her apartment for dinner. And now, as they sat with coffee at the table by the window overlooking the lights of the city, she felt she had done well.

Seated across from her, Ben looked doubly handsome in the soft glow of candlelight. She felt she could speak frankly to him.

"Yesterday frightened me," she said. He nodded. "It was an incredible coincidence."

"We're driving along when suddenly a woman steps in front of your car," Iris recounted. "We almost ran her down. I can still picture her frightened look as she stared at us. And it had to turn out to be your wife. The shock would have been bad enough without it having to be her, but then I think that was how it happened. She was crossing when she recognised the car and halted to stare at us. That is why she was almost run down."

"She did pause," he admitted. "But she came out of nowhere in the first place. I'd have had a hard time avoiding her no matter what."

Iris was silent for a moment, studying him. "She seemed shocked to see you with another woman," she said. "Why should it come as such a surprise to her? It's not as if you aren't separated and planning a divorce."

"She's always been crazily jealous of me," he said.

"Even now?"

A smile played at his lips. "Even now." "I wouldn't have become so friendly with you if I hadn't accepted your word that it was all over with her."

"I know that."

"But when we went out to help her yesterday," she continued, "there was something odd in her manner. She seemed more startled to see you with me than to have just missed being run down."

"That was typical of her."

"She wouldn't allow us to take her anywhere. Claimed she was all right."

"She was," he said.

Iris frowned. "She was in a state of shock. I felt guilty about letting her go."

"It was what she wanted to do."

Iris agreed doubtfully. Then she gave him a searching look. "The whole business still haunts me."

He reached forward to take her hand across the table. "You're going to spoil what has been a wonderful evening."

She let him take her hand, but she was still disturbed. "I feel suddenly as if I don't know you at all, that you are a stranger to me. And you are in many ways. We've met and talked. I've heard about you from my friends, but only bits."

"I'd hoped you'd made up your mind about me," he said reproachfully.

"I thought I had. Until yesterday. Now I'm confused. I've heard Ruth's version of your marriage. And Gloria's. I'm not sure they had it right any more."

He laughed lightly. "I can't understand this mood of yours. Making so much over so little."

Her eyes met his in the flickering light of the candle. "I think I must hear it all from you," she said. "I mean everything. From the very beginning. I want your version of your marriage and why it failed. Then perhaps I'll understand."

"It will only bore you," he warned her. "And it's of no importance to us."

"Still, I'd like to hear your account of things. At least I can match it with what I've heard."

He released her hand and glanced out the window at the lights below. "I think you're being stupid about this."

He hesitated for a moment or two. Then he began his recital. The story of how he had met his wife. How she had at once fallen in love with him and of his decision to marry her even though he had several other attractive girls on the string.

"You were popular then as you are now," Iris commented.

He gave her a rueful smile. "I always have been. Can I help it?"

"No. I suppose not."

He picked up the story with his marriage and first years of married life. His wife had always been jealous of him. He had given in to her in the beginning and this had only made things worse. "I told her," he said, "that I would continue to have friends."

"I see," Iris said. "And then what?"

"There was no change. She was still unreasonably jealous. Every gesture on my part was misinterpreted."

"It was about that time you met Ruth," Iris said, recalling that her friend had stated she'd met Ben after he'd been married several years.

Ben smiled knowingly. "Yes. Ruth was crazy about me. I had a hard time getting rid of her. And, of course, my wife made a fuss all over again."

"Interesting to hear your story," Iris commented. She had heard it in quite a different fashion from Ruth. Her friend had said plainly that it was Ben who had made all the overtures, Ben who had neglected his wife to try to impress her.

"It was that way until the separation," he said. "I never knew a moment's happiness or security."

"And what about Gloria?" Iris asked, naming her other friend who had known Ben briefly.

"Gloria became infatuated with me when we met on a cruise," he said tolerantly. "But she wasn't my type."

"I gathered that," Iris said demurely. According to her friend Gloria, it was Ben who had pestered her all the time they were on the ship together.

"So that brings us up to date," he said. "And now it's you. You're the only one who counts."

"I'm sorry, Ben," she said sincerely. "Now I understand my confusion. I see things more clearly after hearing your version. It won't do. We're saying goodbye tonight."

"But why?" he asked, rising in protest.

"I can't risk it," she said. "Not against such a rival. I wouldn't dare intrude on your great affair with yourself!"

(Copyright)

By DAN ROSS

DO BUTLERS BURGLE BANKS?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

to come to the Hall? Was it to see Coleman?"

Ada shook her head. "No, it can't have been that, because he asked me who was the butler there because it might be a friend of his, and I said I'd heard Mr. Michael call him Coleman, and he said No, he had never met him. I suppose he just wanted to see the Hall, because I had been telling him how wonderful it was. And when he found Coleman was leaving he jumped at the chance of taking his place, because it would mean being near me. A fine bit of luck finding the situation open, he said."

Her eyes sparkled, there was ecstasy in her voice, and Jill's resolution for a moment wavered. But her unpleasant task had to be done.

"Ada," she said, "can you stand a shock?"

And after that words came easily. Jill pointed out how strange it was that Horace should have told her he was Coleman's cousin while telling Ada that he had never met him. She stressed the oddness of the coincidence that Horace should have established himself at Mal-low Hall owing to the sudden illness of the butler's father, and at Norton Court owing to the sudden illness of the father of the butler there.

Significant, she said, that only a short while after his arrival at Norton Court a thief by night should have removed the famous Finch pearls, knowing exactly where to look for them. She finished by saying that a girl of Ada's intelligence could draw her own conclusions.

And it was plain from her reaction that Ada had done so. She did not speak, but she grew paler and paler as the tale proceeded. When it was done, she rose from her chair.

"I think I'll be going," she said, and Jill was left alone, feeling like a mean-souled murderess.

Shortly after breakfast on the following morning, Horace Appleby was far from being at his spiritual peak. Ever since he had taken in the early post and read the letter addressed to him in a round female hand, his air was that of a man who has received a painful blow.

A totally unforeseen blow, moreover. Admittedly Ada had said she would like time to think over his proposal, but it had never occurred to him for an instant that this was anything but a maidenly modesty, of which he thoroughly approved.

Certainly her manner when he had spoken those tender words had not been that of a girl who was planning to reject addresses. And now this. Moreover, she gave no reasons, offered no explanations.

Horace was brooding bitterly on the subject of women, when Ivy showed Ferdie into the pantry. Horace stared at him, astonished.

"Ferdie," he cried, "what are you doing here?"

"We're all here, guv'nor, all the boys. We thought we ought to be on the spot in case you wanted us immediately."

"Something in that," Horace agreed. "As a matter of fact I was going to phone you to be ready for action. Where are you?"

"At a pub in the town. King's Head it calls itself."

"Who's there beside you?"

"Smithy, and Frank. Basher's coming tomorrow."

"Frank? Who's Frank?"

"Pal of Smithy's."

"Never heard of him."

"He's only just over in England."

"Not another Yank?"

"Well, yes, guv'nor," said Ferdie apologetically. "But he's not like Charlie. He knows he mustn't carry a gun."

"Reliable, you think?"

"Smithy says so."

"Well, that's all right, then. We can go ahead. You've seen the bank?"

"Took a look at it yesterday. I could climb up it with my arm in a sling."

"Then as soon as you have removed yourself I shall take a gun from the gunroom and go out and blow a hole through one of the hall windows."

Ferdie's brow wrinkled. He knew that any action of the guv'nor's must be for the best, but this one perplexed him.

"Where does that get us, guv'?" he asked, and Horace smiled indulgently.

"What happens, my dear Ferdie, when I report to the police that somebody has been shooting off guns at the windows of the most important house in the neighborhood? They come up to inquire, and they go away assuring the proprietor that they will watch the situation closely. And when it happens again—"

"It happens again, guv'?"

"Certainly. That first shot is merely to make them take an interest. The next time, every officer on the strength comes and stands guard all night, I should say. And it happens to be the night when we get to work on the bank."

"Coo," said Ferdie. He saw how foolish it had been to question this great man's bizarre-seeming move. "But now, Ferdie," said Horace, as a bell tinkled, "I fear I must leave you. That's Mr. Bond ringing from the study."

Mike came out of the study as Horace reached it, and at the same moment Jill, who had been descending the stairs, stopped abruptly and stood looking down at him. Her heart, as always when she saw him unexpectedly, appeared to have suspended its functions.

"Oh, Appleby," said Mike, "I'm expecting the bank trustees this morning. When they come, show them into the study. One's General Featherstone, the other's Mr. Mortlake."

"General Featherstone and Mr. Mortlake, very good, sir."

"I ought to be back before they arrive, but if I'm not, tell them I had to go to the

bank to get some papers and ask them to wait."

"Very good, sir."

"And put out a bottle of champagne. It's a bit early, but they'll probably need it," said Mike, with a hollow laugh as he made for the front door. And as he slammed it behind him Jill came to a sudden decision.

Ada's theory that some business worry was responsible for the change in Mike had not made a great impression on her, but when it was supported by Miss Bond, for whose intelligence she had considerable respect, it had gained noticeably in plausibility.

Now those words "I'm expecting the bank trustees" seemed to her to tell the story. And that parting remark of Mike's about the champagne. "They'll probably need it," he said, with a hollow laugh. If this did not foreshadow a crisis calculated to make the flesh creep, it was difficult to see what it did foreshadow.

An overwhelming desire to be present at the forthcoming conference gripped her, and most fortunately this could quite easily be arranged, thanks to the large cupboard which was one of the features of Sir Hugo Bond's study.

Two minutes after the front door had closed and Horace had returned to his pantry she was inside it, admirably situated for hearing all that there might be to hear. And ten minutes after that, the door opened and Horace ushered in the visitors.

JILL had never met General Sir Frederick Featherstone or his colleague Augustus Mortlake, but they were familiar to her through Miss Bond, who had drawn a particularly unflattering picture of both. According to her — she was addicted to old-world phrases — the General was a guffin and Gussie Mortlake something even lower in the intellectual scale — a gaby, and why her brother Hugo had ever appointed them trustees of the bank she was unable to imagine.

Their conversation as they seated themselves rather bore out her critique. The General was the first to speak. He was one of those tall, lean, stringy, white-moustached ex-officers so common in the upper echelons of the Army of Great Britain. In age he was approaching the seventies. His colleague, Gussie Mortlake, also tall, but inclining to stoutness, was in his late thirties.

"Why are you wearing riding breeches, Augustus?"

"Been riding."

"Ah," said the General. "I used to ride a good deal when I was younger."

They relapsed into a meditative silence, which was broken by the entrance of Horace, carrying the bottle of champagne on a salver. He placed it on the table and withdrew, whereupon both trustees became simultaneously animated.

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what's so
original
about
giving scotch?



Scottish Cream



As I read THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Dec. 18

ARIES: March 21-April 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky days, Thursday, Monday.
★ Apart from the 19th, it's a clear run until Christmas Day, with perhaps a spot of muddle a.m. on the 23rd. The 19th is edgy and you could make the wrong decisions. Don't blast off, but sit on the pad. It's the only poor day.

TAURUS: April 21-May 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, blue, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Tuesday.
★ Fortunately the stars decide to get nasty on only the one day, the 19th, so you can enjoy a happy Christmas. A generous friend could help — perhaps a long-cherished wish comes true. Anyway, postpone important decisions on that upsetting 19th.

GEMINI: May 21-June 21

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Saturday, Monday.
★ Even your quickness on the mental draw could let you down 19th, especially in affairs of the heart. Cupid is in a capricious humor and there could be a spat with friend and/or lover. Otherwise, a happy Christmas.

CANCER: June 22-July 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.
★ If you treat the 19th with care, there's no reason why you can't enjoy a happy Christmas Day. On the 19th there could be trouble with a querulous marriage mate, or some brouhaha concerning career and status.

LEO: July 23-August 22

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ All's well until Christmas Day — except the 19th, which could prove tense and erratic. You might have to avoid rash decisions and over-confidence, hence take care on the road. Romance blossoms and blooms, and nice things happen to career and status.

VIRGO: August 23-September 23

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
★ You should enjoy one of the most relaxed festive seasons for years. As well, there's scope for money-making and business expansion, excepting 19th, when you could lose money — and a lover, or, at least, an admirer. Zip the purse.

LIBRA: September 24-October 23

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ Big and important changes for many — a new look on life, especially for the 23rd-30th segment. There's scope galore for expansion, so push yourself and cash in on that charm. A pleasant Christmas is coming up, but 19th is cranky.

SCORPIO: October 24-November 22

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, red, gold. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
★ It's a case of all systems go-go, so you can get into a happy orbit for Christmas Day. Trouble comes early and can be got over and done with. The 19th is a bodgy day, when you'll have to be more than usually road-wary. Maybe muddle, a.m. 23rd.

SAGITTARIUS: November 23-December 21

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, red, tan. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.
★ It's the last phase of your get-up-and-go-go cycle, and it's mostly good. The 19th is the only fly in the ointment. It's bad for finance, especially for domestic money matters — no good for fresh TP deals. However, Christmas Day should be happily celebrated.

CAPRICORN: December 22-January 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Saturday, Monday.
★ On the 22nd you begin your swinging cycle — time to forge ahead and find and develop opportunities. You're helped by a thinking planet as well, so it's good to plan. The 19th is allergic to new projects, and there could be upset in the personal life. Christmas Day is mostly good.

AQUARIUS: January 21-February 19

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.
★ A pleasant summer zephyr blows through personal affairs and helps make the environment more pleasant. The 19th is an upsetting day — it's allergic to calm thinking. From then on it's a clearway to a Merry Christmas.

PISCES: February 20-March 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, lilac, blue. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.
★ It all points to a pleasant, happy Christmas, one especially to suit your jovial temperament. However, the week is not trouble-free, but the heat is on early — on the 19th. There could be a little strife at home, or with loved ones, but it quickly passes.

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gently, but those are the facts."

The General, who had been spluttering like a motor-car trying to mount a hill beyond its powers, contrived to get his vocal cords into some sort of order.

"But it's impossible! It's incredible! Bond's Bank has always been like the Bank of England."

"Till fairly recently," said Mike.

The General fixed him with the formidable stare which had so often struck terror into erring members of his staff.

"Michael! Does this mean that you have been playing tricks with the bank's money?"

"Yes, I'm sorry to say. I was in a difficult position, and the only way out was to gamble. With the unfortunate result that we are now in serious trouble."

"We? I fail to understand you," said the General. "Augustus here and I are

Mike smiled a twisted smile.

"I doubt it," he said. "You see, he was responsible for the whole trouble. I merely inherited his tangle of frauds."

"What!"

"I can't make it plainer." The General appeared to be having difficulty in breathing, and it was left to Gussie to comment on this statement.

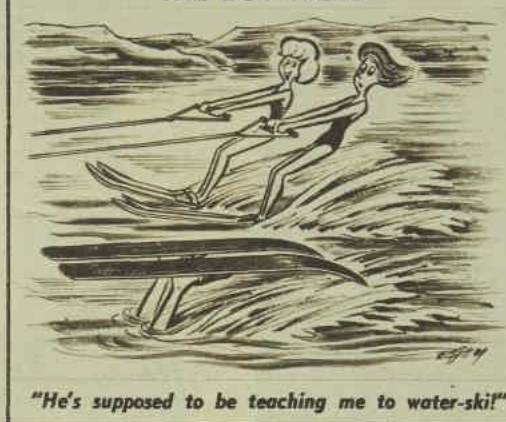
"Are you telling us that old Hugo was an embezzler?"

"On an impressive scale. If you recall, he always did everything in a big way. When I succeeded him, I found the bank's affairs in a state you could only describe as chaotic. Uncle Hugo must have been dipping into the till for years."

"So that's how he paid for all those hospitals and libraries!"

"That's how." "Well, I'll be damned!"

THE BOYFRIEND



not involved in your rascally speculations."

"Of course we're not," said Gussie. "I shall resign at once."

"I, too," said the General. "If you've landed yourself in the soup, it's nothing to do with us."

"Exactly," Mike said. "It's too late to talk of resigning."

"Too late?" "As trustees you were supposed to keep watch over the trust funds and estates in the bank's care. You found this boring and fell into the disastrous practice of signing papers without reading them."

There was a long silence. Both trustees were uncomfortably aware that this was precisely what they had done. Their thoughts had always been on the stipends they received rather than on the duties which were supposed to earn them.

"So you see you are quite deeply involved in what you call my rascally speculations."

There was another long silence. Gussie was the first to break it.

"Bond," he said, "you are an unmitigated scoundrel."

"I would never have thought it of you," said the General. "We trusted you, trusted you implicitly. It's enough to make poor old Hugo turn in his grave."

"We shall all be, I'm afraid. He has seen to that."

The General spoke in a low rumbling voice, quite unlike his usual decisive tones.

"Old Hugo! I can't believe it. He was the most popular man in the county. We put him on a pedestal. There wasn't a dry eye at his funeral. Last fellow in the world you'd have thought... Whatever made him do it?"

"I think I can tell you that," said Mike. "What Gussie was saying. All those hospitals and libraries. Popularity went to his head, and the way to retain that universal esteem was to go on being Wellington's Lord Bountiful. I suppose he started in a perfectly straightforward way by using his own money, and when that ran out he either had to stop being a guardian angel or use other people's."

"Then the bank was insolvent when you took it on?"

"It was." "And you didn't say a word!"

"How could I after that funeral? The whole town had gone into mourning, everyone was telling everyone that there had never been anyone like him... what a noble soul... what a big-hearted benefactor? Did you expect me to stand up and say, 'You're all wrong,

chaps. The man was a crook and a swindler? I couldn't do it. Besides, when you're running a bank, you don't shout from the house tops that it's short two hundred thousand pounds."

"Two hundred thousand?" "That was the figure when Uncle Hugo died. Two hundred and eight thousand pounds, nineteen shillings, and sixpence, to be exact. My gambles got it down to a hundred thousand, but some of them went wrong."

The General clutched his forehead.

"Ruin!" he said. "Ruin!" "Of course, there is a simple way by which the deficit can be made up," said Mike. "My insurance."

Gussie started. "Are you really insured for as much as that?"

"For that exact sum. Uncle Hugo arranged it."

The General drew a deep breath.

"Bless my soul, what a relief!"

"I don't see why," said Gussie. "It may be years before Mike kicks the bucket."

"Unless—"

Gussie brightened visibly. "I think I see what you're driving at, General. You mean, of course—?"

"Exactly."

"If he would—"

Mike felt obliged to intervene.

"Before proceeding further, may I say that my life is insured for five thousand pounds."

"But you said you were insured for—"

"I was not referring to my life insurance. The policy Uncle Hugo took out for me was different. I get the money if someone injures me with intent to kill, as the legal expression is."

"Don't be funny."

"I'm not even trying to be. Uncle Hugo said he was doing it just in case some disgruntled depositor tried to rub me out after he had gone to Heaven or wherever he expected to go. I didn't know what he meant then. I do now."

Gussie was fingering his chin reflectively.

"It's a thought," he said. "A damned silly thought," the General boomed disgustedly. "You'd get ten years for doing a thing like that. And cut by the county when you came out."

Mike continued to try to be helpful.

"No need to do it yourselves. You could farm the job out to a gunman who had had a bad season. There must be some of them around who would be glad to earn an honest penny."

"Pah!" said the General.

"Well, I'm afraid I've nothing else to suggest," said Mike. "And now, I think, as we have cleared everything up, I'll see you out. You both must be wanting a little fresh air."

As they went out Jill came out of her cupboard. And it shows how universal is the tendency of woman to ignore essentials and put first things first that her only feeling was of exhilaration and relief. So that, she was telling herself, was the real explanation of the chill that had crept into their relations. Not any cooling of ardor on Mike's side, he had simply been preoccupied because

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he was ruined, as if that mattered.

When Mike, having said goodbye to the despondent trustees, returned to the study, she flung herself into his arms with an "Oh, Mike, Mike, Mike!" and clung to him as if they had been two survivors of a shipwreck who have found themselves safe on a desert island.

Mike's first heady feeling that something along these lines was what he had been yearning for ever since they had met lasted but a brief moment. Conscience whispered that it was all wrong, that it was precisely this sort of thing that he had been for weeks at such pains to avoid.

"No!" he said. "We mustn't."

"But, Mike!"

"No!"

Jill laughed happily. "Are you going to pretend you don't love me? Do you remember a morning when we were in here and Coleman came in to say someone had called to see you?"

"I've not forgotten."

"Do you deny that if that fool of a butler had not butted in you were going to ask me to marry you?"

"I don't."

"Then perhaps the trouble is that you think I don't reciprocate — if that's the word — your sentiments. Surely by this time you must have got an inkling of how I feel. Anyway, I'll put you straight on that point. Mike, will you marry me? And for goodness' sake don't tell me we can't get married because the bank's going to collapse. What does it matter if it does?"

Mike started. "You know?"

"Of course I know. I was in the cupboard. And I'll tell you why. Because I was hoping to find out what it was that had been worrying you all this time and making you behave as if we were distant acquaintances and you were trying to increase the distance. Why couldn't you have told me? I can't believe you thought it would make any difference if I knew you were going broke. I love you because you're you, and money doesn't enter into it. I don't care if you haven't a penny. We'll manage somehow."

Mike's face was twisted. He spoke with difficulty.

"Jill," he said. "I'm afraid it's worse than not having a penny."

"What do you mean?"

"It's no good trying to break it gently. In a few weeks I shall almost certainly be in prison."

"Mike!" Jill's cry was almost a scream. "You can't be!"

"I don't see what else can

happen. You heard what I told those two men. About my efforts to get the bank out of its mess. Some were successful, but some failed, and it's the failures that send one to jail. I gambled, and bankers aren't allowed to gamble with the depositors' money. If it comes off, fine. If it doesn't, it's called embezzling. I hate having to tell you, but you can't marry a man who's going to prison."

"I can't!"

"Well, you aren't going to, my darling. I won't let you."

Jill said in a choked voice: "Is there no hope?"

"I can't see any. I had a big financier to lunch yesterday. I thought he might lend me enough to see me through, but he wouldn't. No, unless some kindly burglar takes it into his head to burgle the bank before the examiners arrive, I'm for it."

Jill looked at him, perplexed.

"I don't understand. Would that help?"

"It would solve everything. If somebody broke into the bank and removed a lot of money, how would the examiners know how much had been taken? But as that hasn't happened in the last hundred and forty years, it's hardly likely to happen now. I was just indulging in wishful thinking. Well, I suppose it's back to the salt mines for me," he added, "though there doesn't seem much point in going there now. See you when I get back, my darling."

Mike started. "You know?"

Jill heard Mike's car drive off, and long after it had gone she sat thinking. Then she went to telephone Ada at the bank.

"Ada? Jill. I've got to see you. Can you get away?"

"Well, I don't know. Mr. Michael's just come in and we're doing the mail."

"But after that?"

"I suppose I could slip out for a few minutes."

"Then slip, and meet me at the Copper Kettle."

At this hour of the day only a sprinkling of the Copper Kettle's patrons were present, and Jill was enabled to place the facts relating to Bond's Bank before Ada without fear of being overheard. As she did so, the thought crossed her mind that she seemed to be doing little else these days but sit in the Copper Kettle ruining her friend's happiness with bad news.

Ada's was a stolid rather than an expressive countenance, but it was not long

before it was registering amazement, shock, dismay, horror, and a number of other emotions. The one emotion it did not register was incredulity.

"I knew Mr. Michael was worried about something," she said. "He wouldn't have stopped saying nice things about my buns if he hadn't been. That Sir Hugo! Swanking about with his hospitals and libraries, and all the time he knew what a hole he was leaving Mr. Michael and the bank and all of us in. And nothing to be done about it!"

"No, there you're wrong. There is something we can do."

"I don't see what."

"Tell me, Ada," Jill said slowly, "what happens at the bank when Mike wants something out of that big safe? Does he tell you to go and get it?"

"Unless he goes himself."

"So you know the combination?"

"Of course."

"Then that's all right. We can go ahead."

"Go ahead?"

"Yes. You and I are going to burgle the bank."

"What did you say?"

Ada sounded dazed.

"I know you think I'm crazy," Jill said, "but when I've explained you'll see it's the only thing to be done, and you'll realise what it means to me to do it. You see, Mike and I are going to be married."

"But you told me you didn't like him."

"Just a slip of the tongue."

"And you're really going to be married?"

"Yes. Or, rather, no. You see, he says the bank's done for and he's going to prison because they'll say it was his fault, so we can't get married because it wouldn't be fair on me."

"Prison? Going to prison?"

"He says he's bound to unless someone burgles the bank. It's quite simple, really. If we go there and you open the safe and we take a lot of money out and hide it somewhere, the examiners won't be able to tell how much there was originally, so, of course, they won't know there was a shortage and everything will be fine, because eventually all the money the bank's short of will be paid back because Mike's so clever that he only needs time. So you will co-operate, won't you, ducky?"

She sat back, gazing at Ada appealingly, and her heart leaped at what she saw. Into Ada's face had come the sort of look Joan of Arc might have worn when

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

Symbols of Christmas

● Although the northern hemisphere's holly and conifers are accepted as symbolic of Christmas, Australia has its own decorative Christmas bushes.

By ALLAN SEALE

AS no Australian plant which blooms at Christmas grows naturally throughout the country, different areas have their own kind of Christmas bush.

The N.S.W. CHRISTMAS BUSH, *Ceratopetalum gummiferum*, abounded in the hills around Sydney Cove, and apart from the red jackets of the soldiers would have been the only color in the Christmas landscape in those austere days of the early settlement. Little wonder that it became such a significant Christmas symbol.

It does not occur naturally or grow easily west of the Dividing Range, preferring acid-soil sandstone country and relatively high humidity.

It can be established in heavier, clayey loams if a bucket or two of rubble and sand are dug into the planting area, and if after planting a lot of leafmould is worked into the surface soil. Plant when the soil is just damp

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NUYTSIA, one of Australia's most spectacular native trees.

Picture by Mr. Vincent Serventy, of Hunters Hill, N.S.W.

and well broken up. Only water after the leafmould mulch has been applied, so preventing heavy soil from losing texture, and caking.

This Christmas bush needs plenty of water from August on, after flower buds form and during the white-flowering period. The red bush is really the seed pod and red bracts that follow the creamy white flower.

Results are best the following year if the trees are pruned back soon after Christmas, before new growth starts. Prune as you would when cutting the bush, leaving about 2in. of the stem or new wood. Feeding and plenty of water immediately after pruning helps. Use blood and bone, or, better, one of the organic-based camellia and azalea foods. Rejuvenate old trees by cutting within a few feet of the ground — but there may be no flower for several years.

CHRISTMAS BELLS (*Blandfordia*). These gay red-and-yellow bells are seen in parts of Queensland and other eastern States, growing profusely in moist or even swampy areas along coast and lower tablelands.

They will grow in the garden, given a fairly light, deep loam and reasonable water. Flowers are more plentiful in at least half sun.

Christmas bells are grown from seed sown in vermiculite-type seed-raising mixture or equal parts of peatmoss and sand. Germination may take several months. Also, you can divide clumps carefully in late autumn or winter.

VICTORIAN CHRISTMAS BUSH, *Prostanthera lasiantha*, is a native mint bush, with masses of purple-throated or white-flushed pink flowers and slender, mint-scented foliage. Grows to about 12ft. Found naturally in the moist, cool gullies of Victoria and the eastern coast of Australia.

In the garden it needs a good supply of moisture and a well-drained soil. In heavier loams, prepare as for N.S.W. Christmas bush. Choose a position where the soil won't be disturbed; use leafmould against weed growth, surface caking. Prune lightly after flowering.

Propagate by tip-cutting in late summer, after new growth hardens.

TASMANIAN CHRISTMAS BUSH (also a Christmas flower of South Australia) is *Bursaria spinosa*, also known as boxthorn and blackthorn, as it has sharp spines. In early summer the shrub is covered with tiny, creamy, fragrant flowers. It grows almost anywhere, but prefers heavier loam.

A member of the Pittosporum family, it is subject to white wax scale, and subsequent sooty mould fungus.

WESTERN AUSTRALIAN CHRISTMAS BUSH, *Nuytsia floribunda*, has flowers in brilliant, deep orange brushes which cover the tree. Although apparently free standing, it is one of the mistletoes, and is parasitic on the roots of neighboring trees, and so is difficult

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to cultivate. In nature it spreads more by underground suckers than by seed.

NEW ZEALAND CHRISTMAS BUSH, *Metrosideros excelsa*, or pohutukawa, is a handsome tree with dense, leathery green foliage and a canopy of dark red, silky-stamened flowers at Christmas. It makes a dense, dome-shaped tree, reaching 40ft., but usually is more squat in exposed areas. It is extremely resistant to salt spray.

The juvenile foliage is frost tender, but mature plants are resistant to all but the heaviest frost. In cold districts, cover for the first few winters.

HOLLY, *Ilex aquifolium*, the traditional European holly with large, dark green, glossy, spiny foliage. In cool climates the female plants produce winter berries — Christmastime in the northern hemisphere. Garden stores in Australia sometimes sell plants at Christmas with red plastic berries added.

There are also variegated forms of this holly, blotched with gold or white. Some of these also carry berries, but others are only male varieties. Holly grows in mild to warm areas as well as cold. Berry performance is better in the cold. Growth is slow.

Hollies are happy in most garden soils in sun or shade, and make nice container specimens. Watch out if hand cultivating; the dead leaves keep their sharp spines for a long time.

Black smut on the foliage means scale pests; spray with white oil, 4 tablespoons to a gallon of water. This will also intensify foliage gloss.

CHRISTMAS TREES. Northern hemisphere spruces are delightful, but too slow and unsuitable to grow for Christmas trees in Australia, except perhaps in cooler areas. Here, the green Norway spruce, *Picea abies*, is best choice. They make beautiful tub specimens, and can come indoors for a week or so at Christmas.

In warmer climates, the NORFOLK ISLAND PINE, *Arucaria excelsa*, makes an attractive Christmas tree. In its young stages it has the symmetrical Christmas-tree character. In the open ground it may reach 100ft.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



ordering her army to advance.

"When do we start?" said Ada.

In a grubby little room in the grubby little building with the word "Police" over its door, Superintendent Jessop of the Wellington constabulary was playing chess with his brother-in-law, Sergeant Claude Potter, of Scotland Yard.

Superintendent Jessop was extremely fond of his wife, to whom he had been happily married for many years, and on most subjects they were in complete agreement, but he was unable to share her affection for her brother, Claude. It was with a sinking heart that he had received from her the information that Claude was to spend his vacation at their home.

His brother-in-law's manner toward him, supercilious and patronising, made him ill at ease and resentful. In his presence he ceased to be the man of considerable importance in the community that he was and became what his relative by marriage not infrequently called him, a country copper.

It would not have been so bad, he sometimes felt, if Claude had been the vivid young man he looked and so could have been despised, but he was reluctantly compelled to admit that he had brains, and those of a superior order. Nor could he deny that his conversation was interesting. He had punctuated their game with tales of life at the Yard, and the Superintendent gave a little sigh of envy.

"You've got the right job, Claude. Something doing all the time. Nothing ever happens here."

Claude chuckled. "Don't you be too sure."

"What do you mean?"

"Mate," said Claude, and the Superintendent, ruefully eyeing the board, agreed that this was so.

"You're too good for me, Claude."

"Just a matter of using one's brain."

"I suppose so. But what did you mean about not being too sure?"

Claude stroked his small moustache. "Did I ever mention a man called Yost to you?"

"I don't think so. Who is he?"

"A Chicago gunman and safeflower. They cabled us from New York that he was over here, and we had him in for questioning on a job down Wimbledon way, but there was no evidence and we had to let him go. He's in Wellington."

"You don't say!"

"Saw him at the pictures last night. He was in the row in front of me."

"But what would a fellow like that be doing here?"

"Exactly what I asked myself. Then I remembered you saying what a prosperous concern the bank here was, and I realised that he must have his eye on it."

The Superintendent gasped. A Wellington man from birth, he had been taught to revere Bond's Bank from his earliest days. The idea of any lawbreaker, even one hailing from Chicago, where ethical codes are notoriously lax, violating its sanctity deprived him of speech.

"You wouldn't think an

American like Yost would have heard of it, but somebody must have told him and he decided it was worth looking into. So you aren't going to find life as quiet as you thought."

"Are you sure he was the man you saw?"

"Certain."

"They ought never to have let a man like that into the country."

"Couldn't keep him out. His passport was in order."

"Then they ought to deport him."

"They probably will if he doesn't behave himself. But in the meantime be on the look out, and if he comes

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



your way be careful, because he's known to carry a gun. Well, I'll be getting along."

"Won't you have another game?"

"What's the use? I should only beat you. Besides, it's time I took my morning stroll. Got to give the girls a treat," said the Sergeant, stroking his moustache.

He sauntered out, and the Superintendent fell into a reverie. He was roused from it by the ringing of the telephone.

"Yus?" he said. "Oh, hullo, Mr. Appleby," he added, recognising the voice of a respected acquaintance. "A what? . . . Somebody's shot a hole in one of your windows?"

Good gracious. Must have given you a nasty start. And only just now I was saying that nothing ever happens in Wellington. I'll be right up, Mr. Appleby."

Horace was soothing Ivy when the Superintendent arrived, for Ivy, unaccustomed to gun play except on the television screen, had reacted with considerable emotion to shots through the windows. He took the visitor into the hall, his face grave, as in the circumstances was only to be expected.

"Thank you for being so prompt, Mr. Jessop," he said. "That's the window."

"Cool!" said the Superintendent, eyeing the damage. "He didn't half smash it, did he. You didn't happen to get a look at the fellow?"

"Strangely enough I did. I was passing through the hall at the time. I rushed out, of course."

"Unarmed?"

"One has to take a chance."

"Cool!"

"I was able to catch a glimpse as he ran away. Tall, red-headed man. I could not see his face, of course, his back being turned, but I saw enough to enable me to form a theory. Do you read the papers, Mr. Jessop?"

"I read the Mirror."

"Then you must have read of the escape of that man Moffat from Dartmoor."

DO BUTLERS BURGLE BANKS?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

"Yes, I saw that."

"I am convinced that Moffat was the man who fired that shot. I happened to be present at his trial, and I noticed his height and his red hair. I don't think we need look further, Mr. Jessop."

In the matter of following Horace's reasoning the Superintendent was handicapped by a thought process as sluggish as that of Ferdie the Fly.

"But Dartmoor's in Devonshire. What's this Moffat

superstitious man, and Ada's rejection of his suit, besides wounding his pride, had given him the uneasy feeling that his luck had at last turned.

He had, indeed, virtually decided to retire from business after the conclusion of the Bond's Bank job, for, after all, he was so rich that he did not need to work, but the Superintendent's ready acceptance of the Moffat-Armitage theory made him feel that it would be foolish to do such a thing when he

FOR THE CHILDREN

was so obviously at the summit of his form.

In fact, when the telephone rang he was convinced that this must be Ada ringing up to say she was sorry she had written those cruel words and could he ever forgive her.

It was not Ada, it was Ferdie the Fly.

"Ah, Ferdie," Horace said genially. "Has Basher arrived?"

"He's arrived, guv."

"Capital."

"No, guv, not so capital."

"What do you mean, Ferdie?"



"No, I'm afraid that won't do."

"You know what's happened to Basher?"

For the first time Horace became alarmed. Basher was the keystone on which his whole plan of campaign was based.

"He's not had an accident?"

"Then what do you mean something has happened to him?"

"He's retired."

"What?"

"That's right, guv. Retired from business. Packed it up. He's gone and got religion."

Horace gasped. The blow had been as severe as it was unexpected. From time to time, as happens to every leader of men, he had had difficulties with his little flock, but never before

because one of them had got religion.

"Happened yesterday, he tells me," said Ferdie. "He went to one of these revival meetings. Funny thing was, he'd only gone in to get out of the rain."

These Welshmen, Horace was thinking bitterly, you couldn't trust one of them. Take your eye off them for half a second and the next thing you knew they had sneaked round the corner and found salvation. No proper feeling, no sense of gratitude, all for their own selfish pleasures.

"Where is he?" he asked in a choking voice.

"Having a beer in the bar."

"Tell him to come here immediately. Tell him to take a cab."

In due course Basher appeared, looking larger than ever, and gave that musical greeting of his. It had no soothing effect on his erstwhile employer.

"What's all this nonsense, Basher?" he demanded.

Basher's massive calm remained undisturbed. "Nonsense, guv'nor?"

"Ferdie says you've got religion."

"That's right, guv," said Basher, and a stentorian

'Glory, glory' shot from him, nearly upsetting a vase containing lilies of the valley which stood on a side-table. His eyes rolled ceilingwards in a sort of ecstasy.

"Yes, guv'nor, I have seen the light, and, oh, the peace of it. I was a lost sheep, but I heard the shepherd calling to me and I'm back in the fold and everyone's not half pleased about it. The gentleman who made the principal address said there was more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-nine, I think it was he said, that didn't have

A forlorn feeling that he was not making progress came to Horace, but like a good general he knew how to adapt his strategy to conditions. It was plain that severity would be of no avail with this dedicated man. Persuasiveness might serve him better. When he spoke, it was with a tremolo in the voice.

"I'm shocked, Basher, shocked and pained," he said. "I would never have thought it. If anyone had told me that Llewellyn Evans of all men would let the side down, I'd have laughed."

He could scarcely have chosen a less fortunate method of approach. Basher reacted to the verb as if to a cue for which he had been waiting.

"Laugh, guv'nor? Did you say laugh? You'd laugh hearty enough if you'd see the light and lay the burden of your sins off of you, like me. You'd be as joyous as a little child. Laughing all the time I am, knowing that all those sinful acts of mine are behind me."

That forlorn feeling grew in Horace. But he continued to try.

"Basher, you're crazy. You can't give up a career like yours, wasting all your gifts. And think of the boys."

"What about the boys?"

"Their faith in you, Basher. They're trusting in you, relying on you. They're looking to you to help them clean up. They need the money."

"The wages of sin. They're better without it."

"I'll give you an extra cut," said Horace, and Basher shook his head sadly.

"I was expecting this, guv'nor," he said. "The principal address gentleman warned me that there'd be attempts made to get at me, but he told me he knew I'd be strong and staunch and scorn the tempter."

Emotion had caused Horace's bald head to turn pink. If at this moment he had been confronted with the gentleman who made the principal address, he would not have answered for the consequences. Once again his superstitious side had come uppermost, and he was thinking that this run of bad luck was too consistent to be ignored. First Ada, and now Basher.

"And what I came here for," said Basher, thrusting a hamlike hand into his trouser pocket and bringing it out with a substantial wad of banknotes in it, "was to restore my ill-gotten gains. I can't restore all of 'em, because I've spent 'em, but here's what's left."

So saying, he placed the money on the table and left Horace revising his former pessimistic views from the bottom up. His luck, he saw, was not out, as he had supposed. Starting to count this unexpected windfall, he felt that there were compensations for the loss of Ada and Basher. There must be hundreds of pounds in this parcel of notes, and he was a man who, despite his wealth, could always do with additional hundreds of pounds.

It was as he occupied himself with the congenial task of ascertaining the exact total of Basher's ill-gotten gains that the door opened and Ivy appeared.

"Another gentleman to see you, Mr. Appleby," said Ivy, and Charlie Yost walked into the pantry.

To be concluded

Battle ground(s)



LETTERS

• I think I understand why there are so many conflicts and misunderstandings among teenagers and their parents. When my parents criticise pop groups, modern gear, and teenage behaviour I usually flare up and protect my generation. But again, when they don't do this, and say they understand the behaviour patterns of today's young adults, I still find myself fighting them. I can fully comprehend why people say, "I'll NEVER understand them!"

— "TEEN," Fern Bay, N.S.W.

Thanksgiving

HAVING now finished exams, I thought I'd write in and express my thanks to my parents. They have put up with tiptoeing around the house and talking in whispers for weeks past. Most students take this for granted, but parents do a great job for us at exam time—even if it's just keeping out of our way while we study. — Robyn Guthbert, Greensborough, Vic.

One angle...

ALL through my early teenage life I was urged by my parents to continue my studies to sixth form. I have now completed my Higher School Certificate, with two months to wait until the results are known. There is no casual work available. At 18, after six years of high school, we are too old to be taken on in stores; 15- and 16-year-olds are hired in preference to us because they are paid the junior wage, whereas we command the full adult wage. Unless this is remedied there is likely to be a decline in the number of students wishing to engage in tertiary studies. — Lana Holland, Fairy Meadow, N.S.W.

...and another

WHY can't 13- and 14-year-olds get jobs? I'm 13, and would accept any type of job to get extra money. The little I do get as pocket-money doesn't do me for presents (especially now Christmas is coming up), make-up, entertainment, etc. You could help around the house and garden, but what happens if your parents can't afford to pay you? You could work for neighbors, but how do you get them to ask you to do it? — L. Matthews, Rosanna, Vic.

To the lovelorn

NEXT time you are wallowing in the depths of self-pity after being rejected by the object of your undying affections, think about these lines, written by the 17th-century poet Sir John Suckling when in a similar mood: "If of herself she will not love, Nothing can make her. The Devil take her!" Change the pronouns to suit your needs. — "Victim," Lindisfarne, Tas.

For teenagers

What a pity

I HAVEN'T got this, I haven't got that." How can people say this when they know we have so much more than the underdeveloped countries of the world? Knowing that in the world today people are dying of hunger, how can we feel sorry for ourselves? We have everything compared to their nothing. — Judy Lakey, Banyra, Qld.

Looking back...

AS a "well-advanced" teenager looking back over my childhood, the things I remember include marvellous holidays with my parents, Sunday drives and picnics, wonderful times spent helping my father with his carpentry and my mother in the garden. Many parents do not give their children these fine experiences. More emphasis is placed on owning an expensive home and material assets. There is plenty of time for youngsters to own clothes, TVs, cars, and other luxuries when they are older and have earned them themselves. — "Independent," Townsville, Qld.

TOP QUALITY

• To all those contemplating going camping to enjoy the freedom and natural beauty of the Australian bush, be warned! Having recently embarked on such a venture, I can speak with some authority. It's not all it's cracked up to be. On the first day we enjoyed all the pleasures of the bush — heat, flies, revolting food, and not a drop of sweet, lovely water. (What we did drink couldn't have been water, although the scum on top was very tasty!) After a night of bliss — trying to sleep on rocks — we'd had enough. Home, sweet home we came, having realised the true quality of camping. It makes you appreciate home much, much more. — Tom Norris, Kingsgrove, N.S.W.

FASHION FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"RANA." — Cool dress is available in white with navy spot, navy with white spot, turquoise with white spot, and white with pink spot pique.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$9.50; 36 and 38in. bust, \$9.70; 40in. bust, \$9.90.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$5.45; 36 and 38in. bust, \$5.65; 40in. bust, \$5.85.

Postage and dispatch 60 cents extra.



NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 40. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney 2000, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.



Beauty at your fingertips... always... with strong "TIPT" treated nails. "TIPT" reinforces fragile nails, prevents breaking, splitting and flaking, strengthens deep down.

NEW 870122

MADE IN AUSTRALIA FOR NICHOLAS MARVOY PTY. LTD.

WITH Christmas just a week away, why not help those friends who are still worrying over what to buy for YOU?

Drop helpful hints that you really need a lipstick, nailpolish, or perhaps a comb or brush.

It's a super way to stock up on beauty aids and save money.

Other ways to economise are to work out a beauty budget — and stick to it.

Buy essentials like cotton wool, soap, cleansing creams in large economy sizes.

BEAUTY IN BRIEF:

TAKE A HINT! SIMPLY BUDGET

According to your pocket-money or salary, set aside a certain amount each week in a special "Beauty Box."

This will buy deodorant, talc, etc., when needed. There will also be enough for a "reward" like false eyelashes every now and then.

Always use any hand-lotions in the lids

of the bottles, cleansing milk that may gather round the "neck," and, of course, remember a lipstick brush uses up those ends of lipsticks.

Take make-up off with a pad of cotton-wool wrung out in water and then dabbed with cleansing cream. This way you use less.

Don't waste shampoo by tipping it recklessly out of the bottle. Read

the directions carefully, then measure the necessary amount into the lid of the bottle or a special container.

One way of wasting precious beauty-loot is buying products that don't suit you and, so, are quite useless.

Why not gather all those products you don't use and have a "Swop Party" with friends in the same beauty boat?

If something doesn't suit you, it nearly always suits some friend... or a friend of a friend, anyway!

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER ... WORLD ATLAS of the LONDON TIMES

\$8.50 and it's yours! Then 3 easy monthly payments of \$7 each.

What a way to say "Happy Christmas" to your family. This brilliantly conceived book will be something you will be proud to own. The most helpful reference book you ever had. More up-to-date than any other similar publication in a fast-changing world. 240 colour pages of the most intricate and detailed maps. 200,000 place names, located easily and quickly by a revolutionary new reference system. Maps and charts showing the finding of all space and satellite explorations. Detailed maps of the moon. Star charts. Maps and charts showing world food problems. Energy and mineral resources. With related soil, climatic and vegetation conditions. An entire reference library all under one cover. Compiled by a specially assembled staff from the London Times. Actual size is 18" x 12" x 1 1/4" (closed). Over 500 pages. Weight 10 1/2 lb. Make cheques, money orders, etc., payable to "Australian Consolidated Press." Atlas will be despatched on receipt of first instalment. HURRY! FINAL SHIPMENT JUST ARRIVED.

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Please send me copy(ies) of the London Times Atlas at \$29.50 each. I enclose my cheque/money order for the first instalment of \$8.50 and agree to remit \$7 per month for the next 3 months.

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SANDS RUN OUT FOR MINI-SKIRT

ROUND
ROBIN



ADAIR

For teenagers

I SEE that, now Iraq has introduced a ban on the mini-skirt, the short dress is pretty well finished in the Arab world.

In most parts of that area,

wearing a mini is punishable by fine—even imprisonment.

I've heard about the wages of sin . . . but of shin and knees? Really!

There it is, however. Wear-

ing mini-skirts in those places violates penal codes.

Perhaps it is all well-intentioned. It may be meant to stop boys hanging around too many swinging joints.

The conduct of legal actions against girls in minis should be closely watched.

To ensure that justice is done, the girl obviously should be tried in a clothed court.

She should be permitted to enter her legs as exhibits. Otherwise she would not

have any leg to stand on.

And there is absolutely no reason why she should not be tried by 12 keen young bird-watchers — a jury of her peers.

In some Arab countries traditionalists go a bit further than just banning minis and want all women to be completely shrouded in the ancient dress.

No news might be good news, but no burnous is bad news.

I imagine there would be certain exceptions to the rules that a lass should be covered from head to toe.

No judge could object to a girl, pursued by an over-amorous male, showing him a clean pair of heels.

I also think that a mini-skirted girl with crook legs should get off, too.

The court could return a verdict of man's-laughter.

It's time women had a little more comfort.

This is it:



soft impressions.

Now Kimberly-Clark have come up with a completely new kind of feminine napkin. A new surface. Dimpled. Still with the absolute protection of the polythene panel but with the soft comfort of a texture that takes moisture down below the surface. Would you think such a small thing could make such a big difference to a woman's comfort?

Well—this is what women said to us:

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"Why didn't someone think of this before?"

"This is the first time I've found complete protection and complete comfort. Congratulations!"

So, at last, you can have complete protection and soft comfort as well!

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GO-MANGO



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NAME	DESIGN	SIZE	PRICE
ADDRESS			

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

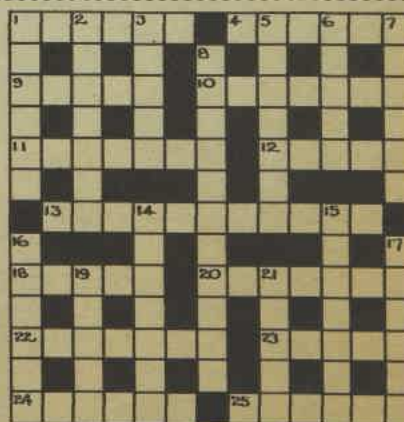
LOTHAR and Mandrake capture the thug Baron Chance sent out in a speedboat, while the Baron watches shore with a telescope. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Suited a buzzer around an inverted Scot (6).
- Burning for a seaman to be idle (6).
- This is lukewarm (5).
- Result about 499 is obvious (7).
- There's doubt about the French garment (7).
- Saint in tune and on the move (5).
- Emotional and sent one crazy (11).
- Fifty after a young child make a confused sound of voices (5).
- A sailor obtains objects to aim at (7).
- The French in because creates noiselessness (7).
- Jar on a framework of bars (5).
- Spell about is to oppose (6).
- Colors the vegetables (6).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

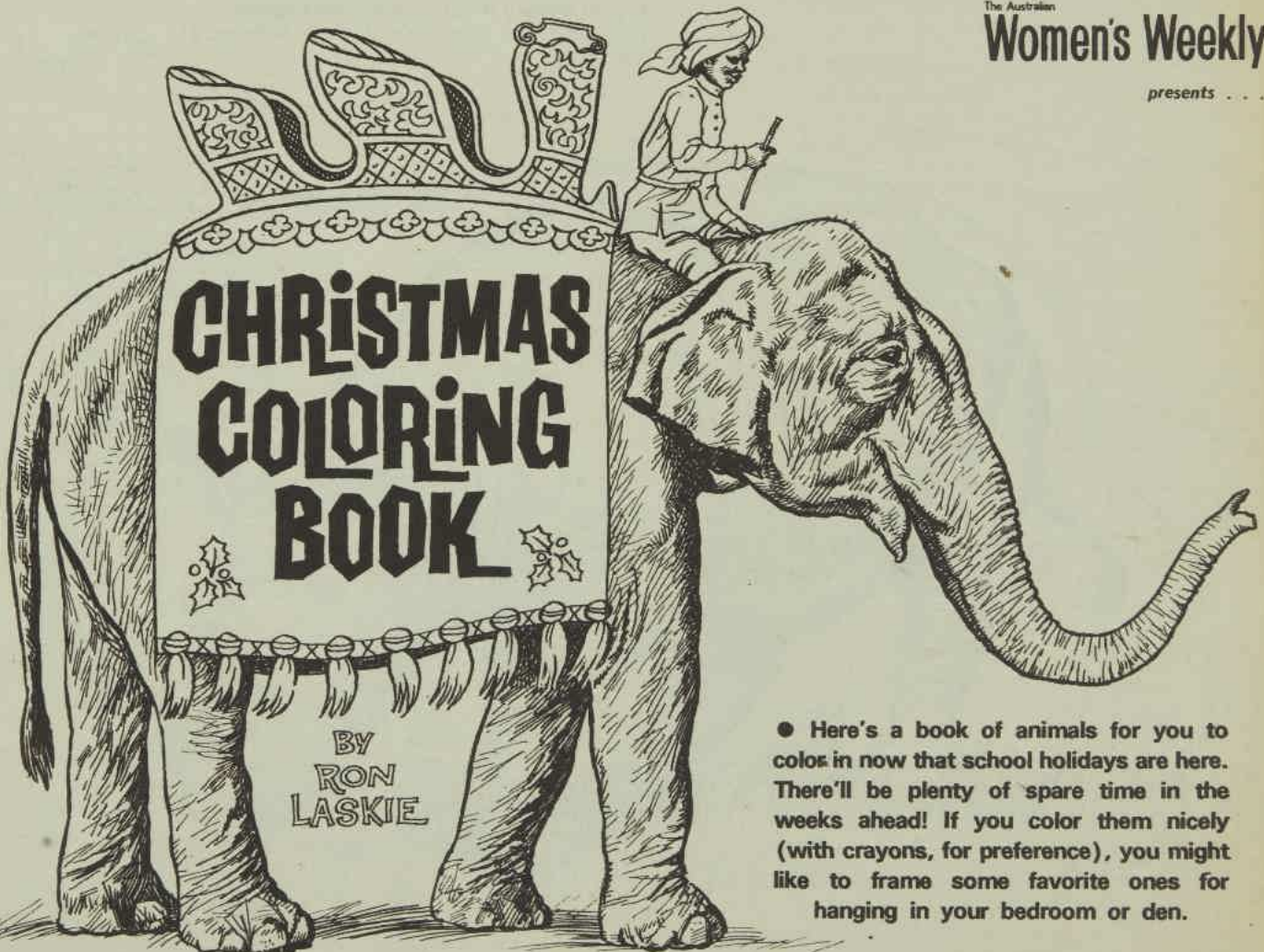


Solution of last week's crossword.

- Happen to exist on time (6).
- Remedy about liable to make prisoner (7).
- Decoration for 500 in a repast (5).
- This preceded by great would indicate England, Scotland, and Wales (7).
- A man with natural force acting on matter (5).
- Whole number changed on anger (6).
- Middles about time for lineal measures (11).
- The special gifts of old money (7).
- It is ordinary to assert on time (7).
- One who ill uses a conveyance ruler (6).
- To fix the amount (6).
- Swallows hastily and rushes away (5).
- Signal received and understood by this chap (5).

To all our friends,
wherever they may be,
Arnott's-Biscuitmakers
to Australia, wish you
a Merry Christmas and a
very Happy New Year

The Australian
Women's Weekly
presents . . .



● Here's a book of animals for you to color in now that school holidays are here. There'll be plenty of spare time in the weeks ahead! If you color them nicely (with crayons, for preference), you might like to frame some favorite ones for hanging in your bedroom or den.

If you should meet a rhinoceros on an African plain, take care. He's ill-tempered!

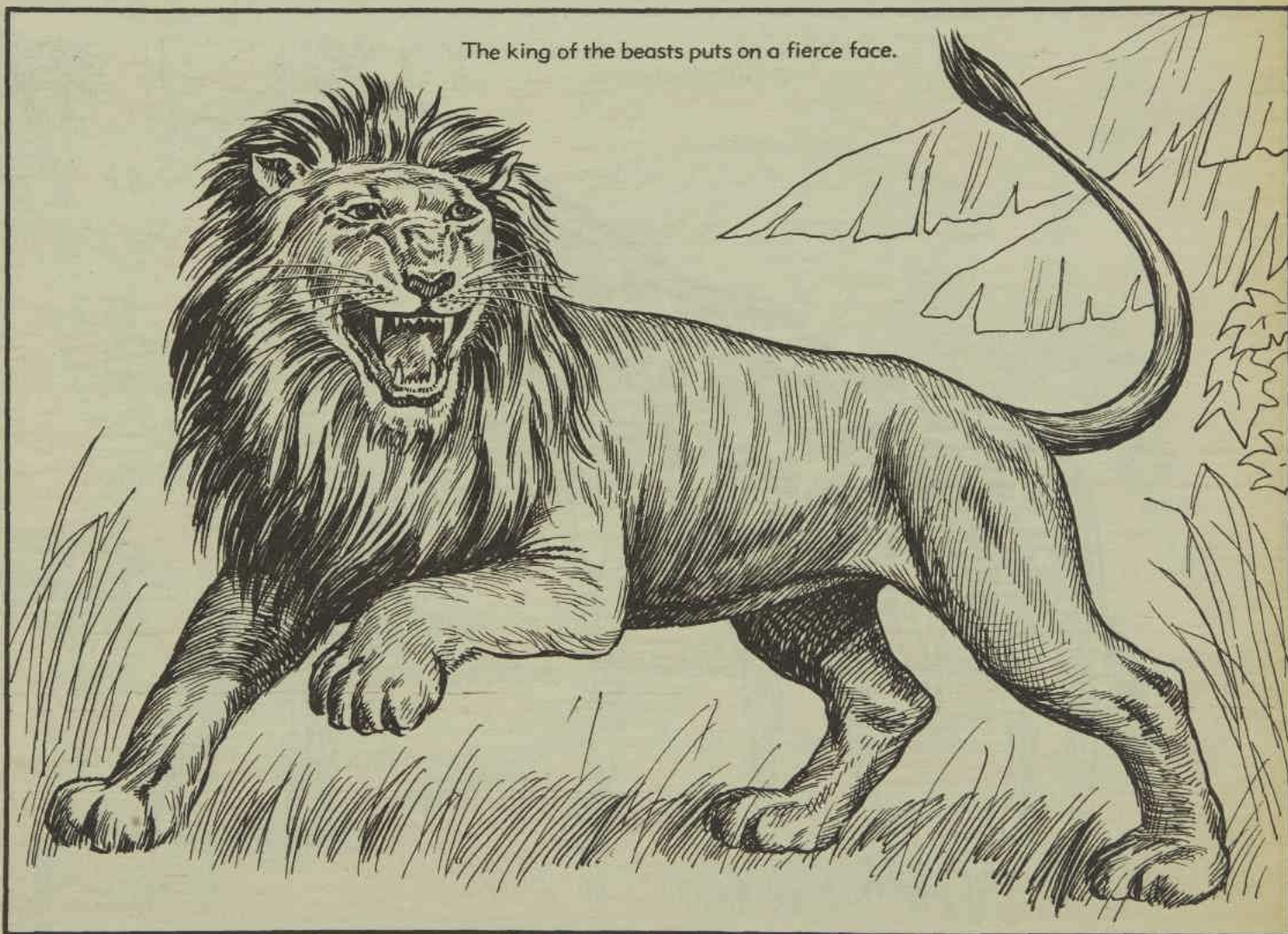


"Mud, mud, glorious mud!" A hippo
prepares for a riverside wallow.

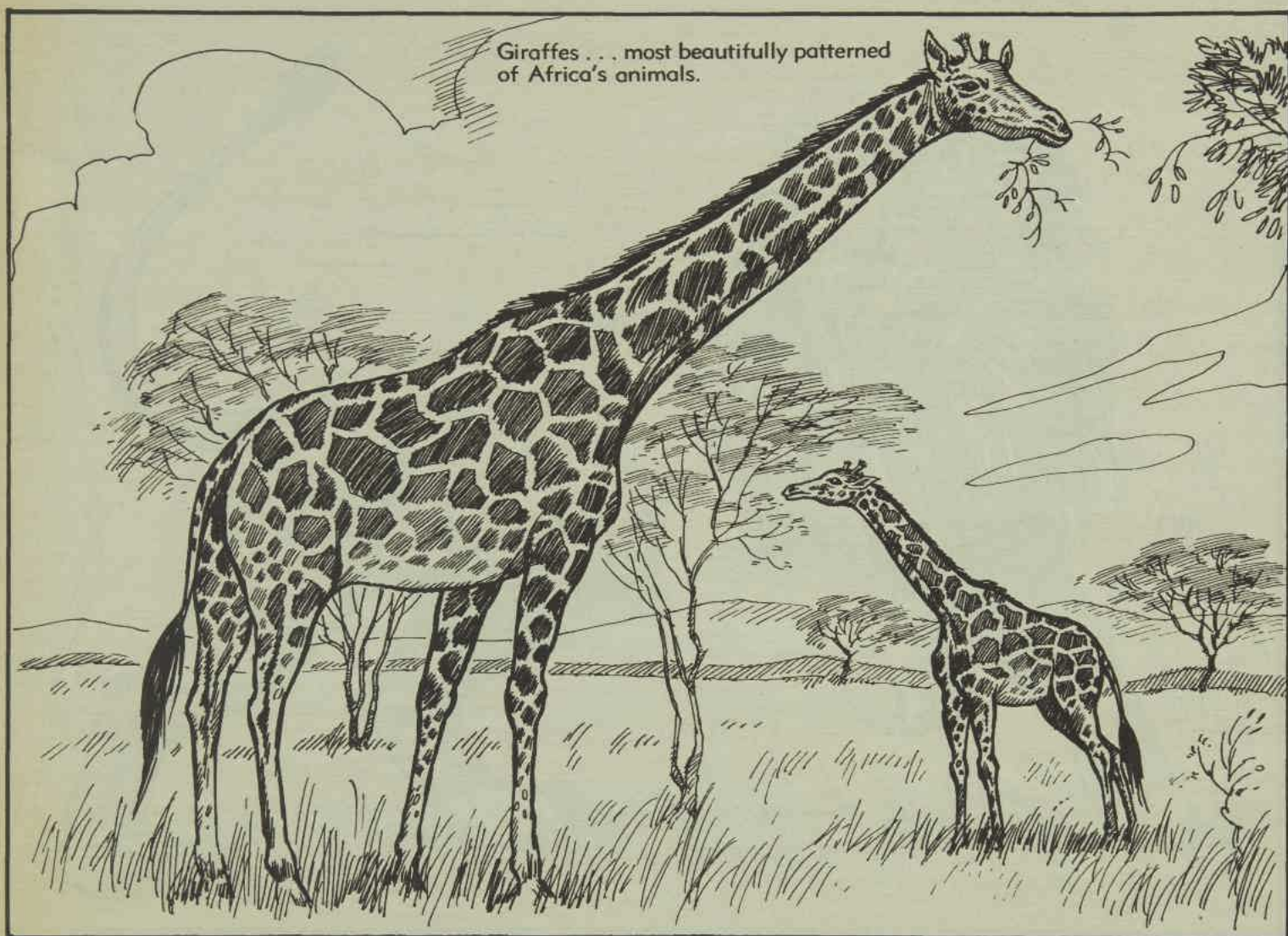


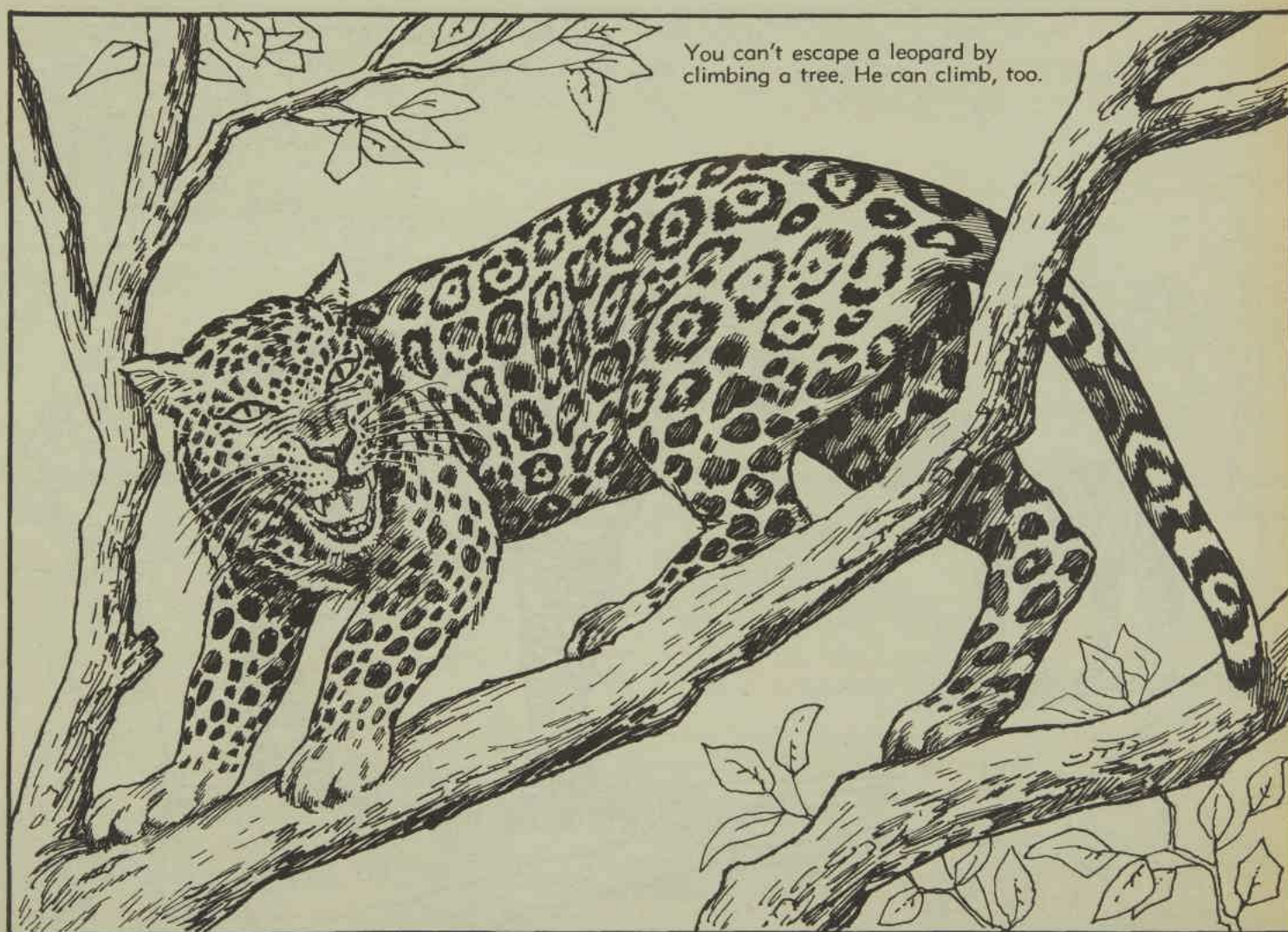


The king of the beasts puts on a fierce face.



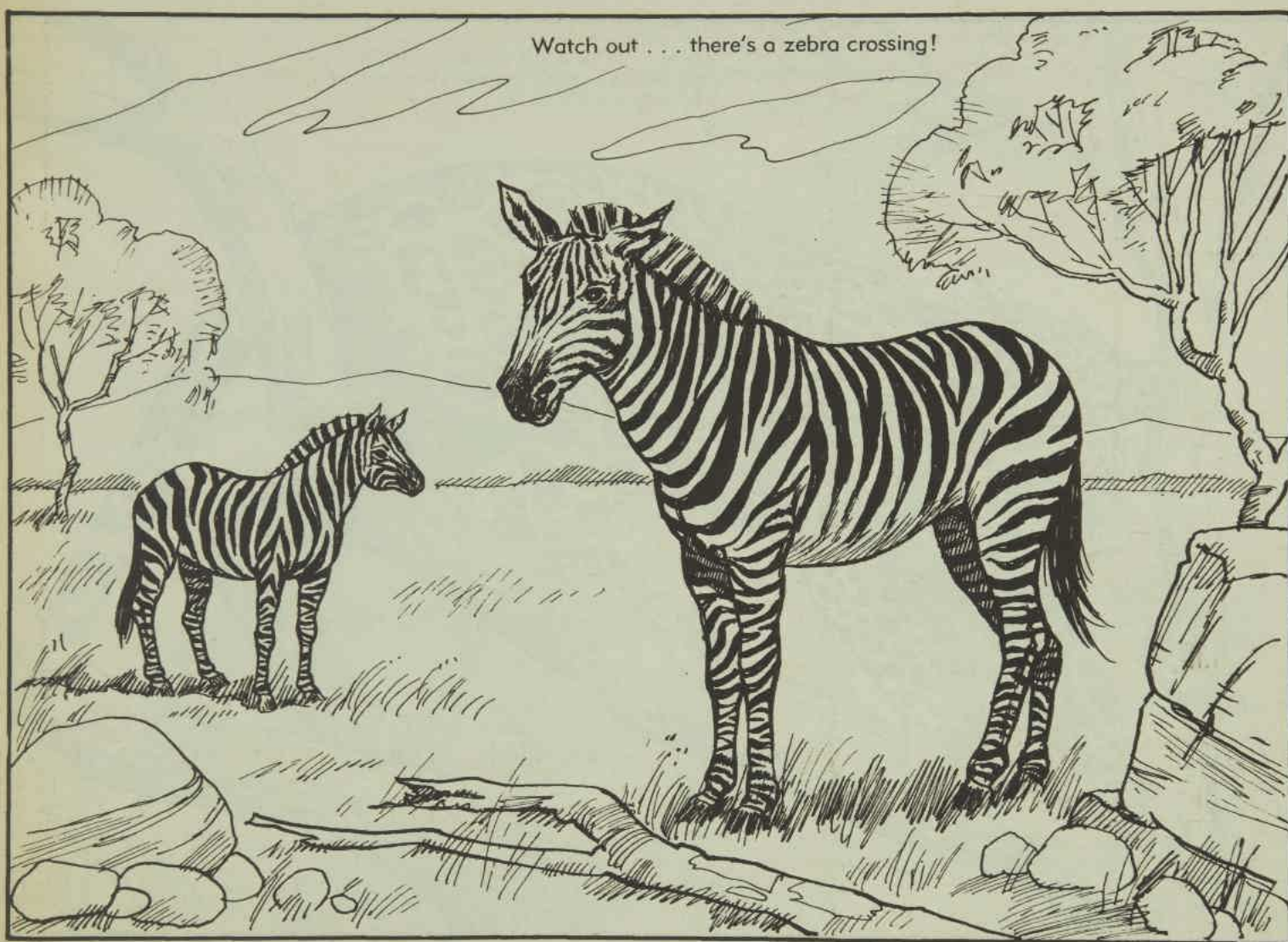
Giraffes . . . most beautifully patterned
of Africa's animals.

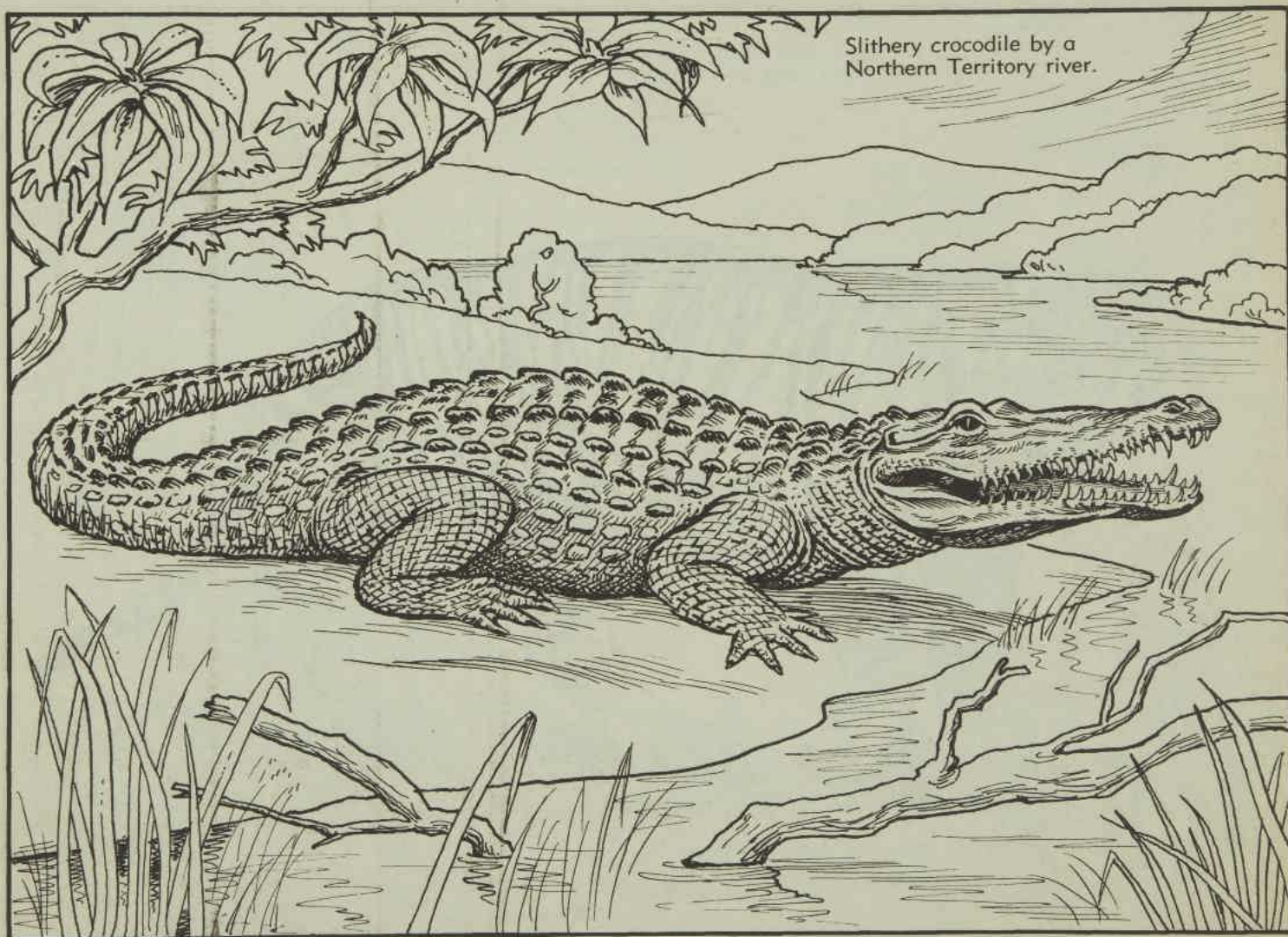




You can't escape a leopard by
climbing a tree. He can climb, too.

Watch out . . . there's a zebra crossing!

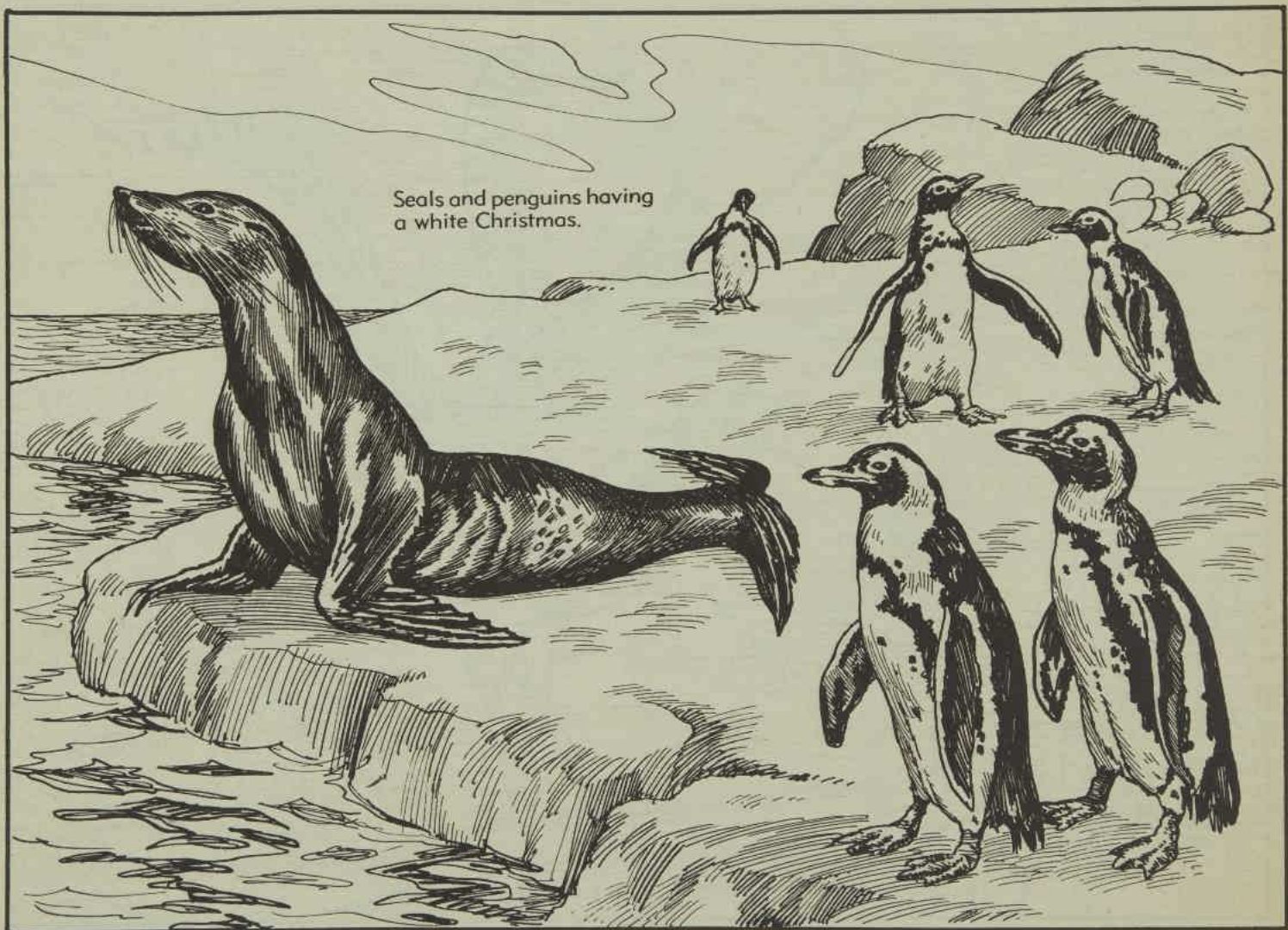




Slithery crocodile by a
Northern Territory river.

"Tiger, tiger burning bright,
In the forests of the night."



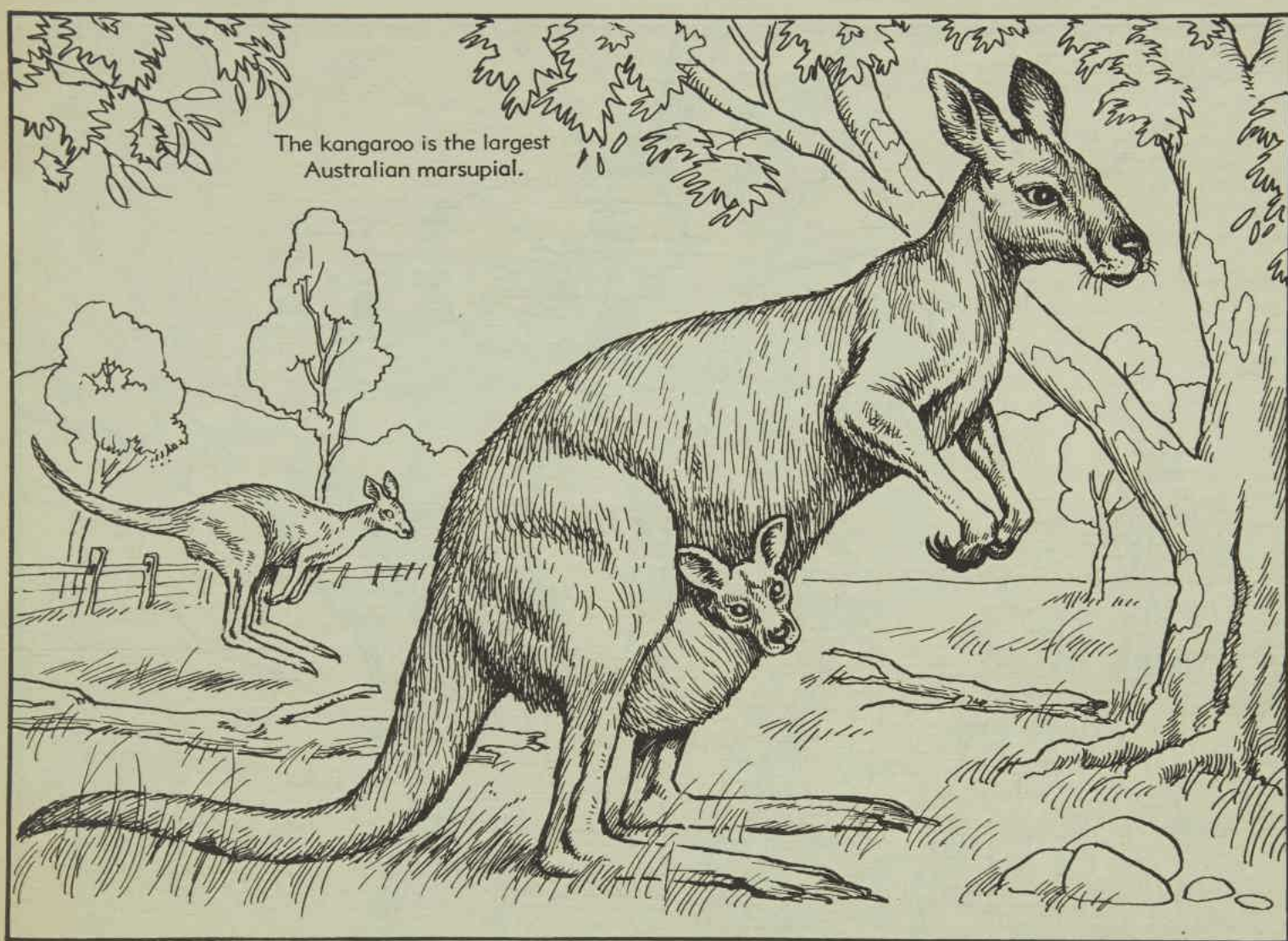


Seals and penguins having
a white Christmas.



Mother koala looks proud of
the plump baby on her back.





A parrot, with brilliant feathers,
comes to its nest in a hollow tree.



Kookaburra with its Christmas dinner — a snake!

